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THE STATE OF IRELAND.

ONE of the oddest commentaries which have yet been published on the miserable condition of Ireland was contained in a speech lately delivered by no less a person than the SPEAKER. Mr. BRAND seems to have considered that his exalted and neutral position imposed upon him the duty of serene impartiality between right and wrong; or perhaps he has really persuaded himself that the assassin and conspirator who executes the mandates of the Land League is the comic and sentimental Irishman of farce and melodrama. Mr. BOUCICAULT would probably agree with the SPEAKER that the race has many high qualities; and he would admit that the generous, brave, and impulsive Irishman is too ready to listen to injudicious advisers. Agitators take advantage of his venial weakness to lead him into courses which may perhaps ultimately prove injurious to himself. The SPEAKER forgot that systematic robbery and cruelty are injurious to their victims as well as to their agents. The labourers who have been persuaded by their priest to abandon well-paid employment may possibly suffer inconvenience; but ordinary Englishmen are more ready to sympathize with Mr. BENCE JONES than with the ungrateful dependents who were indebted to him for security and comfort. There is no doubt that Irishmen possess a fair share of the common virtue of physical courage; but the SPEAKER might have reserved his compliments on their bravery for a time at which they were not exhibiting abject submission to lawless despotism and practising habitual oppression of the weak. The rabble to which the French Convention truckled during the Reign of Terror exacted and received similar adulation. It would have better become a grave dignitary who will soon have to deal with the Irish demagogues in another capacity either to keep silence or to express the indignation which he must be supposed to feel. Nonsense for nonsense, the theory that the faults of Irishmen are due to the neighbourhood of a melancholy ocean is less offensive than the explanation of sordid cupidity, combined with malignant turbulence, by an amiable susceptibility to sudden impressions.

Mr. BRAND's constituents would have been satisfied if he had declined to address them on a subject with which it would have been improper for him to deal freely. He could not be expected to discuss the administrative questions which are much more urgent than any curious investigation of the peculiarities of Irish character. The Government, as a whole, has neglected its duty; but the motives of some of its members are probably patriotic and unselfish. The Liberals, as distinguished from the Radicals, may reasonably believe that they are not at liberty to abandon their posts as long as there is a hope that they may exercise either a stimulating or a restraining influence on their colleagues. All but the most bigoted democrats may perhaps gradually be shamed into the performance of a plain duty, and their revolutionary projects of legislation may be modified; yet Mr. JACOB BRIGHT publicly exults in the outrages which may, as he thinks, promote his objects. It is not known whether at the last Council the Cabinet agreed either on a Peace Preservation Bill, or on a scheme for the readjustment of land tenure; but it is certain, as long as the Cabinet holds together, that the policy of coercion has not been definitively renounced, and that property in land has not been finally

doomed to confiscation. The guilt of tolerating anarchic tyranny up to the present time rests with Mr. BRIGHT, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and perhaps with two or three other members of the Government, including its chief. The cant of constitutional scruples furnishes no apology for deliberate complicity with crime. The functionaries who would have had to execute a temporary law for securing property and life cannot be allowed to express their fears that they might themselves have misused exceptional powers.

The contrary affectation of professing to believe that coercion would be ineffective is generally accompanied by a pretended confidence in the sufficiency of the ordinary law. The sympathizing apologists of the Government have lately exerted themselves to prove that threats, outrages, interference with freedom of action, and riotous excesses, are misdemeanours punishable with fine and imprisonment. They accordingly censure the magistrates, the police, the permanent staff of the Irish Government, and by implication Mr. FORSTER himself, for allowing the regular weapons of the law to rust while new armaments are loudly demanded. Some zealous philanthropists even taunt the peaceable classes in Ireland with cowardice in not defending themselves. A few landlords and one spirited lady, who have hitherto intimidated assassins by their gallant demeanour, are contrasted with the great body of victims who meanly ask for the protection of the law. A state of private warfare is approved as preferable to a vigorous and summary repression of crime by the constituted authorities. In one of his writings Sir JAMES STEPHEN contrasts the irresistible force of the law in civilized society with the violence of predatory barons and moss-troopers as it is picturesquely described in the *Fair Maid of Perth*. Honour is due to gallant Irishmen who, like the hero of the romance, fight for their own hand when they are deserted by their natural protectors. Corresponding dishonour attaches to those who render self-defence necessary by a base abdication of their duty. It is true that the most effective Peace Preservation Act would leave too many opportunities for crime; but former measures of the kind have done much to repress disorder; and it must be remembered that the opponents of exceptional legislation object, not to the supposed inutility, but to the efficiency, of coercive legislation.

The latest proceedings of the club which governs Ireland furnish an additional, though superfluous, reason for immediate and energetic interference. The tardy fulfilment of Mr. GLADSTONE's broken promise would even now have the effect of resolving the Land League into two of its uncongenial elements. Of late its nominal adherents have been recruited, not merely from malcontents and covetous aspirants to the property of others, but from peaceable traders, and even from loyal subjects who have no kind of sympathy with the conspiracy or its promoters. A member of a Manchester firm writes to the papers to say that their representative in a town in Ireland has consulted his principals whether he shall subscribe to the Land League or incur the penalty of a total suspension of business. He has been instructed to recognize the only existing authority. The leaders of the League have on some occasions hypocritically deprecated the practice of forcing unwilling persons to subscribe to their funds, but they receive the money without inquiring into the mode by which it has been procured. The barbarous process which takes its name from its earliest victim has been found

applicable to universal coercion, and especially to the extortion of money. There is no doubt that in every instance in which a subscription is obtained by threats an indictable crime has been committed; but after the acquittal of HEALY and WALSH it is as useless to prosecute the offenders as it would have been to impeach FOUQUIER-TINVILLE and his accomplices, the official jurymen, during the reign of ROBESPIERRE. The demagogues and some of their wellwishers at Birmingham and elsewhere describe "Boycotting" as a legitimate mode of employing moral force, analogous to the extremely questionable methods sometimes employed by Trade-Unions. It would not suit their purpose to admit that behind the sentence of social excommunication physical violence lies in the background. Labourers would not refuse remunerative wages, tradesmen would not reject profitable custom, if they were not well aware that their refusal to obey the commands of the League would be punished by torture, by mutilation, or by death. The cowardly steamboat agents who refused to convey Mr. BENGE JONES's cattle to England apprehended either incendiary plots or explosions, or perhaps the compulsory desertion of their men. If they had performed their duty and suffered the possible consequences, the owners might perhaps have asked the Ministers for compensation; but they would, like Captain BOYCOTT, have been informed in answer that the Government was preparing beneficent legislative measures.

The LORD-LIEUTENANT, or the IRISH SECRETARY in his name, has prohibited one meeting of the Land League. A sufficient military force was ordered to the spot to suppress resistance, and the populace consequently submitted. The interference of the Executive, though laudable in itself, suggests the question why seditious and formidable assemblages have for several months been allowed to propagate disorder with impunity. At every Land League meeting it is certain that menaces will be uttered against peaceable subjects, and that the threatened consequences will result to those who refuse compliance. The contemptible scruples of Ministers who shrink from coercion are answered by a universal system of compulsion. When the Government, after long acquiescence in triumphant wickedness, at last appeals to Parliament for additional powers, it will be difficult to abstain from calling attention to a practical confession of its own criminal weakness. It is even possible that unforeseen consequences may result from a paltry and selfish policy. The ultra-Radical faction still cordially supports Mr. GLADSTONE, but he may perhaps find that he has alienated a sufficiently large proportion of his late supporters to destroy the majority which raised him to office. Within living memory no Minister has caused indignation so general and so profound among the orderly classes of society. It remains to be seen whether he will be compensated for the disapproval of moderate and patriotic Englishmen by the zealous support of those who, like Sir WILFRID LAWSON, would rather dismember the Empire than restore order in Ireland by force.

#### THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THE dying year must always leave bad legacies as well as good to the new. There is sure to be trouble and confusion, perhaps present, and certainly prospective, somewhere. And in most years there is naturally a pause in action at the time when the old year is giving place to the new. It is winter, and military operations are postponed. The English Parliament has not met, and although Continental Parliaments meet in the late autumn, the greater questions are generally reserved for the spring of the year. As a rule, therefore, at this season, what most interests us lies in the near future rather than in the present. What is peculiar in the state of affairs at the close of this year is that, while there is nothing very alarming anywhere, and in the economical and financial position of the leading countries of the world there is much to inspire confidence, yet it so happens that in almost every one of these countries, except the United States, there is some one or more question or questions which we know must be solved somehow very soon, and of which the solution is at present quite undetermined. It is the distinctness of the issues to be decided, coupled with the extreme indistinctness of the mode in which they will be decided, that makes the peculiarity of the present crisis. We do not say, as we usually do, that in the new year something may happen;

but we say that something must happen, only we do not know what this something will be. At the same time there is, amid all this uncertainty, a feeling that, if there is much to alarm, there is much to reassure us. We need not take a black or pessimist view of any of our troubles or of the troubles of our neighbours. Things in the new year may turn out very badly, as they may in any new year, but there is now no very clear reason why we should necessarily conclude that they will turn out very badly. The most conspicuous instance is naturally that which interests all Europe alike. The Greek question, we know, must be solved somehow in the new year. This certainly is a distinct and peculiar legacy of the old year to the new. We are not, as at the end of ordinary years, merely able to say that something unpleasant may before long grow up in Eastern Europe to tax the skill and resources of statesmen and nations. There is something unpleasant in Eastern Europe actually going on; and it must have some final form given it before many months are over. Unless diplomacy can settle the Greek question before the spring there will be war. It is quite possible that there may be war; but what is to some extent reassuring is that diplomacy is evidently very much in earnest in its endeavour to prevent war by arranging a settlement. The Great Powers, however much they may differ in other respects, are cordially united in the desire not to let things drift; and experience shows that most wars arise precisely because things are allowed to drift.

At home there are several distinct questions which we know must be settled one way or the other in the new year. For example, we must either keep Candahar or retire from it; or, even if a middle course were taken and we kept Candahar, but kept it only for a time, we should have to state clearly in what way or on what terms and with what objects we meant to keep it temporarily. The present curious state of things, in which we hold Candahar neither on our own account nor on that of any one else, cannot continue. In South Africa we do not know what will be the end of the war between the Cape Colonists and the natives, how far the resistance of the Boers may be serious, or whether new troubles may not arise in districts directly under the government of the Crown. But we know that, whatever turn events may take, the relations of the Home Government to the Colonial Government of South Africa must be much more accurately defined than they are now. What is reassuring as to Candahar and South Africa is that responsible Ministers will have had every opportunity of coming to a right decision. They may make great blunders, but at any rate they ought not to make them so far as plenty of opportunity for thought and study and consultation can save them from making blunders. Again, nothing can be more deplorable than the state of Ireland. Every day the new Government edges the old Government out of something that seemed still to belong to it. What used to be called Irish anarchy, but may now be fairly called a well-organized reign of terror in Ireland, is a very bitter legacy for the old year to leave to the new. But here, again, we know that in the new year there must be a solution of some sort. There must be a serious effort to make Ireland possibly contented and certainly orderly. This effort may be successful or unsuccessful, but we are sure that it will be made, and that it will be begun to be made in a very few weeks. It may be thought very difficult to find anything reassuring as to the future of Ireland. The law has collapsed, and even worse perhaps than the actual collapse itself is the poisonous experience that law can be made to collapse. But, even with regard to Ireland, there are some things to be noticed which, if they do not inspire confidence, tend in some small way to mitigate anxiety. In the first place, sorely tried as Englishmen are by the intolerable tyranny prevalent in Ireland, they do not go back from their wish to treat Ireland fairly. If any measure that would make the Irish happier could be shown to be at once practicable, just, and reasonable, Englishmen would still be pleased to welcome it; and the persecution to which the landlords have been subjected will dispose Englishmen to be more compassionate to these victims of oppression, and more ready to see that any indemnity to which they can fairly lay claim shall be given them. Then it is something that a great opportunity should be given to any one man in a very difficult crisis. There is, to all appearance, no wavering in the constituencies in their feelings towards Mr. GLADSTONE. They are puzzled by



what the Ministry does, or rather by what it leaves undone; but they still cling to the belief that Mr. GLADSTONE is a sort of magician, and that he has some secret power of settling the Irish or any other question. This belief may be utterly unfounded, but at least it gives a chance for a Ministerial success which would not exist without it. Lastly, we may hope that we have now got rid of Home Rule for many years to come. Formerly we could only speak theoretically, and say that if the Irish were allowed to set up a government of their own under the nominal supremacy of England, they would be sure to set up a very bad government. Now we can speak practically. The Irish have set up a government of their own under the nominal supremacy of England, and it is a government of petty, remorseless tyranny. We now know what we previously could only deduce from history or from general study of circumstances and characters—that the elementary duty of England towards Ireland is to save the Irish from themselves.

In France there are so many burning questions all flaming at once that it may seem difficult to say what it is specially that the old year leaves to the new. But all these questions may be gathered into one great question. What will be the issues on which the country will be asked to pronounce its judgment when the time for the general election comes round? The Republican party wishes, or, at any rate, its more advanced members wish, to get certain things done, some of a sufficiently startling character, and then to ask the electors to ratify them. If we translate Republican opinions into action, they say, there must be certain consequences, and we wish to point out to the country what these consequences are. If the country likes them, it has only to say so; but the great thing is that the country should know what is meant. In Germany the question that has to be decided next year is of a very different kind. But to Germany itself it is a question of very great moment. It is the question whether the Government in its war with Socialism shall or shall not commit itself to a counter movement, in which it would parade a Socialism of its own contrivance. Prince BISMARCK has for some time past allowed it to be known that he is meditating a plan for a new organization of labour. What is the exact form his plan is likely to assume is not known, and perhaps he hardly knows himself. But its basis is the basis of Socialism, or at least of that form of Socialism which purposes to use the State as its instrument, and may be shortly described as the protection by the Government of the workmen against competition, bad times, and the misdirection of capital. Prince BISMARCK must be supposed to know Germany well, and he is evidently not satisfied with the results of the laws by which he has endeavoured to repress Socialism. The inhabitants of considerable towns no longer talk Socialism in beer-gardens, or enjoy an uninterrupted flow of Socialist journalism; but, when they get an opportunity of voting, they are not to be kept from voting for Socialist candidates. As Prince BISMARCK has given the public a vague sketch of his new ideas, he must either give effect to them when the German Parliament meets, and suggest changes affecting the whole character of German society, or drop them, and thus reveal that he does not think it possible to combat Socialism by outbidding it. Either way the world will learn something in which it will be much interested as to the attitude which the master of Germany intends to assume on what, in his eyes, is the one great question of the day for Germans after that of the existence of the Germany into which he has shaped the Fatherland.

#### SOUTH AFRICA.

THE accounts of the war in South Africa continue to be scanty and, with few exceptions, unsatisfactory; but thus far the Colonial Government adheres to its resolution of conducting the struggle itself without resorting to the aid of Imperial troops. A part of the not inconsiderable force at Cape Town might probably be employed with decisive effect; and if the colonists are at any time hard pressed, the reserves of the garrison may perhaps be required. But it would be unwise to urge on the Colonial Government the acceptance of military aid; and the unfortunate rebellion which has at length broken out in the Transvaal may too probably require the employment in that province

of all the available British troops in South Africa. The Boers have evidently taken the opportunity of the Basuto war to embarrass the English Government. Their countrymen in the Orange Free State had been more considerate and more prudent. The motives of an offer of Imperial help in the Basuto war would be regarded with suspicion, and no gratitude would be felt for benefits which would be attributed to a desire of retaining control over the colonial policy. In the Gaika war of two or three years ago, though the rebellion was mainly suppressed by the Imperial troops, Mr. MOLTENO and his colleagues affected to act independently of the Commander-in-Chief of the regular forces. Mr. MOLTENO's successor has professed a more friendly feeling to the mother-country; but he evidently regards with jealousy any measure which might interfere with independent local action. If Mr. SPRIGG accurately represents the general feeling, the determination of the colonists to bear the whole burden of the war is highly respectable. As none of the native levies can be trusted, the settlers must bear the danger and hardship as well as the cost of the war. The number of volunteers in the field is already considerable, and large reinforcements seem to be expected. It is too late to discuss the policy of disarmament, which has been sufficiently condemned by its results. The loyalty of the Basutos, though it has been easily disturbed, might perhaps have continued but for the injudicious exhibition of distrust. It is now known that the possession of firearms is regarded by the whole native population as the most valuable of privileges. The demand for the surrender of arms was probably regarded as an act, not only of oppression, but of bad faith. The native labourer in the diamond fields had in almost all cases, with the knowledge of the authorities, received guns and ammunition in lieu of wages. Mr. SPRIGG's Bill, though it was perhaps defensible in theory, has proved to be rash and mischievous; but war, especially when the combatants are respectively civilized and savage, supersedes the merits of the original quarrel. Whether the Basutos were right or wrong in rebellion, it has become necessary to suppress their resistance. It is to be hoped that the difficulty will not be seriously aggravated by the very unfortunate insurrection in the Transvaal.

In a late number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Lord GREY published a forcible argument against the policy which the Colonial Office has for many years pursued in South Africa. No living statesman has an ampler knowledge of colonial questions, though Lord GREY's official career ended many years ago. The concession by his successors of legislative independence to the larger colonies has never met with his cordial approval. The experiment has not yet disclosed its ultimate results, and it is in some respects anomalous; but in Canada, and probably in the Australian colonies, the grant of responsible government was the only alternative of separation. It is possible that the catastrophe may, even by unlimited concession, not have been finally averted; but the Imperial Government was fully justified in postponing disruption, with a reasonable prospect of maintaining for an indefinite time a bond of union too elastic to be oppressive. On the present occasion Lord GREY abstains from reopening the general controversy on responsible government. He is only concerned to prove that the system was inapplicable to South Africa, which contains both a European population and a much larger number of natives. He might have added that the English inhabitants of the colony were by no means unanimous in wishing for practical independence. They found themselves left face to face not only with the coloured tribes, but with a majority of Dutch descent, which is by no means completely amalgamated with the English portion of the community. If the question were still open much might be said on both sides; but Lord GREY underrates the difficulty of revoking an organic concession, even though it may have been premature. His strongest objection to the measure is founded on the withdrawal of the protection of the Crown from the natives settled in the colony, and from the neighbouring tribes, who may, as in the present instance, be provoked to war. It may be readily admitted that a so-called constitutional government secures but a precarious protection to an inferior race. It would, as Lord GREY candidly allows, be impossible to place the control of a representative Government at the Cape in the hands of a native majority. The arrangement which has actually been made is in itself just and reasonable. The natives are legally competent to vote, and some of them exercise

the privilege; but the franchise is designedly fixed so high as to exclude the great mass from participation in the suffrage. The precautions against the preponderance of uncivilized voters must be incidentally advantageous in protecting the white community from the baneful system of universal suffrage. The Government of a Crown Colony is undoubtedly more impartial than a Parliament and Ministry representing the superior race; but, in fact, the natives at the Cape have not been oppressed; and it is doubtful whether border wars would under any system of administration have been more infrequent. The Caffre wars of the last generation were fought long before the establishment of responsible government.

Lord GREY's object in discussing South African policy is not mainly critical or retrospective. Concurring in this respect with the deputations which have remonstrated with Lord KIMBERLEY, he proposes active interference with the conduct and results of the war on the part of the Imperial Government, and he even holds that it will be neither impossible nor difficult to obtain the consent of the colonists to a surrender of their constitutional privileges. In the absence of positive evidence to the contrary, it may be confidently assumed that the people of the Cape would resist and resent any proposal of the kind. If there really were any desire to resume the former relations with the Crown, the movement ought to begin and proceed within the colony itself; but it is scarcely worth while to consider so improbable a contingency. Lord KIMBERLEY can have known nothing of any colonial opposition to responsible government when he assured the last deputation which waited upon him that a restoration of the direct authority of the Crown was wholly out of the question. No stronger proof can be given of the disposition of the colonists than their present determination to undertake all the efforts and sacrifices required by the Basuto war. In common with Lord GREY they foresee that, if their own exertions are successful, they will be able to determine at their pleasure their future relations with the conquered enemy. Lord KIMBERLEY properly declined to give the Colonial Ministry any promise that the Crown would not interfere in any future settlement; but the power of the victorious colonists to act for themselves will include the right which might in another contingency be disputed. It is natural that Lord GREY, and many younger philanthropists, should regret and disapprove the abandonment of a duty and right which was formerly vested in the Crown; but experience shows that European immigrants in uncivilized countries will always settle their own quarrels with the indigenous population. The North American colonies fought and negotiated with the Indian tribes without consulting the Government at home; and, indeed, they enjoyed many elements of practical independence long before the name of responsible government was invented.

The course of modern colonization has been determined by natural causes. Private adventurers first settle on shores only occupied by uncivilized tribes; and then it becomes necessary for the Government to which they owe allegiance to follow them with control and protection. As long as the colony is weak, especially when it is exposed to the attack of hostile neighbours, the rule of the mother-country is willingly accepted. When conflicts of interest or feeling arise the distant subjects become mutinous, if their aspiration to the management of their own affairs is violently thwarted. Since the success of the American rebellion, England at least has virtually abandoned the pretension of retaining possession of colonies by force. Even if Lord GREY is right in his opinion that responsible government was extended too hastily to South Africa, the concession must have been made at no distant period. Many years before, a troublesome collision had occurred when the colonists refused to receive convicts transported to the Cape. It was then found necessary to surrender a legal right which had been up to that time exercised without dispute by the Imperial Government. The claim of a Crown protectorate over the native tribes in South Africa may be plausible, but it cannot be asserted in practice. The situation may perhaps be in some degree modified if the Government of Natal, which is still a Crown colony, is forced to take part in the war; but for the present the Cape is conducting the struggle without assistance. Basutoland is theoretically included in the limits of the colony, for the unfortunate Disarmament Act was a

measure of domestic legislation. If the natives are forced to submit, they will have one security against oppression in the proof which they have given of their formidable military qualities.

#### THE CRUSADE AGAINST RELIGIOUS EMBLEMS.

THE French Senate is evidently disposed to resent the extremely Radical policy which M. FERRY's Cabinet has thought it necessary to pursue. Whether it will give effect to its disposition when really important questions come before it is a point upon which it is difficult to form an opinion; but upon minor questions, or what it supposes to be minor questions, and upon the early stages of great questions, it has lately been markedly restive. The Committee appointed to examine the Bill making judges removable at the pleasure of the Executive is decidedly opposed to the change; and on Tuesday the Government were defeated, by a large majority, on an incident arising out of the Bill abolishing religious teaching in schools. If that Bill passes, every communal school will be strictly neutral as regards religion. The priest will be allowed, for the present, to teach the children religion on Sundays, but the rest of the week will be given up entirely to more important matters. The banishment of religious teaching will naturally involve the banishment of religious emblems. If the history of the Crucifixion may not be told to the children by the teachers, it would merely suggest inconvenient inquiries to leave the crucifix hanging on the wall. As yet the Bill making this change has not passed the Chamber of Deputies, and when the Chamber has voted it, it will still have to pass the Senate. These delays are naturally irksome to the burning zeal of the neo-atheists who govern Paris, and the PREFECT of the SEINE has accordingly availed himself of a regulation lately made by the Superior Council of Public Instruction, by which the local authorities are left free to deal with religious emblems as they think best. In the case of Paris there could not be much doubt what the action of the local authorities under this permission would be. It is probable that M. HÉROLD would have been satisfied with the simple removal of religious emblems from the schools, but it would have needed very special pains on the part of the PREFECT to ensure that they were removed decently. The opportunity of insulting religion under cover of carrying out an administrative decree was too precious to be lost, and, after every allowance has been made for exaggeration, it seems to have been made full use of. The removal of the crucifixes was effected during school hours, and in the presence of the children. They were detached from the wall with poles and hooks, many of them being broken in the operation, and then thrown into a furniture van and carried off. The feeling which this outrage upon their religion has excited in French Catholics may be compared to that which would be produced in England if the Metropolitan Board of Works, under the guidance of Mr. BRADLAUGH, were to collect all the Bibles to be found in Board schools and cart them away. The feeling in Paris is more keen than this, in proportion as a statue is a more striking object than a book. French officials are not always very gentle in their behaviour, and when, as here, the execution of their orders was a labour of love, there is little doubt that their words and acts were designed to be, and succeeded in being, extremely offensive. M. HÉROLD had no reply to make to his opponents on Tuesday, beyond the statement, which was not disputed, that the PREFECT had a technical right to do what he did. The Republican Senators can stand a good deal in the way of Radicalism, but this latest exhibition of it was too much for a large number of them. Some boldly voted against the Government; others, less courageous, abstained from voting at all; and in the end the Government was beaten on a division by 159 votes to 85. For a few hours it was thought that the vote would bring on a Ministerial crisis, and M. HÉROLD even went so far as to place his resignation in M. FERRY's hands. On reflection, however, the Government seem to have thought that the Senate would be most effectually snubbed by taking no notice of its vote. The PREFECT of the SEINE has, therefore, been told that he must contrive to put up with the censure of the Second Chamber, and as life under such a condition entails no physical discomfort, and some additional popularity, he has found no difficulty in obeying the order.

M. FERRY, in defending the action of the PREFECT, made



the usual remark that the neutralization of the communal schools involved no attack upon religion. In theory, no doubt, this is true. According to the view favoured by the Government, the school and the Church are in future to be distinct. In the Church there will be religious teaching, crucifixes, and statues of the VIRGIN. In the school there will be secular teaching, maps, and botanical and zoological diagrams. But M. FERRY takes no account of the effect which the absolute banishment of religion from communal schools may be expected to have upon the children attending them. If these schools had been founded in the first instance upon the principle of religious neutrality, it would have been different. The children would never have learned to associate religion with school; but they would not have regarded the two as in any way antagonistic. When, however, a sudden divorce is effected between them; when the teachers from whom the children have hitherto received their religious instruction are forbidden to give it them any longer; when the crucifix, which has till now hung over the teacher's desk, now hangs there no more; when, in short, religion is not merely excluded from the school, but ostentatiously turned out of doors, the impression conveyed will be much more serious. So far as the children are concerned, the removal of the crucifixes from the walls of the school is almost as startling as their removal from the walls of the church would be to their parents. Their religious impressions are suddenly uprooted, and they are left to ask, as some of them did on the occasion of M. HÉROLD's recent proceedings, What is to come in the place of the *bon Dieu* who has been taken away? In face of a law of this kind, it is impossible to contend any longer that the Republic is not hostile to the Church. The acts of the Government in regard to education are the acts of an enemy, not of a ruler who, while determined to give the Church no favour, still wishes to leave it a fair field. If the end which these Education Bills have in view had been simply protection for non-Catholic children, it might have been attained without any of the inconveniences which are likely to attend the execution of the new laws. Due care might have been taken that instruction in the Catholic religion was not forced upon non-Catholic children; but, provided that these precautions were sufficiently stringent, the religious emblems might have been allowed to remain. It is highly unlikely that in a country like France, where crucifixes are to be seen so frequently, the presence of one on the wall of the school can have any proselytising influence on the mind of a non-Catholic scholar.

No doubt a moderate measure of this sort would have had no attractions for the present Government. It is not unfair to suppose that what really delights them in the Education Bill is the prospect of making short work with all the signs that go to show that Catholicism is still the religion of a great number of Frenchmen. If this were not their motive, they would have contented themselves with one of those convenient compromises which secure all that is of practical moment while giving the minimum of offence to those at whose expense it is secured. In M. FERRY's ideas of government compromise has no place. With him manner is more important than matter, and the protection of non-Catholic children against proselytism is subordinate to the supreme end of humiliating Catholics. There is a certain coarse common sense about this line of action, inasmuch as it tends to some extent to win the support of the Extreme Left. They despise M. FERRY as sincerely as they have despised all the other Prime Ministers who have held office by permission of M. GAMBETTA, but they do not seem so eager to put him in a minority. A President of the Council who justifies the removal of crucifixes in a furniture van, that the minds of the children in communal schools may not be prejudiced in favour of Catholicism, is still somewhat of a rare bird in France, and it is well not to dispose of him too hastily. M. HÉROLD seems to have pushed M. FERRY's policy a little further than M. FERRY himself, and M. HÉROLD's subordinates have gone a little further than M. HÉROLD. But, considering how near the Christmas holidays were, and that, if the removal of the crucifixes had been postponed till then, no one but the officials would have been present at the operation, and consequently no needless offence would have been given, it is difficult to believe that M. HÉROLD was greatly shocked at the too iconoclastic zeal of his agents. If he could not wait a fort-

night before stripping the Paris schools of their religious emblems, he must have been remarkably eager to set about the work; and eagerness to pull down is seldom found compatible with much show of respect to the thing pulled down. The removal of the crucifixes was probably kept quite as a holiday among the Communists and quasi-Communists of Paris, and the PREFECT of the SEINE would doubtless have been unfeignedly sorry to have deprived a class with which his official relations are necessarily a little strained of one of the few pleasures it is in his power to give them. The furniture van which carried away the crucifixes was probably followed by a rejoicing rabble who felt that at last there was some reason to hope that the long-expected destruction of religion was about to be accomplished. It is pleasant, of course, for a ruler to be able to give enjoyment to his subjects; but it is possible that in this case M. HÉROLD has shown a too exclusive regard for one section of his subjects. When 85 Senators are all that can be found to support the Government on a critical division, it is plain that there must be great searchings of heart among the moderate Republicans. There has been no instance of such a division since the last senatorial elections. It is not to be expected that the Government will be in any way deterred from the course which it has marked out for itself by any uneasiness on the part of its more moderate supporters. M. GAMBETTA has declared to win with the advanced, not with the moderate, Left, and the politicians who represent him in the various departments cannot take a different line from their chief. But these first symptoms of Republican disaffection are worth a passing notice.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND THE ANARCHISTS.

IT is not surprising that the most instructive speeches on the state of Ireland should have been delivered by Irishmen. It is natural that English members of the Opposition should expatiate on the inexhaustible topic of Ministerial incapacity or complicity. They can scarcely exaggerate the misgovernment which they denounce, but the severest strictures proceed from those who are more intimately familiar with the causes and details of the progress of anarchy. Even Mr. STANSFELD, who, as a zealous supporter of the Government and an ardent Liberal, said as much as possible on the comparatively irrelevant subject of land tenure, while he passed lightly over the abdication of the constitutional authorities, was enabled, in consequence of a recent visit to Ireland on the business of Lord BEACONSFIELD's Land Commission, to throw some light on the rapid advance of moral and social deterioration. Early in October he heard of no Irish demand for any larger concession than "the three F's," which were condemned a few years ago by Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. GLADSTONE. Five weeks later the Land League had taught the peasantry to insist at first on fixing the amount of their own rent, and ultimately on depriving the landlords of their undisputed property. Mr. STANSFELD faintly admits the necessity of coercion; but he seems scarcely to recognize the proof which he has himself given that the most urgent need of Ireland is the protection of life and property, and not the readjustment of the relations of landlords and tenants. The question is better understood by loyal Irishmen, among whom two members of Parliament, both formerly Law Officers of the Crown, have eminently distinguished themselves. Mr. GIBSON has both in and out of Parliament taken a principal part in the vindication of law and justice. Mr. PLUNKET lately delivered at Chesterfield an admirable speech on the causes of the present disturbance, and on the grossly neglected duties of the Government. He had spent a considerable part of the autumn in the most disturbed part of Connaught, near the scene of the murder of Lord MOUNTMORRES, and the farm lately occupied by Captain BOYCOTT. Mr. PLUNKET confirms the statement, which has more than once been made, that the social rebellion was organized, and in the first instance conducted, by a few men unconnected with the land, who assembled the meetings and procured agents who perpetrated murders and other outrages. Two prominent agitators had been Fenian convicts, and one of them might probably, without any change in the law, have been arrested for violation of the conditions of his ticket-of-leave. It cannot be doubted that the names of the ringleaders were known to the Government; and if due powers had been obtained from

Parliament, they might have been placed in confinement before their machinations had produced any formidable result. Mr. STANSFELD's five weeks' experience is fully explained by the immunity deliberately conceded to the conspirators by the Government.

Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, speaking about the same time, quoted with approval the statement of Mr. GIBSON, that the absence of outrage was only a proof that in certain districts the power of the Land League was fully established. As an expert in agrarian projects, Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE dwelt at length on the alleged expediency of encouraging the system of ownership by occupiers; but he distinctly stated, and it must be supposed on official authority, that the first measure submitted by the Government to Parliament would be a Bill for restoring order. "Every one," he said, "must admit that the time had come for some exceptional treatment of the question." As Mr. PLUNKET conclusively showed, the time for legislation came three months ago. The evil is now incomparably greater, and the remedy will be more difficult and less effective; but as late as November the two Birmingham members of the Cabinet laid down "the sage maxim," as Mr. PLUNKET calls it, that force is no remedy for lawlessness. The impending Coercion Bill will involve a confession that there has been unwarrantable delay. It will appear that, in spite of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. BRIGHT, force is deemed a remedy for lawlessness; but some Ministers thought that the maintenance of their own consistency was a more important object than the protection of the peaceable community; and they perhaps also thought that the Land Bill would be made more comprehensive or more revolutionary by the prolongation of the reign of terror. Mr. GLADSTONE's determining motive has probably been his pronounced determination to introduce a Land Bill simultaneously with a measure of coercion. It has been truly said that the project involves the theory of selling justice; but there are still more conclusive objections to wanton connivance with cruel oppression. Any land law which can be devised will necessarily be tentative and doubtful in result; and, if Mr. GLADSTONE agrees with his apologists that the Act of 1870 has proved a failure, he can scarcely demand implicit confidence in his latest contrivance. Mr. PLUNKET has not facilitated his task by giving renewed publicity to the vigorous language in which Lord HARTINGTON and the present ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND declared their invincible repugnance to the scheme which the Government will now probably recommend to Parliament. It is of course possible that altered circumstances may justify or cause a change of policy; but retractions necessarily compromise the authority of legislators; and it is not well that the urgent and almost unquestioned need of a Coercion Bill should be placed on the same footing with the doubtful expediency of fixity of tenure. English Conservatives will do well to observe the caution with which Mr. PLUNKET spoke of the proposals which may be submitted to Parliament. He had no hesitation in condemning the past and present conduct of the Government, but on possible modifications of land tenure he expressed no opinion.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has done good service to his party by removing a doubt which had been entertained, whether Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government, if it had remained in office, would have asked for a prolongation of the Peace Preservation Act. It appears from Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's statement that Mr. FORSTER must have found in his office the draft of a renewed Act, and also the opinions of nearly all the permanent officials that the measure was necessary. Some of them thought, probably with justice, that the mild form of coercion which had lately been in force was insufficient for its purpose. The new Government overruled the judgment of its most competent advisers on the grounds stated in Mr. GLADSTONE's speech on the 31st of March. It was then his pleasure to assert that Ireland was more peaceable and contented than at any former time; and he even forgot that he was by implication attributing no inconsiderable merit to the Government which in an administration of six years had produced results so admirable. Liberal speakers are in the habit of taunting Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government with disregard of the feelings of Irishmen; but it appears that that long-suffering community, if it had been habitually affronted, was unconscious of the wrong. Mr. STANSFELD, with a certain candour, declared that the causes of Irish discontent were more remote than any political action of either party. The proposition may be true of the *causa causans*,

or original reasons of discontent; but the *causa sine qua non*, the condition which has rendered the present state of Ireland intolerable, is the acquiescence of the Government in the foolish and frivolous maxim that force is no remedy for lawlessness. If Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL should have been misinformed, the Ministry will have the opportunity of proving that their predecessors, in the height of Mr. GLADSTONE's millennium, committed the error of trusting in the continuance of the existing tranquillity. It is impossible to say that, if they had been in power when the Land League began its noxious agitation, they would have been guilty of criminal neglect.

It is a comparatively trifling evil that foreigners should take the opportunity of inflicting gratuitous insults on England. The opinion which the Americans have formed of the Government which negotiated the Treaty of Washington is illustrated by the motion which a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee has submitted to the House of Representatives. After reciting with offensive accuracy the apparent inability of HER MAJESTY'S Government to afford protection to life and property, the member for Louisiana proposes that the SECRETARY of STATE should recommend the adoption of measures for the pacification of Ireland. It is in vain that the *Alabama* claims were referred under humiliating conditions to a tribunal which cannot be mentioned with respect. Since the date of the arbitration Mr. GLADSTONE in one of his publications thought fit to assert that commercial supremacy was about to pass from England to the United States, and that he for one did not regret the reduction of his own country to a secondary rank. Official efforts at conciliation are perhaps justly rewarded by contempt; but it may be proper to protest against voluntary acquiescence in an ill-bred reproof. If Congress adopts the motion, and if the PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY of STATE think fit to transmit the message, it may be hoped that even Mr. GLADSTONE's Government will know how to give a dignified answer; yet it is to be regretted, not so much that such things should be rudely said, as that they should be undeniably true. No man who respects himself would wantonly criticize the disorders of his neighbour's household; but the evils which he observes may nevertheless be patent and notorious. American politeness will not even permit the humblest domestic operations to be performed in secret.

#### M. GAMBETTA'S SPEECHES.

THE first volume has just been published of the collected speeches of M. GAMBETTA, and many will turn to it hoping to find in its pages some clue to the secret of the author's fame. Most people know vaguely that M. GAMBETTA is, and has for some time been, the most powerful man in France. And not only is he for the moment the most powerful man in France, but his power is of a unique kind. He makes and unmakes Ministries; he gives the keynote to the speeches of those who lead the reigning party; and it may even be said that France waits to know what she wishes and thinks until M. GAMBETTA has told her. How does it happen that M. GAMBETTA has this power? What has he done or said more than other men so that he should stand on a pinnacle above every one? He was an eager member of the Parliamentary Opposition for some months before the Empire fell; then he was a member of the Government of National Defence; then he escaped from Paris in a balloon, and was the head and soul of the movement of despair in which regiment after regiment of raw recruits was hurled against the disciplined ranks of the conquerors. When fighting had at last to cease, M. GAMBETTA would not own that it could ever cease, and had to be superseded by M. JULES SIMON. M. THIERS set him down as a mere *fou furieux*; and it seemed as if his game, brilliant as it had been, was played out. But soon he somehow made a position for himself in the National Assembly, which was on the whole very ill-disposed towards him. There was a feeling, which his enemies disclaimed sharing, but did share, that, after all, amid a thousand blunders, with no kind of show of authority, he still had been the one man who, above all others, had given expression to the voice of France that she would not lightly accept her shame, and that she would fight madly rather than not fight at all. M. GAMBETTA spoke in the Assembly not too often, but always effectively; and he spoke outside the Assembly to such purpose and with



such force that his speeches were looked on as so many programmes or manifestoes of the new Democracy. At last he had so impressed himself on friends and enemies that, when the DE BROGLIE Ministry appealed to the country in 1877 to decide what the Government of France should be, the Ministers openly stated, in the most positive and formal way, that the real choice of the electors lay between Marshal MACMAHON and M. GAMBETTA. The electors replied that they would not have the MARSHAL. The MARSHAL retired into obscurity, and M. GAMBETTA stepped into undisputed prominence. How did he achieve this great success? It is impossible that there should ever be given a complete answer to this question. The ascendancy of a man who imposes his personality on a nation is not a thing that can be analysed or explained. M. GAMBETTA is eloquent, but there are other Frenchmen as eloquent, if their eloquence is of a different stamp. A set speech from the Duke of BROGLIE is, as a piece of workmanship, quite as good as a set speech from M. GAMBETTA. M. GAMBETTA holds and freely expresses strong opinions, and these opinions are in harmony with the opinions of perhaps a majority of Frenchmen. But it is difficult to point to any opinion which he has ever enounced to which numerous other Republicans have not given utterance. The end of all inquiries about M. GAMBETTA and men like him is, that other men, when brought into contact with them, feel that here they have got a leader. Still the speeches of any one who for years has taken a great part in public affairs must throw some light at once on his character and his powers. The nearer the present publication brings us to the date when M. GAMBETTA's position was fixed and his powers matured, the more probably will it tell us about him. But the present volume only covers the time when he was still a beginner, and it is impossible for the reader to say that, from anything he finds in its pages, he could have anticipated that M. GAMBETTA would one day be what he has since become.

M. GAMBETTA first emerged from obscurity by being chosen to defend the editor of a paper who was guilty of making remarks offensive to the Imperial Government on the occasion of an improvised homage to the tomb of BAUDIN, a deputy shot on a barricade at the time of the *coup d'état*. M. GAMBETTA's defence may be read in this volume, and does not seem to have any special merit, except the merit of some forensic ability in the dissection of the vague evidence furnished by the police, and that of much passionate rhetoric against the Empire and in adoration of the Republic. M. GAMBETTA, like all the Republican advocates of the day, assumed that the Republic was something high and holy, far above Empires, and with traditions which it was at once the mark and the duty of any man with a sense of honour to cherish. Addressed to a court of judges sitting under an Empire, a declamation of this kind seems absurd rather than grand; but it was addressed in reality, not to the judges, but to the public, and especially to the public of Republican electors. With this public M. GAMBETTA's speech was completely successful; and, when a dissolution came at the end of a few months, he was returned both for a division of Paris and for the Department of the Mouths of the Rhône. He preferred to sit for the latter constituency, and soon made himself conspicuous by the energy and frequency of his attacks on the Ministry. His opposition became at once more vigorous and more effective when M. OLLIVIER, at the beginning of 1870, formed a Ministry charged with the task of helping the EMPEROR to "crown the edifice," or, in other words, to prop up the dynasty by making the Constitution more or less liberal. M. GAMBETTA's speeches are given in this volume as they appeared in the official reports of the day, and it is the fashion of French official reports to give all the interruptions and cries of assent or dissent to which a speaker is subjected. The consequence is that in many pages the speech of M. GAMBETTA seems to stop, and there is substituted the record of an angry dialogue between him and the Minister, or any other member of the majority who happened to engage his attention. Perhaps, however, these interspersed conversations give us a better idea of the mode in which M. GAMBETTA made himself felt than the speeches themselves. He was so pugnacious and so adroit in his pugnacity. He was always trying, and often with success, to get the Minister to make little mistakes, and to have to shift his ground. If we look at the substance of his speeches, we find that they are all pervaded with one idea, and this

idea was that the Empire was a poor doomed thing which had done much mischief, but had nearly got to the end of its tether. The liberty of speech in an Imperialist Chamber must have been considerable when such things were allowed to be said. Of course, when it came to voting, M. GAMBETTA was always voted down; but he was not stopped until he had had his say, and what he said was duly reported and made known to his true audience, the Republican electors. He had so glorified the Republic and so brow-beaten M. OLLIVIER, that when the Republic got its sudden chance on September 4th, it appeared as inevitable to every one else as to M. GAMBETTA himself that he should be perched at the top of the new tree.

When it was announced that the French Government intended to go to war with Prussia, M. GAMBETTA seized the opportunity offered him of exposing the extraordinary slenderness of the grounds on which it was stated that France was going to undertake such a serious risk. The stories about M. BENEDETTI and the KING and M. BISMARCK'S despatch would not bear examination. All that M. OLLIVIER could say was that a Committee of the Chamber had been privately told all about everything that had happened, that the Committee saw that France had been wantonly provoked, and that, as so honourable a Committee must be implicitly trusted, it was idle for M. GAMBETTA to go on asking questions to which he would get no answer. Military success was looked to as the best possible reply to the question whether the war was just or not. After it became known that no reply of the sort was forthcoming, and that military disaster, not military success, was the fate of France, M. GAMBETTA at once hurled at the heads of the trembling Ministers the proposition which he afterwards showed was so dear to him, that the only way to beat back the enemy was to arm the people. M. OLLIVIER resigned, and the Count of PALIKAO was charged with the task of forming a new Ministry. Directly it was known that the French troops had been beaten, the struggle began between the Empire and the Republic, and the Opposition gained ground so fast that on the 10th of August the numbers for and against a resolution declaring that the Chamber should keep on in a permanent sitting were equal, and the next day it was ordered that the National Guard should be at once reconstituted. The last Parliamentary struggle of any importance was over the question whether a Committee of National Defence should be appointed. The demand for this Committee was supported by JULES FAVRE, by THIERS, and by M. GAMBETTA, who in very plain language told the Chamber that it had to choose between the safety of the dynasty and the safety of the nation. The Chamber, as the Empire still existed, and might succeed in the great struggle which was obviously imminent, for the debate was held only five days before the day of Gravelotte, naturally chose to save the dynasty. The volume closes with an account of the famous sitting of September 4. The crowd rushed into the galleries, the benches of the Left were filled. The moment was come. Who was to speak in this crisis to the crowd and to the deputies that were present? The choice fell on M. GAMBETTA. What he said is not of much interest or importance now. What is important is that it had become tacitly recognized by every one concerned that M. GAMBETTA must come before all others. His quarrels with M. OLLIVIER and his Republican rhetoric, combined with the force of character which he had made felt by every one, had got him so far on in his course that when the hour of the Republic came he seemed called by necessity to be the spokesman and prime author of the new order of things that was being set up.

#### EDUCATIONAL LUXURIES.

THE poor children of London, and no doubt the poor children of other towns in their due order, are to have the advantage of learning French from a Frenchman. The majority of the London School Board are of opinion that translation from one language into another is a most valuable instrument of educational training, and that, as the chief advantage of French to an artisan lies in its use as a spoken language, it can be taught more readily, and therefore more economically, by a Frenchman than by an English teacher. It is probable that no member of the Board was found rash enough to dispute these elementary propositions. The value of language as a part of intel-

lectual gymnastics, and the superiority for conversational teaching of a native over a foreigner, are established educational facts. There were some members, however—of whom Mr. COXHEAD has since made himself the spokesman—who objected not to the children in Board schools being taught French by a Frenchman, but to their being taught French at all. Mr. COXHEAD asks, with evident and intelligible indignation, whether instruction in French is elementary education? He is not satisfied by the answer that the system of rate-supported schools is developing its inherent resources. The development of inherent resources appears to him to be simply a fine name for laying unjust burdens on a class which is by no means too well able to bear them. Every ratepayer in London will have to contribute his fractional payment to the salary of the French gentlemen who will shortly make their appearance in the Board schools. This fractional payment will, it is true, be in itself trifling. This, however, may be said with equal truth of almost every payment for educational purposes taken by itself. It is when the payments come to be added up that the whole amount is seen to be large, and to be an aggregate of many small amounts. If it were wished to reduce the education rate, reformers would have to strike out one such item after another; and it is not unreasonable that the minority on the School Board, who wish at all events to keep the rate from growing, should direct their opposition to each small addition that it is proposed to tack on.

As matters stand, however, it must be confessed that Mr. COXHEAD's opponents have in one respect the best of the argument. In the letters from Dr. ANGUS and Mr. WILKS which appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday, the real sinner was plainly shown to be, not the School Board, but the Education Department. The Code, says Dr. ANGUS, encourages the study of French, since it offers an extra grant of 4s. a year to each child who passes in it. The object of offering a grant for a particular subject is to induce school managers to give that subject a proportionate place in their school course, and the way to do this in the case of French is plainly to employ a Frenchman to teach it. Indeed the Department has evidently contemplated this arrangement, and decided that it is the best attainable. The Code contains an express provision that the income of a school may be applied to the payment of teachers of special subjects, and the Department will not allow this income to be increased for this special end by an additional fee. "Till now," says Dr. ANGUS, "the custom has been to charge an 'extra penny [for French], and therewith to pay the 'special teacher. But the auditor disallows the charge, and the Department sustains his decision. 'Sixpenny 'schools must charge only 6d.' is one form of the rule. 'No extra charge even for extra subjects' is another." Consequently the School Board have only to consider whether to give up teaching French in their schools, which is tantamount to foregoing the additional grant and to putting itself into antagonism with the Department, or to raise the fee all round, which, as Dr. ANGUS justly says, would not be fair to the parents whose children do not learn French; or to throw the extra cost upon the rates. Unfortunately, to transfer blame is not the same thing as to wipe it out. Dr. ANGUS and Mr. WILKS have proved that in coming to this conclusion the London School Board have only done what the Education Department intends them to do. They have decided that French shall be well taught in their schools, because the Department has encouraged them to teach it; and what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. They have decided that the extra cost shall be thrown upon the rates, because the Department will not allow it to be defrayed by the parents of the children who learn French, and it would be unfair to throw it upon other parents. In both of these resolutions they have been acting in strict harmony with the policy in favour with the Department; and this, their advocates submit, is an ample justification for the course they have taken. This is not a plea that we care to contest. As we have again and again insisted, no rational views are likely to be taken of the subjects proper to elementary schools so long as the Parliamentary grant is administered on the principles which now govern its application. It is only natural that when the managers of rate-supported schools see that there is money to be got out of the Government they should wish to get their fair share of it. Grants for extra subjects are going, consequently extra subjects must be taught in order to

secure the grants. It may be more costly to the ratepayers in the long run; but School Boards can hardly be expected to see this when ratepayers seem entirely blind to it themselves. The immediate payment to be earned—the 4s. per child in each extra subject—seems much nearer and more tangible than the farthing or so that the process of earning this 4s. will add to the Education rate. The source of the mischief lies in the extension to schools supported by rates of a plan which is properly applicable to schools supported by voluntary contributions and to none beside. The original motive of the Parliamentary grant was obvious enough. The State gave something in order to tempt benevolent people into giving more. The whole intent and purpose of the grant was to lead these benevolent people on into larger and larger contributions. Everything that they could be induced to give out of their own pockets was a clear gain to the community. It was a species of liturgy—a voluntary contribution to a great public object. When this system was applied to School Board schools it ceased to have any meaning. Now that the Parliamentary grant is used to tempt School Boards to making the school rate heavier, the State gets nothing in return for its outlay. It pays money in one capacity in order to insure that it shall have to pay more in another capacity. The community is in the position of a man at an auction who is bidding against his own broker. It is needlessly running up the price that it will have to pay. It does not follow, because it is a gain to the State to tempt benevolent people to give liberally out of their own pockets, that it is equally a gain to tempt School Boards to give liberally out of the pockets of the ratepayers. There might be some sense in making a grant in aid of School Board schools depend on the smallness of their demand on the rates; but to announce that the amount of the grant in aid is to be practically measured by the amount spent by the ratepayers is to encourage extravagance by the very means which would be most fittingly employed to check it.

Of course, in blaming the Department we do not forget that the Department is in its turn only the instrument of a higher power. If Parliament had disapproved of the policy which bids fair to make the cost of elementary education in this country bear no reasonable proportion to the results attained, that policy would long ago have been reversed. The Department is made the scapegoat because the sins of a department are concrete and visible, and because also a department has sometimes means of guiding Parliament into sounder ways which, in the present instance, seem to have been left altogether unemployed. As it is, there seems really no chance of bringing either the Department or Parliament to a better mind on the subject. It might have been thought that even the London School Board would have been startled by a proposal to teach French at the public expense. Instead of this, the suggestion seems to the majority of the members the most natural thing in the world. When Dr. ANGUS objects that it would not be fair to throw the burden upon the parents of children who do not learn French, it never seems to strike him that the same reasoning may be applied with still greater force to the far larger number of ratepayers who have no children to learn anything. This is a class for which he has no sympathy whatever. Yet the moment that education becomes more than elementary, the reasons usually alleged for making the ratepayers pay for it cease to have any meaning. It is intelligible that the community should pay for teaching children those rudiments without which they cannot count upon earning their own livelihood, just as it is intelligible that it should pay for giving them that necessary food without which they cannot live to earn a livelihood. But, if one half of this analogy is to be pushed further, why should not the other? A meat diet is the best that can be given to a growing child, and there is more nourishment in "prime" joints than in inferior ones. These facts are quite as indisputable as the value of translation as an instrument of thought and expression, or the superiority of native over foreign teachers for conversational purposes. If Dr. ANGUS is right in drawing from these latter premisses the conclusion that children in School Board schools ought to be taught French without extra charge, it would be equally right to infer from the former premisses that children in workhouses should be habitually fed on sirloins of beef and saddles of mutton.



## MR. CHILDERS AND LORD LYTTON.

MR. CHILDERS, to do him justice, is not one of those members of the Government whose tongues or pens frequently bring them into embarrassment. He is occasionally caught at a London meeting, and, being dragged on the platform from his modest obscurity, has to utter a few words. He talks in remote parts of Ireland now and then, and he does his duty to his faithful Yorkshire constituency; but, on the whole, he is not loquacious, nor does he frequently put the compromising pen to the paper that is to rise up in judgment against him. It is all the more remarkable that he should have been seduced into the authorship of the singular letter which Lord LYTTON has given to the public. We can only suppose that the spirit of the body to which he belongs has been too much for him. One by one almost every one of the present Ministers has met his fated Correspondent, usually with disastrous results. In the present instance Lord LYTTON has been rather kind to the SECRETARY for WAR, and has not carried matters to extremity. His reply to Mr. CHILDERS, though sufficiently conclusive, really does not touch the most absurd part of the matter at all. Possibly a consciousness that he himself was to some extent in the wrong may have been at the bottom of this forbearance. Outsiders, however, are not affected by such a consideration, and can approach Lord LYTTON and Mr. CHILDERS with equal unconcern.

Some ten days ago, it may be remembered, Lord LYTTON took advantage of the presence of Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS at a meeting of a Volunteer corps, to which he himself was distributing prizes, to make a rather peculiar speech about Afghanistan, a speech touching very closely upon political controversies. We say the speech was peculiar, inasmuch as Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS, as a soldier on active service, is not supposed to be aware of such things as political differences about military matters, while an assembly of Volunteers in uniform is certainly not a good audience before which to agitate such differences. It might be urged that the assembly was practically a mixed one, and that prize distributions are after all a kind of hybrid between a strictly military function and a civil gaudy-day. However, we are not at all concerned to make excuses for Lord LYTTON, who might have held his tongue on such a subject at such a time with considerable advantage. The matter, however, seems to have created a great stir in high places. The present Ministry are extremely sensitive to criticism of any kind, and they have not invariably an opportunity of putting a stop to it by main force. Apparently either Mr. CHILDERS or somebody else thought this opportunity too good to be lost. But, with a fatal reluctance to act decisively, or else with an equally fatal hope of extracting a humiliating confession of impropriety from a political enemy, Mr. CHILDERS first wrote to Lord LYTTON on the subject. It was obviously and in every sense a mistake that he should do so. Lord LYTTON now holds no public office, and is not, in any way that we are aware of, subject to Mr. CHILDERS's jurisdiction. At least no claim to such jurisdiction is set forth or referred to in the letter. Mr. CHILDERS only says that he feels sure that, had Lord LYTTON been aware of the regulations, he would not so have spoken. This is unobjectionable, though possibly superfluous. As Secretary for War, Mr. CHILDERS has no reason to address Lord LYTTON at all, though he might very well have addressed the Colonel of the regiment, and hinted that another time it would be well to call the attention of the speakers to the rule. Still, if he chose to write, and had ended his letter at the second paragraph, there would have been nothing much to be said.

The third paragraph, however, is much more wonderful. Mr. CHILDERS tells Lord LYTTON that he hopes for an assurance of inadvterence, in which case he, the SECRETARY for WAR, will not feel bound to take any further action in the matter. But otherwise he will feel it his duty to call the attention of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to the subject, and to ask him to issue a general order to the effect that meetings of Volunteers shall be at once dissolved when political topics are introduced. The required assurance Lord LYTTON declines to give, pointing out forcibly enough that his own state of ignorance or of contumacy could not affect the conduct of the Volunteers who listened to him. This, however, and some other little practical difficulties which Lord LYTTON suggests, we need not much trouble ourselves about. It is sufficient that,

the required assurance being refused, the general order was duly issued by the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, and was read or heard of by most people early in this week. It did not require much acuteness to guess its occasion. But Lord LYTTON—we fear with some wickedness—did not publish the correspondence, though he had duly given notice of his intention to do so, until after Mr. CHILDERS's thunderbolt had been hurled. We are now let into the secrets of the workshop where the bolt was forged, and it must be admitted that the spectacle is rather a ludicrous one.

We need hardly say that of the general propriety of the order in point of principle we have no doubt. It is true that, both for the reasons which Lord LYTTON has indicated and for others, it might be rather difficult to get it put into practice. Difficulties of this kind are inseparable from the very idea of citizen soldiers, and account for the dislike of Continental martinets to any such hybrids. But the propriety of the order and the practical possibility of carrying it out really have nothing to do with the singularity of Mr. CHILDERS's conduct. It is to be observed that his idea of his duty is stated in very precise terms. If Lord LYTTON will give him his assurance that he spoke inadvertently and in ignorance of the Volunteer Regulations, he will not feel himself bound to take any further action in the matter. If Lord LYTTON will not give him that assurance, it will be his duty to call the attention of HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, &c. Now we really should very much like to know how Lord LYTTON's assurance, or his refusal of that assurance, could possibly affect Mr. CHILDERS's duty in the matter. If the SECRETARY for WAR has noticed a growing habit of talking politics to Volunteers, and thinks that that practice ought to be stopped, his obligation to stop it cannot be released by Lord LYTTON's "Peccavi," or laid on again by Lord LYTTON's stiffneckedness. From a common-sense point of view, the proceeding is as absurd as from the point of view of official duty it is improper. Lord LYTTON is not the only person of distinction with a sometimes indiscreet tongue in his head; nor is he the only possible distributor of prizes to Volunteers. His promise, therefore, of repentance and amendment of life will not of itself protect the chaste ears of the Volunteers from political defilement. Mr. CHILDERS writes as if Lord LYTTON were going on a Volunteering stump expedition—a kind of Midlothian tour on a larger scale—and intended to bring the Government into hatred and contempt. Otherwise it is clear that a mere private and personal apology cannot in the least affect the matter. Lord LYTTON has himself professed his inability to discover how his knowledge or ignorance affects the question of the propriety of the conduct of his hearers. The argument, however, can be pushed a great deal further than this. To justify Mr. CHILDERS's proceedings we must suppose that the knowledge or ignorance of a speaker to one Volunteer corps in the past has some mysterious influence on the propriety of the conduct of all other Volunteer corps when they listen to all other speakers in the future. If Lord LYTTON knew what he was doing, meetings of Volunteers are to be dissolved at once when political speeches are addressed to them. If Lord LYTTON did not know what he was doing, Mr. CHILDERS will not insist on the direction that meetings of Volunteers are to be dissolved at once when political speeches are addressed to them. This is a kind of military Calvinism apparently—the oddest polemico-theologico-political doctrine, beyond all doubt, that ever was devised by a Secretary for War. The right and wrong of the conduct of all Volunteer regiments in *secula seculorum* depends on whether Lord LYTTON offended wittingly or unwittingly on Tuesday, the 14th of December, 1880. We really can hardly suspect Mr. CHILDERS of having himself excogitated this refinement. He must have retained too much of the simplicity of the sailor-character, even though he be at the present time but a retired admiral. It smacks of Downing Street rather than of Pall Mall, of Midlothian rather than of Pontefract. However this may be, the result of the correspondence is certainly unfortunate for the SECRETARY for WAR. He has offered to compromise a political misdemeanour, and the misdemeanant has refused the compromise with contumely. He has given the world an exceedingly curious instance of his own notions of official duty. He has shaken the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF at the head of the late Viceroy of India, without intimidating him in the least, and without any reasonable prospect of intimidating him. The

Volunteers, it is true, have got another general order as the result of the correspondence, and an excellent general order too. We have hinted that it may require some acute distinction and some severe self-restraint on the part of the Volunteers to carry it out. A soldier has no politics—of course that is simple and definite. A Volunteer is bound as a soldier to put off his politics when he puts off his civilian clothes, and bound as a citizen to take both up again at the same time. We make no complaint of this whatever. But we must once more repeat that we should very much like to know what the state of Lord LYTON's knowledge and conscience has got to do with the future duty of Volunteer officers and men.

#### RAILWAYS AND COMMONS.

IT is some time since there has been any occasion to say anything in defence of commons. Mr. FAWCETT, the Commons Preservation Society, and the good sense of Parliament have enabled the public to put the subject aside. It turns out, however, that it is just as necessary as ever to keep watch over the commons that still remain to us. At the most they can but attain the security which belongs to private property, and even private property is not exempt from the mode of attack with which commons are now threatened. It has always been a matter of surprise and thankfulness that the Metropolitan District Railway never proposed to pull down Westminster Abbey, in order to use the space which would thus have been gained for one of its stations. As it was, the line came near enough to the Abbey to raise a not unreasonable alarm as to the effect of the drainage and vibration upon so ancient a building; but upon the principles which are taken for granted by most advocates of railway extension, there was no reason why a Railway Company should have contented itself with inflicting this indirect injury. It appears to a large number of persons that to a railway nothing ought to be denied. They regard the creation of new facilities for moving about in the light of a missionary effort. To prevent a railway from appropriating a common, if the possession of a common happens to be convenient to it, is to them as bad as placing hindrances in the way of the spread of the Gospel. When we learn, therefore, from a letter in the *Daily News*, that certain railways propose to take, not one common, but many—and some of these in close neighbourhood to London—it is allowable to feel seriously afraid. So many people will think and argue that to do this is the most natural thing imaginable, that there is sure to be a large amount of support enlisted on the side of the Companies. It is this fact that makes it incumbent upon every one who sets any value on commons to do what he can to protect them. It is no contemptible adversary that has to be encountered. The railways have ample means of fighting their own battle, and they are helped by the mistaken assumption that what is good for them is necessarily good for the community.

As trade revives, railway undertakings naturally become more numerous. There is abundance of capital waiting to be invested, and a railway manager who knows his business has always some wilderness in his eye, which, if he could only bring his line within reach of it, would at once blossom like the rose with desirable villas and "residential proper-ties." Railways near great towns seem destined to disprove the warning of the fable not to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. In the first instance, a line is made to give those whose business lies in the town the means of living in the midst of fresh air and pretty scenery. The opportunity when created is so largely used that both the fresh air and the pretty scenery speedily become traditional. There are still Londoners who talk of sleeping in the country when they mean going back at night to Sydenham, and who persuade themselves that they see something of nature in a Sunday walk through unfinished streets and unsavoury brick fields, or by the side of open and suspicious ditches. But, though the country which originally created the railway traffic has been destroyed, the houses which have destroyed the country remain; and to create new Sydenhams becomes the natural ambition of every Company which is not fortunate enough to serve one already. It appears from the notices published in the *London Gazette* that the unspoiled districts round London are to be made the victims of a new rush of railway extension. In itself, of course, this is not a thing that can be prevented. If a town or village has at present no railway within a

moderate distance, and if a Railway Company can be found to supply it with one, there is no reason why the consent of Parliament should be withheld. But in the present instance a real public interest is incidentally and needlessly interfered with. The line which is to run from Fulham to Guildford, and another which is to connect the Windsor branch of the South-Western Railway with its main line, will destroy a whole series of Surrey commons that have delighted generations of Londoners, and, if let alone, will delight generations to come. Both lines will contribute to the spoiling of Wimbledon Common, and one or other will leave their mark on almost all the finest commons between the Thames and the North Downs. The Great Eastern Railway has fewer opportunities of doing mischief than the lines which serve the district to the south-west of London; but, by concentrating its energies on Epping Forest, it contrives to effect a good deal. Seventy acres of the land which the Corporation of London has so lately won for the public are to be taken for the purposes of the Company; and it is impossible to say how much additional injury to the Forest may not be done by the loss of these seventy acres, and all that the withdrawal of them will involve. As the writer of the letter to the *Daily News* points out, a common may be almost spoiled by being divided by a railway into two parts. Wandsworth Common and Barnes Common are conspicuous instances of this process, and in both the loss to the neighbourhood might have been prevented by taking the railway just outside the common instead of across it. There is no public gain derived from carrying the railway through common land instead of through private land, for the reduction of fares that may conceivably follow from the saving thus effected is too infinitesimal to be worth considering. The only people who will benefit by it will be the shareholders, and, though it is very desirable that railway property should yield a good profit, it is not desirable that this profit should be reaped at the cost of the public.

The reason why railway Companies prefer common land to private land is that it is cheaper. They pay less for it, and there are no claims for compensation. But this view can only have arisen from the very imperfect way in which public as opposed to private rights are protected by the Legislature. When a railway Company asks for powers of compulsory purchase against a landowner, they have a flesh-and-blood reality to deal with. Here is an actual man living in that house, and cultivating those fields. If he is turned out of his home, or has his prospect spoiled by a viaduct, or is separated by a cutting from the land which is left him—these are claims which Parliament has long ago agreed to recognize. The claims which the public have are of a less easily appreciable kind. But they are not on that account less genuine. The landowner builds or buys himself a house elsewhere. The land that is left him is not less valuable for farming purposes, and the building of a bridge removes the inconvenience caused by the severance of the estate into two parts. The Londoner who has the scene of his rare holidays spoiled cannot so easily betake himself elsewhere. The enjoyment derived from scenery may be entirely destroyed by a change which does not directly affect more than a fraction of a common. The conclusion that follows from all this is that, as the injury done to the public by the taking of common land for railway purposes is distinct in kind from the injury done to landowners by the taking of private land, it cannot properly be made the subject of compensation. There may be instances, no doubt, in which the gain to the public from carrying a new railway across a common outweighs the loss which they sustain from the disfigurement of the common. But these can only be cases in which the line cannot be taken in any other direction. Such cases may be met with from time to time, but they must be of extraordinarily rare occurrence. In the great majority of cases there is no reason for taking the line across rather than by the side of the common, beyond the saving of money to the railway. The common is destroyed rather than a private field because the private field costs money, while the common, as the Companies think, may be had for the asking. It is to be hoped that the opportunity will be taken to convince them that in this latter calculation they have reckoned without their Parliament.



## THE YEAR.

EVERY year must bring with it much that is unexpected; but at the beginning of this year it was out of the region, not only of expectation, but of dreams, that at its end Mr. Gladstone would be Prime Minister, that he would have been for months Prime Minister with an overwhelming majority, and that he would be engaged in a most serious and hitherto unsuccessful conflict with Irish anarchy. When Parliament was opened in February, it seemed that it had a quiet life before it, and would be chiefly occupied with measures of legal reform, very useful but not very exciting. Mr. Cross provoked hostile criticism by his Water Bill; but he had no reason to suppose that the chief reason for the failure of his Bill would be that he would not be in office to support it. The elections, moreover, of Liverpool and Southwark filled the Conservative leaders with the erroneous notion that the country was in so propitious a mood that it would be a mistake not to take advantage of the preponderance of a deep and sound Conservative feeling. Lord Beaconsfield was so entirely off his guard that he announced the dissolution in a manifesto marked with many blunders of taste and style; but, even if the dissolution had been delayed, and if Lord Beaconsfield had remembered that it was the English people to whom he was appealing, there was evidently an irresistible tide of Liberal opinion running through the country, which would have made a Conservative defeat inevitable. Success begets success, and the Liberals won many seats because they had won others; but there can be no doubt that a large majority of electors meant to put Lord Beaconsfield out of office and to put Mr. Gladstone in. The new Parliament consisted of, in round numbers, 350 Liberals, 240 Conservatives, and 60 Home Rulers; and Mr. Gladstone, who was at once seen to be the only possible Prime Minister, formed a Cabinet strong in ability, the most striking features of which were that Mr. Chamberlain was added to Mr. Bright as a representative of the Radical wing, and that Mr. Forster chose the comparatively humble post of Irish Secretary. All the Ministers were re-elected without opposition except Sir William Harcourt, and he soon found an asylum at Derby.

The Session began, and had it not been for the Budget, in which Mr. Gladstone showed his unrivalled financial ability, and got the hardly treated payers of Income-tax to pay on behalf of the nation the cost of changing the duty on malt into a duty on beer, the first part of the Session would have been altogether disappointing and not very creditable to the Ministry. Incident after incident showed how thin is the ice on which even the most triumphant of politicians tread. There was the Bradlaugh incident, and a very disagreeable incident it was. Mr. Bradlaugh, on the express ground that he did not believe in the sanction of an oath, asked to be allowed to affirm. A Committee decided that he could not affirm. He then asked to be allowed to take the oath. Another Committee decided that he could not take the oath. Then the House, in opposition to Mr. Gladstone, who was left in a minority of 35, came to the distinct resolution that he should be allowed neither to affirm nor to take the oath. Mr. Bradlaugh made his way into the House, and as Mr. Gladstone divested himself of all responsibility, Sir Stafford Northcote had to move that Mr. Bradlaugh should be removed in custody, and the next day that he should be discharged. Then, in order to avoid further scandal and close the controversy, Mr. Gladstone got a resolution passed that any member might affirm in lieu of taking the oath; and as this was made retrospective, Mr. Bradlaugh was allowed to creep in, the House leaving it to the Law Courts to decide whether he had crept in legally. Then there was the Chalmel-Lacour incident. Mr. O'Donnell persisted, in spite of warning and strong marks of disapprobation, in making an elaborate attack on a Foreign Ambassador. The Speaker put it to the House whether such a scandal should go on, but stated that he could not pronounce Mr. O'Donnell to be technically out of order. Mr. Gladstone rose, and, reviving an obsolete weapon in the Parliamentary armoury—a weapon so unused that, if ever used, it had not been used for two and a half centuries—moved that Mr. O'Donnell be no longer heard. The remedy was worse than the disease, for, if any member might move that any other member be no longer heard, debate would be at an end. A compromise was effected, and no more was heard of Mr. Gladstone's device; but the new Parliament viewed with dismay the spectacle of its leader coming forward with a sudden and strange proposal of which he had evidently not considered the consequences. Lastly came the Irish Disturbance Bill, which was nothing but a freak of rash philanthropy. The Government from the outset showed that it did not know what it wished to propose, or why it proposed it. Mr. Forster had very properly said that the Government would not make any proposal with regard to Irish Land until it had time to consider the question; and yet the Ministry chose to raise by a side wind, and, as a matter of no importance, a question that was intimately connected with the greatest difficulties of the Land question. He got his Bill through the Commons by a majority small beside that which it was supposed Mr. Gladstone could command. But in the Lords more Liberal peers voted against it than voted for it, and the overwhelming majority of Conservatives was not needed, although it helped, to reject the Bill. All these things had brought Parliament to the time when it is ordinarily prorogued; but the Ministry was determined that the Session should not end until it could show a record of hard work to the credit of a powerful and earnest Go-

vernment. The Burials Bill was passed, the Hares and Rabbits Bill was passed, and the Employers' Liability Bill was passed, besides some useful minor measures. The House of Lords made some changes of a trifling kind in the Ministerial measures; but, on the whole, it showed itself sincerely anxious not to refuse the measures of a Liberal Government on account of the source from which they came, or the time or mode in which they were presented. Some ill feeling towards the Lords had been betrayed by those who were enthusiastic for the Irish Disturbance Bill, and Mr. Forster had not sufficiently guarded himself against what seemed to be very indiscreet language; but, now that the Session is a thing of the past, it may safely be said that the Ministry did, after all, get through a great deal of work; that the Lords did not treat the Ministry badly; and that both Houses bore, with considerable good temper, the stress of a Session prolonged much beyond the usual limits.

The Session was not marked by any very serious amount of obstruction. The Irish party received with disdain the well-meant measures for the relief of distress adopted by the successive Governments. Mr. Parnell looked very coldly on the Disturbance Bill, although he did not exactly oppose it, as he preferred, to use his own language, to leave the Lords to do his dirty work for him; and, on the vote for the Irish Constabulary, the national taste for an unprofitable squabble received the gratification of keeping the House sitting for twenty-two hours. But Mr. Parnell and his followers did not throw any life or force into their opposition in Parliament to the English Government. They were, in fact, occupied with a very different range of thought. They hoped to bring about a state of things in which they themselves would be the real rulers of Ireland. The project would have seemed to be a mere boast or whim of fools or dreamers, only that it happens to have succeeded. At the close of this year the larger part of Ireland is not under the rule of the nominal Government. It is under the undisputed sway of another Government, which has not so much rebelled against the nominal Government as superseded it. The movement which has in the end produced this wonderful result began last year, and was not originally started by Mr. Parnell or by any of the leaders of the Parliamentary Home Rule party. But in June of last year Mr. Parnell gave in his adhesion to it, and thenceforward placed himself at its head. The Land League was formed, and its main doctrines were formulated—namely, that tenants should pay no more rent than they could pay conveniently to themselves, and that those who opposed this view of things should be overborne by violence, or threats of violence, and by the terrible penalty of being shut out from every form of social intercourse with their neighbours. The new system was applied last year in Mayo, with some success, but not elsewhere, and nothing that has been said to the present hour can exceed the seditious violence of language used by the humbler leaders of the Land League last year. Some of them were arrested, but the Government was afraid to act firmly, and the prosecutions were dropped. In the winter Mr. Parnell went to the United States, where he tried to appeal, without any success, to the old American feeling of antagonism to England, but where he succeeded in obtaining some funds for carrying on the struggle. His appeal was so much mixed up with harrowing descriptions of Irish distress caused by two or three years of defective crops, that it was erroneously supposed in England that with the good harvest of the present year the whole movement would disappear. The present Government declined to continue the Peace Preservation Act, which the late Government would probably have continued. The ordinary law gives the power of quartering extra police at the expense of the district to which they are sent; but the Peace Preservation Act also stopped the introduction of arms into proclaimed districts, and there can be no doubt that the wide diffusion of arms which has taken place since the Act expired has been a great stimulant to lawlessness. There were signs of increasing violence even while Parliament was sitting. Mr. Boyd was murdered; Mr. Dillon used language to an excited crowd which it seemed could have only the one meaning of an incitement to the most repulsive of all Irish crimes, the habit of maiming cattle. Lord Mountmorres was shot very soon after the Session was ended. It was obvious that the real issue was not what Parliament would say or do, but whether, when the good harvest had been gathered in, the tenants would or would not obey the dictates of those who told them to keep what they had got in their own pockets. If they would be firm and not pay, or would only pay something much less than they had bargained to pay, and would pay it not as being allowed a reduction, but as having fulfilled the whole of their duties, then they were promised not only the present gain of having a few more pounds in their pockets, but the enormous future gain of having no landlords at all. There can be no doubt that these wild promises produced a considerable effect; but the effect would have been passing and slight unless a reign of terror had been established which first made it impossible for landlords to exercise their rights, and then made it impossible for tenants to pay who might honestly wish to pay. The first thing was to paralyse the arm of the law, to reinstate those who had been evicted, to build houses for those whose houses had been taken down so as to clear the holding, and to scare, and, if necessary, shoot process-servers. Then those who took advantage of the law were to be personally terrified. The tenant who had taken the holding of another was to be punished, himself carded, or his ears sliced, his cattle maimed, his hay destroyed. Lastly, those who could not be openly attacked were to be tabooed. No one was to speak to them, work for them, buy anything from them, or sell anything to

them. In a notorious instance Captain Boycott had been sentenced to this isolation, and was living in fear and misery, looking on at his valuable crops rotting in the ground. The heart of the men of the North was stirred, and they volunteered to go and do his harvest work. They went, and, under the protection of seven hundred soldiers, they cut and carried off his crops. But it was evident that this instance itself showed how impossible it was to cope in this way with the deadly invention of tabooing. The tabooers had triumphed, and by way of memorializing their triumph they no longer talked of tabooing, but of "Boycotting" their victims. It only remained to apply the process on a scale of increasing magnitude. The tenant who pays the rent due, the tenant who does not within a certain date join the League, the member of the League who does not pay up his fixed contribution, are "Boycotted." Even in the North the League begins to hold its own against the Government. Threatening letters, crimes of violence, outrages of all kinds abound, but not one in ten of the offenders is even sent to trial, men fear to sit on juries, solicitors may not give legal assistance unless permitted, the judgments of Courts cannot be executed. On the other hand, the Land League has set up courts of its own, where offenders appear, are indicted and tried, and receive sentences that are sure to be executed. All that has hitherto been done to combat this terrible and successful social revolution is to put Mr. Parnell and some of the leaders of the Land League on their trial. It will be interesting to know whether the offence of exhorting men to do acts which prostrate government and break up society is legally a crime, and whether an Irish jury will convict. But, as things now stand, it is impossible that a remedy so slow and gentle, even if applicable at all, can do much to put down the new Irish revolution; and the English public wait with anxiety and interest to know what are the more efficacious weapons on which the Government will now rely, and with which it has been so very tardy in arming itself.

The foreign policy of the new Government has consisted entirely in using the concert of Europe as a means of forcing Turkey to make such concessions and changes as the Powers think it necessary it should make. Relations of decent friendliness with Austria were restored after explanations had been exchanged as to the accusations made by Mr. Gladstone during the elections, and England then began to work with persistence, and, amid much discouragement and some success, the machinery of the European concert. A Conference met at Berlin and laid down a frontier for Greece. The Sultan was told to surrender Dulcigno to Montenegro, and when he shuffled and delayed there was a naval demonstration. The Sultan hardened his heart, and said that he should do as he pleased as to the demands of Europe; but that, in course of time, he would surrender Dulcigno provided the Powers sent away their ships and promised never to send them back again. England replied by organizing a plan for seizing on the customs of Smyrna. This so frightened the Sultan, or so frightened those who could frighten him, that he entirely changed round and said Dulcigno should be surrendered at once. It was surrendered, not at once, but at the end of two months, after various vexatious delays, but happily after only a very slight struggle between the Turks and the Albanians, whom the Turks showed they could overawe if they chose. Thus much the European concert has incontestably achieved, and the next thing it has to achieve, if it can, is the settlement of the Greek question. Here the difficulty of its operations is strikingly illustrated by the curious manner in which France has backed out of its special championship of Greece. It was France that proposed the frontier accepted at the Conference, and France only joined in the naval demonstration on the understanding that it was to be applied in favour of Greece as well as of Montenegro. King George made the round of Europe in the summer; and, though he was received well everywhere, he was received nowhere so well as in France, and by no one so well as by M. Gambetta. Later on there came over France a terror of being mixed up in unknown and incalculable difficulties if it meddled in the Greek business. The mission of General Thomassin, who was to aid in the organization of the Greek army, was suddenly stopped; and M. Barthélemy de St. Hilaire did everything in his power to mark his opinion that France had greater things to think of than its interests in the Levant. Meantime, Greece has been getting ready the biggest army it can collect, and a much bigger army than it can afford; and, although there has been a change of Ministry, there has been no change of policy; and King, Chamber, and people are all pledged to go to war in the spring, unless the European concert can be made to do its second piece of work, and make Turkey yield. Lord Granville and Sir Charles Dilke tell us that the European concert is as much of a reality as it ever was; and the opinion of the Bourses of Europe is evidently that the Greek question will be peaceably settled. Time, and not a very long time, will show what these assurances and opinions are worth. Sir Henry Layard, who ended his residence in Constantinople with a wholesale denunciation of the abuses of the Turkish Government, was temporarily replaced by Mr. Goschen, who has had hard and unpleasant work, but who appears to be so well satisfied with what he has been able to do that he intends to return early in the year. In minor matters, however, the Powers seem unable to overcome the obstinacy of the Sultan; and their efforts have not succeeded in getting him to carry out the sentence of a court-martial on a fanatic who killed a Russian colonel in broad daylight, and who is spared nominally on the ground that he may

possibly be insane, but really on the ground that a Caliph cannot admit that it is very wrong for a Mussulman to kill a Christian. In one part, however, of the Turkish Empire, where the Sultan has no authority, the concert of the Powers has produced the most salutary effects. The financial situation of Egypt has been finally cleared by the successful labours of the Commission of Liquidation, the representatives of the Powers are sitting to reform the Code, capital is attracted to the country, taxes are fairly levied, and at last it may be almost said that Egypt is happy.

At the beginning of the year General Roberts held Cabul after the dispersion of the tribes who had unsuccessfully attacked the cantonment of Sherpur; the leader of the tribes, Mahomed Jan, had fled with Musa Khan, the infant child of the late Ameer, to Ghazni; General Stewart held Candahar in security, keeping open his communications with Khelat-i-Ghilzai; and at Herat Ayoub was tossed about by the contending factions of the Heratis and Cabulis. During the winter months General Roberts strengthened his position at Cabul, where he appointed a native governor, and the English Government appears to have considered, but without any definite result, the advisableness of handing over Herat to Persia. In March it was announced that Abdurrahman, long a fugitive in Russian territory, had come to Balkh and had been well received there. In April Sher Ali was appointed Wali of Candahar, and Sir Donald Stewart set out to reduce Ghazni and join General Roberts at Cabul. Outside Ghazni he was encountered by a large Afghan force, which attacked him with the utmost determination, and it was only by the resolution of the General and the superior arms of the infantry that what was almost a defeat was converted into a victory. Ghazni was surrendered without a struggle and the road to Cabul lay open; but almost at the same time General Ross, who was marching to assist General Stewart, received a severe check, and the Kohistanes to the north of Cabul became so dangerous that General Roberts thought it prudent to give increased strength to his positions. For many weeks negotiations went on between the Indian Government and Abdurrahman, one chief point of difference being that the Government would not recognize Abdurrahman's claim to have Candahar handed over to him. At length all was arranged, and on July 22 he was formally recognized as Ameer at a durbar held near Cabul. Sir Donald Stewart, who took the command at Cabul, retired with the British forces under him, and left the city to its new ruler; but the startling events which had meanwhile taken place near Candahar called General Roberts with the flower of the Cabul army to retrieve the disaster of Maiwand, and to relieve the panic-stricken forces of General Primrose.

Ayoub Khan, having composed the differences which divided his followers, was known to be marching on Candahar, and the troops of the Wali, with a British force under General Burrows, were sent to meet him. The troops of the Wali mutinied, and, although the mutineers were to some extent punished by General Burrows, the greater part succeeded in joining Ayoub. It was uncertain whether Ayoub would attack Candahar or make direct for Cabul, and General Burrows received orders to intercept his advance in either direction. It was some time before General Burrows could learn where Ayoub was; but at length he received intelligence that Ayoub was at Maiwand. General Burrows set out in haste from his encampment at Kushk-i-Nakhud, and, on the 27th of July, found himself in face of the Afghan army. Without any endeavour to ascertain the strength of the enemy in men or artillery, General Burrows determined with his tiny force of a little over 2,000 men to attack. His mode of attack was to put his troops under the fire of the enemy's guns, and to wait to see what happened. For hours the cavalry as well as infantry were exposed to wholesale slaughter, and when a party of Afghans came up an unguarded ravine into the British centre, the native infantry gave way, the cavalry were already so crippled that they could not be got to charge, and a disastrous rout began. In spite of the heroism of the 66th, of the artillery, and of some native officers and soldiers, all that was left of the British army made in utter confusion for Candahar. They were not pursued, but many died of thirst and fatigue, and many were killed in the villages through which they passed. General Primrose, who was in command at Candahar, lost his nerve. He telegraphed that the force of General Burrows was annihilated, although half of the force succeeded in joining him; and he evacuated the city of Candahar and shut himself up in the citadel. During five weeks he was shut in a close prisoner, and could do nothing more than make one sortie, in which he sacrificed many valuable lives, without any apparent object, but which he said was intended to accustom his men to the idea that they really dare face the Afghans. General Phayre was sent to relieve him, with troops pushed rapidly through the Bolan Pass; but he was so seriously hampered by deficiencies of transport that he was anticipated by Sir Frederick Roberts. The feat by which this general relieved Candahar is one of the most brilliant in British military history. He gave up all reliance on a base of operations, set off with a force somewhat under ten thousand men, as it were in the air, and marched three hundred and eighteen miles in twenty-three days. Military critics in England loudly criticized the temerity of the undertaking, but the Government replied that they believed in their general, that the general believed in his troops, and that the country must wait to see what such a general with such troops could do. On August 31 Sir Frederick Roberts reached Candahar, and on September 1 he attacked Ayoub outside the walls. Everything was done that military art could do to insure success, and Ayoub was utterly defeated. An active



pursuit was judged to be impracticable or unwise, and Ayooob reneched Herat, where he has since remained, but without appearing to have any authority, or power of gathering another force to attack Candahar. During the winter this town is to be strongly held, and the Government has not as yet announced its final intentions regarding it. The Wali has resigned his thankless office, and the great difficulty of abandoning Candahar, if it is to be abandoned, is to find any one in whose favour there may be a decent excuse for abandoning it. Cabul has been evacuated, there is no thought of having another British Resident, and even the passes leading to Cabul have been one after another given up. But it does not appear that Abdurrahman can do more than hold his own, and his authority, such as it is, does not certainly extend beyond Ghazni. In spite of the disaster of Maiwand and the panic of General Primrose, the general history of the year in Afghanistan has been in the highest degree creditable to the British army; but we are still far from the realization of the hope that when we leave Afghanistan we shall leave behind us a strong and a friendly Power.

In India Lord Lytton has been replaced by Lord Ripon, and although, when the appointment of Lord Ripon was first announced, there was some idle clamour against him on account of his religious belief, this soon died away, and a fair field lies before him, in which, when he is restored to health, as it may be trusted he soon will be, he may show what is in him. The extraordinary error into which the Indian Government had allowed itself to fall under Lord Lytton, as to the cost of the Afghan war, has thrown a shade over Lord Lytton's administration. Nothing can be said in defence of so deplorable a laxity of attention to the business part of the war; but the result of a very free criticism has been to show that the financial administration of India under Lord Lytton was successful, and that, in spite of the depreciation of silver, India was able to provide, without any apparent strain, large sums towards a most costly war. If England pays a share of the cost, it will be rather as an assertion of what is supposed to be a right general principle than a contribution to a poor and distressed nation. The real danger of India, that under our beneficent rule its population is growing much faster than its wealth, is a cause of future rather than of present embarrassment. The lessons of the Afghan war may be taken to have proved or confirmed the necessity of making considerable changes in the organization of the Indian army, and in time Lord Ripon may so far reverse the policy of his predecessor as to furnish the natives with repeating rifles to shoot snakes with, and to restore its freedom or its license to the vernacular press. But as yet no changes have been made, and everything in India seems to be fairly tranquil. There appeared at one time to be danger of an attack from Burnah; but, however mad or drunk King Theebaw may be, he is under sufficient restraint to abstain from courting certain destruction. In more distant parts of Asia there have been signs of trouble. The Russians, under General Skobelev, the most brilliant Russian commander of the younger generation, have spent all the portion of the year which the inclemency of the climate makes available for operations in organizing an expedition so strong in artillery, so protected by forts, and so helped by railways and roads, that the power of the Tekke Turkomans will, it is expected, be finally broken. In Persia there has been an outbreak of the Kurds, who have poured in from Turkey to join their Persian kinsmen. As Persia was totally unprepared, the Kurds had at first considerable play for their inveterate propensity to murder and plunder. But they were defeated by a Persian force under Austrian officers, and, as Turkey has at last found the means of guarding her frontier, and as Russia has a force on her border ready to assist Persia if necessary, it is not probable that the Kurds will do much more harm. Whether a much larger and more formidable struggle is destined to disturb Asia is still uncertain. During the whole year negotiations have been dragging on between Russia and China. Russia has succeeded in obtaining the release of the Ambassador who was imprisoned on his return from St. Petersburg for having made a treaty which the Chinese Government repudiated. But whether the negotiations will end in peace or war will evidently depend on whether the Chinese can at the last moment screw up their courage to fight. Russia has accumulated an imposing force at Vladivostok, and for a time the war party in China overcame the party in favour of peace. But Colonel Gordon, who went out to India as Lord Ripon's Secretary, but immediately resigned when he found what being a Secretary meant, and who started suddenly for China, took the opportunity of his visit to undeceive the Chinese, so far as he could, as to the efficiency of their military and naval strength; and the recent order given by the Chinese Government for the construction in Germany of an ironclad, which must take some time to build, and which would be detained in case of war, points to the conclusion that China may nurse ambitious views for the future, but will give way for the present.

In the colonial world Victoria has attracted some little attention, for Mr. Berry has gone in and out of office in a mysterious manner; while the colony seems, on the whole, to have come to its senses, the constitutional contest having burnt itself out, and a compromise having established itself, which recognizes that the Council may interfere in financial matters, but ought to interfere seldom, and only on special occasions. Otherwise, South Africa alone has made itself conspicuous. The Government adopted towards Sir Bartle Frere the most unhappy course it could have chosen. It did not recall him; but it docked his salary, and left him to carry out the scheme of confederation if he could. The Cape Ministry raised a

discussion on the subject, but found opinion so equally divided in Parliament that it abandoned for the moment any intention of proceeding with the scheme. Thereupon the Government informed Sir Bartle Frere that he was of no further use, and recalled him. The Cape Government itself made a gigantic blunder, which has latterly plunged the colony in bloodshed and confusion. Sir Garnet Wolseley, before he left, seemingly pacified the Transvaal—partly by arresting the ex-President, and partly by proclaiming that the annexation, once made, was irreversible; but he cast his eye over South African affairs generally, and uttered a solemn warning that, if the Cape Government persisted in its design of summarily disarming the natives within its borders, it would provoke a serious rebellion. The Cape Government would listen to no warning, and ordered the natives to give up their arms. Tribe after tribe refused, and a desultory struggle commenced, in which hitherto the natives have, on the whole, had the advantage. We hear of this native post being taken and that British post being relieved; but wherever the colonial forces may be the native forces close around them, and work done has to be done over again. The colonists, who went into their rash enterprise in defiance of the advice of the mother-country, have made most gallant efforts to show that they can rely entirely on themselves; and their forces, under the able leadership of Colonel Clarke, now amount to at least 12,000 men. But these forces are necessarily scattered, and the natives are not only numerous, but are so far formidable that they not only rush gallantly to die, but manage to carry off their dead. If the colonists are too hard pressed, or if the rebellion spreads beyond the Cape Colony, the mother-country will have to interfere, and Lord Kimberley has properly scouted beforehand the notion that England would ask as the price of aid the forfeiture of the Cape's Parliamentary independence. There is no objection in principle to a disarming Act. In the Crown colony of Natal there has been a disarming Act on the statute book for five years; but in Natal the Act has been wisely allowed to slumber. The blunder of the Cape was a blunder of policy only; and if it was guilty of this blunder in defiance of so high an authority as Sir Garnet Wolseley, it has at least done its best to redeem its blunder by the lavish expenditure of its blood and its money. The possibility that the Boers of the Transvaal may now make a serious effort to regain their independence adds a new and important difficulty to the many difficulties already threatening in South Africa.

In France the De Freycinet Ministry came into existence with the New Year. The Cabinet of M. Waddington had fallen because its leading members would not pledge themselves to the changes which its supporters demanded, more especially as to the amnesty of the Communists and the reform of the magistracy. M. de Freycinet brought General Farre, M. Cazot, and M. Magnin into his Cabinet—all men of pronounced views, and more or less associated with the Government of National Defence. General Farre succeeded in carrying a repeal of the Bill of 1874 providing the army with chaplains. But the Government did its utmost to preserve a character for moderation and peacefulness, and was greeted with a patronizing welcome on the part of Germany. M. de Freycinet in February procured the rejection of M. Louis Blanc's Bill for a plenary amnesty, on the ground that the concession asked for must be given by a Government that had shown itself to be strong, and could not be accorded by a new Government that would have the appearance of having had its hands forced. A difficulty presented itself in the case of the Russian Hartmann, who was accused of having attempted to assassinate the Czar, and whose extradition the Russian Government demanded. The French Government at length took refuge in the plea that the evidence furnished was not sufficient, and sent Hartmann over to England, the Russian Government marking its displeasure by ordering Prince Orloff to quit Paris for a time. In March the long looked-for struggle in the Senate over the Seventh Clause of M. Ferry's Education Bill began. By this clause unauthorized religious orders were forbidden to take part in French education; and, when the Senate rejected the clause, the Ministry replied by announcing that it would put in force the existing laws against these orders. The Jesuits were expelled from their residences, force being used where they resisted, and those who were foreigners were made to leave France. But the members of other orders were not touched, the Government hoping that they would be induced to ask for authorization. M. Léon Say was named as Ambassador at London, but soon left to become President of the Senate, and his influence was looked on to give strength to the Government, and to increase its character for moderation. It was in some ways inclined to tread so closely in the familiar paths of French Governments that, in a Bill for regulating public meetings, it inserted a clause permitting an agent of the Government to disperse them. As the Chamber showed an unwillingness to adopt this clause, M. Gambetta suggested that it should be referred back to the Committee, so as to save the Government from a defeat. This was accepted by M. Lepère, the Minister of the Interior; but M. de Freycinet stated that he should have persisted, and M. Lepère resigned, to be replaced by M. Constans. There was only a shade of difference, but the difference was in the direction of more pronounced opinions. The Government decided to keep the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille as a great Republican fête, and as a prelude announced that it was now strong enough to accord a complete amnesty, and got a Bill passed by both Chambers granting an amnesty to all whom the Government might pardon before a given date. The fête came off with great brilliancy and success; and in the August

elections for the Councils-General the tide of Republican feeling ran so high that nearly half of those who favoured monarchical opinions lost their seats. The decaying strength of the monarchical parties was further marked by the contemptuous tolerance extended by the Government to the Legitimists, who openly kept their King's birthday, and by the disruption of the Bonapartist party consequent on the approval bestowed by Prince Jerome on the March decrees. But the internal dissensions of the triumphant Republicans soon began to reveal themselves. M. Gambetta made a speech at Cherbourg in which he spoke of France being for the present content to keep intact what remained to her, but as relying on the working of inevitable justice in the future. M. de Freycinet made a counter speech at Montauban breathing of peace and nothing but peace. M. de Freycinet, when he found that the non-authorized orders would not apply for authorization, entered into negotiations with the Vatican, the basis of arrangement being that the highest authorities of the Church should repudiate any necessary connexion between religion and hostility to the Republic, and that the Government should allow the decrees to sleep until a judicial question as to their legality had been decided. M. Gambetta objected to this arrangement. His immediate friends in the Cabinet were instructed to resign; and M. de Freycinet, finding himself deserted, himself resigned, and was replaced by M. Jules Ferry.

The new Ministry seemed so completely the creation of the great and irresponsible wire-puller that it was treated from the outset with something like contempt, and, on the first day of the meeting of the Chamber, it was twice defeated, first on the question whether the conduct of General de Cissey, who had been removed from his command for using improper interference in private matters when he was Minister of War, and who was accused of worse things from which the judgment of a court of law has since cleared him, should form the subject of Parliamentary investigation; and, secondly, on the question whether a Bill dealing with primary education or one reforming the magistracy should come first. M. Ferry wished to resign; but there was a general feeling that the Republic was making itself ridiculous by these incessant changes of Ministry, and he was induced to remain, and the Chamber was induced to pass a vote of confidence in him. But the Chamber had its way. It insisted that a Parliamentary inquiry into General de Cissey's conduct should be made, and it insisted that before the Bill for giving a free and obligatory primary education was considered, a Bill should be passed by which for twelve months the Government should be at liberty to purge the magistracy of enemies of the Republic. Before the Chamber met, the Government had put the decrees of March in operation against several of the unauthorized orders, and a decision of the Tribunal of Conflicts pronounced that the laws against the orders, many of which were of remote date, were in force, and that the ordinary tribunals could not protect those who came under these laws from acts of the Administration. The Government was attacked violently in both Houses for what it had done, and M. Buffet was called to order in the Senate and M. Baudry d'Asson, after a scene most discreditable to him and his Legitimist friends, had to be removed by force from the Chamber. But the Government escaped anything like effective censure. It may be added that a Bill understood to be the creation of M. Gambetta has been introduced for conducting future elections by the *Scrutin de liste*, in order that the next Chamber may be more manageable, because less pervaded by the spirit of local independence. Outside the Chamber M. Rochefort has taken advantage of the amnesty to attack every one who has a shred of respectability; and inside the Chamber M. Clemenceau is succeeding in creating a party hostile to M. Gambetta as a timid opportunist. On the whole, France has in the year shown itself more and more Republican, while its Republicanism has become of a more pronounced and violent character; and the strength of the Republic seems to lie not so much in the wisdom with which its affairs are managed as in the utter discredit into which all the parties opposed to it have fallen.

The history of Germany still remains almost entirely the history of Prince Bismarck. He began the year by pointing out the permanent dangers to which Germany is exposed from Russia and France, and not only got the Army Bill renewed for seven years, but secured an increase which will, in time of war, amount to 60,000 men. He has renewed the Bill against the Socialists, and has placed Hamburg in a state of siege. Of course he has resigned, for he always resigns when he wants anything done quickly; and this time he resigned in order to mark his displeasure at the checks to which he was exposed on the part of the Representatives of the minor States in the Federal Council. They had refused to vote a tax on Post-Office remittances, which he supported. Their vanity must have been flattered by the discovery that the elaborate machinery of a resignation had to be put in operation in order to bring them to obedience, and now they are not likely to give him further trouble. At one moment he took it into his head that, if he could get power to put the Falk Laws in operation or not as he pleased, he might secure the support of the Central party by doling out favours in proportion to their obedience. The Parliament voted the Bill after cutting down some of its leading provisions, but the quarrel with the Vatican has not been appeased, the Centre has not been tamed, and the great national ceremony celebrating the completion of Cologne Cathedral was shorn of its intended splendour by the refusal of leading Catholics to take part in it. One measure which Prince Bismarck favoured, although he was probably not much interested in its success, the object of which was to create a German colony in the Samoan Islands, was rejected, and he has

not as yet quite, although he has almost, succeeded in persuading Hamburg, Lübeck, and Bremen to acquiesce in the loss of their position as free ports. He has accepted the post of Prussian Minister of Commerce, and has announced that his object was to associate his name and influence with a grand scheme for the creation of an equivalent to the mediæval Guilds. With the discreditable outburst of hatred of the Jews which has lately disturbed the political and social life of Germany he has had nothing to do; but, on the other hand, he has not used his great authority to enforce toleration; and it must be owned that there is a fine flavour of autocracy and mediævalism about bullying the Jews which may have its sweetness for him. He has maintained his policy of cordiality with Austria, although the settlement of the tariff relations of the two nations seems as far off as ever. In Austria itself, although natural catastrophes like floods and earthquakes have caused alarm and distress, the year has been one of general prosperity. Some little progress has been made in settling the long-pending question of railways and tariffs with Servia, and that of the control of the navigation of the Danube. The pacification of Bosnia has been accomplished, and the only sign of apprehension has been the demand of the Government for money to fortify its Russian and its Italian frontiers. The Government of Count Taaffe, which is essentially a Government of compromise, has at least escaped destruction; and the Emperor has been heartily welcomed in his tour through Bohemia and Galicia. The standing feud, however, between the Autonomists and the Constitutionals, or, in other words, between those who dislike and those who desire the Germanization of the non-German provinces, grows, if anything, more intense. A monster meeting of Germanizers has been held at Vienna, and they have celebrated the centenary festival of Joseph II., not only as a quaint harbinger of reform, but as an exponent of the system of forcing German culture on barbarians. In Italy the Cairoli Ministry has held its ground, although incessantly threatened with combinations of the Right and the Extreme Left. It was forced to dissolve in the spring by the opposition of the Senate to the repeal of the Grist-tax, but secured a decent majority. The arrival of Garibaldi at Genoa, where his son-in-law had been imprisoned, and his presence at the ceremony held at Milan in honour of those who fell at Mentana, renewed the interest of Italians in their hero, but gave rise to no manifestations of opinion which could alarm the Government. The whole domestic and foreign policy of the Ministry was reviewed and severely criticized when the Chambers met in the autumn; and it was natural that vent should be given to the irritation with which Italians have had to endure the veto placed by France on Italian enterprise in Tunis; and every Government is easily exposed to the accusation that it has not done the right thing in the East. But the Government pleaded that it had done its best; it was not obvious that any successors that might be given it would do better; and the Ministry was left free to take up the momentous question with which it is now busying itself—the redemption of its paper currency.

The attempt in February to blow up with dynamite the Winter Palace of the Czar showed the persistency and the savage cruelty of the band that was determined to take the life of the sovereign. The Imperial family escaped, but several of the Finland Guards were sacrificed. The course taken by the Emperor after the attempt was to appoint a substitute, and to centre all authority in the hands of General Loris Melikoff. The scheme was successful. One attempt on Count Melikoff was made, but he himself seized the assassin, and by a mixture of moderation and firmness he restored safety and confidence in St. Petersburg, and set himself earnestly to inquire into the state of the rural districts, and to lessen the pressure of despotic authority. At a later period he exchanged his abnormal powers for the functions of the Minister of the Interior, but he retained that supremacy over the police which was his chief source of strength. He announced that greater latitude and efficiency would be given to local institutions, but made it quite clear that nothing like a Constitution for Russia could be considered possible; and although some relaxation of the laws on the press was promised, and one or two new papers actually appeared, the newspaper world was plainly informed by Count Melikoff that it must not think of straying beyond the bounds in which he might think proper to confine it. By the autumn he had been so successful in hunting up the band of conspirators and assassins who had spread a panic through Russia that he was able to bring them before a special military court at St. Petersburg. It then appeared that there had really been but a very few persons engaged in the worst of the plots, and among them there was a strangely large admixture of Jews and women. To the other calamities of Russia is unfortunately to be added a dearth which in many districts has reached the proportions of a famine, and to relieve the distress the duty on salt has been suddenly taken off; a measure wise in itself, but adding to the overwhelming difficulties of Russian finance. Of the minor countries of Europe which as usual pursue an uneventful, if happy, life, it is perhaps only necessary to notice Belgium, where the year has been signalized by the rupture of relations with the Vatican, on account of an alleged inconsistency between the Pope's pacific language to the Government and his exciting instructions to the bishops. But, if we wish to find a really striking contrast to the state of Russia, we have only to look to the Power that is so close a neighbour to her in the far East. In the United States there has been nothing to record but peace and prosperity, growing wealth, and growing numbers. General Garfield was easily elected by the Republican party to replace President Hayes,



after the dislike of the nation to a third term had shown itself to be strong enough to make the re-election of General Grant impossible. The disgraceful reign of Kelly in New York has been shaken, if not ended; and the Chinese difficulty has in one sense been made lighter by the Chinese Government having agreed to recognize that the general right of Chinese to enter and stay in the States shall be subject to such modifications as the local laws of each State may impose. The long-pending fishery question with England has perhaps been pushed one stage nearer to a settlement, as Lord Granville has expressed the willingness of England to pay an indemnity for the personal wrongs of the fishermen who were assaulted, although he firmly adheres to Lord Salisbury's main proposition, that local regulations made to protect the fisheries must apply to American as well as British subjects. Although no move has been made towards abandoning Protection, the national credit is now so high that it is thought possible to borrow money at three per cent.; and a golden vision of what will some day be the trade between the Old World and the New has been opened by the extraordinary energy and success with which M. de Lesseps has launched his gigantic project for cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Panama. No portion of the globe would benefit more by this canal, if it is ever really made, than the Western States of South America, and it is to be hoped that long before that time comes they will have settled down into something like tranquillity and an honest attention to business. The lingering war between Chili and Peru still goes on, and although Peru has had no successes to boast of, the mediation of the United States failed because Peru refused peace at the price of a cession of territory, and Chili is now girding herself up to making that grand attack on Lima by which she hopes to be able to dictate peace on her own terms. In the Argentine Confederation there was, on the occasion of a Presidential election, a struggle between Buenos Ayres and the inland States, which at one time seemed likely to have serious consequences, but which has ultimately settled into an arrangement which, it is said, ensures permanent peace. Everything no doubt is possible, even permanent peace in a Spanish Republic; and Mexico has got so far on the road towards this happy goal, that a Presidential election has passed by without any disturbance, and the people seem really inclined to welcome the visions of prosperity which the recent introduction of American capital waves before their eyes.

At home we have had a harvest not very splendid, but good after the wretched harvest of last year; a slow but steady revival of trade; and a rise in the price of safe investments, which at one time carried Consols above par. The Risca and Pen-y-craig Colliery explosions have again brought home the frightful dangers to which, in spite of all that science or care can do or have as yet done, our mining population is liable; and the accidents to the Flying Scotchman near Berwick and to the Midland train near Lancaster remind us that there is inevitable danger even on lines which are managed with the most zealous regard for the safety of the public. How men of long experience in taking charge of the lives of others make what seem unaccountable mistakes was curiously illustrated by the accident at Kibworth, where a driver of old standing and perfectly sober actually took his train for a mile or so backwards instead of forwards without being conscious of his mistake. The loss of the *Atalanta* training ship has never been exactly explained, but painful doubts were aroused as to her fitness for the purpose to which she was applied. For the greater part of the year a perplexing controversy has cast a shade over the management of one of our greatest hospitals, and the wide and serious question has been raised whether, under modern arrangements, nurses have not been invested with a degree of independence of doctors which makes it impossible for doctors to treat their hospital patients properly. Sir William Harcourt has signalized his tenure of office by instituting inquiries and ordering remissions of sentences, which, although at first causing some excitement, as he did not appear to be perfectly acquainted with the provisions of the existing law, have had the ultimate effect of guiding public opinion to the conclusion that indiscriminate imprisonment is not the proper punishment for young children. Mr. Fawcett has shown exceptional ability in the management of the Post Office, has imagined and carried out a new kind of thrift in the form of saving a shilling's worth of stamps, and has enabled very small investors to hold a share of the Public Debt. The disclosures of the Election Commissions have revealed how thoroughly corrupt, in spite (or perhaps to some extent in consequence) of the Ballot, English constituencies even of an important kind may be, what demoralizing waste and prodigality an election brings with it, and with what absolute indifference from a moral point of view corrupt practices are regarded, even by persons of the highest local respectability.

Church questions during the greater part of the year were happily quiescent. The first stone of a cathedral church of the first class was laid by the Heir-Apparent at Truro, for the use of the new Cornish diocese. By nominating an extreme party man to the new diocese of Liverpool Lord Beaconsfield irritated far more people than he pleased. Diocesan synods—an excellent, and even necessary, preparation for some sort of Church representation—have been held by several more bishops, and the Church Congress at Peterborough, under the vigorous Bishop of that see, was more than usually successful. But the year ends under much less hopeful circumstances. Two clerical victims of the persecution of the so-called Church Association have been committed to prison for disobeying the orders of a Court before which they would not even appear, because they denied it any spiritual

jurisdiction. An appeal urged in their behalf before the Queen's Bench failed to effect their release. But the judgments of Lord Coleridge and his colleagues actually established the position for which Mr. Dale and Mr. Eoraght were contending—namely, that Lord Penzance's claim to be Dean of Arches rested wholly on the Parliamentary authority of the Public Worship Regulation Act. Notice of further appeal has been given. Meanwhile a most serious controversy has sprung up as to the right of Parliament to legislate for anything beyond the temporal accidents of the Church without some previous consultation of the Church itself by representation. These internal dissensions, forced on by one intolerant party, and fomented, rather than allayed, by the short-sighted policy of the bishops, pave the way for Disestablishment, and must be hailed by the Liberationists with delight. On the whole, the working of that bungling piece of legislation, the Public Worship Regulation Act, has been conspicuously shown to be a failure; and the Ridsdale judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, upon which all these ritual suits depend, is more and more discredited, as having been dictated by policy rather than by strict laws of legal interpretation, and founded upon an imperfect acquaintance with historical facts.

In the death-roll of the year the losses sustained by the Bench are by far the most conspicuous. Two chiefs of what used to be independent Courts died within a very short interval; Chief Baron Kelly leaving the memory of an excellent lawyer who rose through the usual party channels to high promotion, and Lord Chief Justice Cockburn the memory of a great judge, a great president of a tribunal, a great speaker, and a man of wonderfully varied knowledge and acquirements. The brilliant and promising career of Lord Justice Thesiger was cut short at the age of forty-two, after he had been three years a Judge of Appeal, and had begun to show how much there was in him to justify the extraordinary rapidity of his advancement. Sir William Erle had for some time retired from the Bench, and the attract of Sir James Colville's judicial labours was not one that attracted much public attention; but those acquainted with the history of the Bench know what admirable services each rendered in his day. The death of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe in the extreme days of an honoured old age recalled to men of this generation how great he had seemed to the generation of their fathers; and the deaths of Lord Hampton and Mr. Cave brought up the record of long and honourable, if not brilliant, political work. Dr. Kenealy ended a career which showed how a man may attain a notoriety very great and very unenviable, and then be utterly forgotten. Literature lost in Mr. Tom Taylor one of the brightest and most versatile of its representatives, and in Mr. Wills one of those valuable writers whose gift it is to work usefully with others. Dramatic art lost in Miss Neilson an artist charming, anxious at once to please and to soar high; and modern music of the lighter and gayer kind has lost in M. Offenbach one of its most prolific and popular masters. Mr. Frank Buckland has at least lived long enough to effect the great object of his life, and to bring his unrivalled knowledge of one branch of natural history to bear on the preservation of fish in our home rivers. Abroad, two statesmen who in different ways and in different wars were once famous, Baron Ricasoli and M. Jules Favre, brought back to the recollection of their countrymen and the world the great days when Italy was made into a nation, and the sad days when France was trampled on by her conqueror. The Empress of Russia reached the end of a life which had borne witness to the amount of sorrow and suffering which there may be in an existence on which fortune seems to pour its foremost gifts; and very recently Mme. Thiers has followed to the grave the beloved husband whom she lost three years ago in the fulness of his powers, and whom for nearly half a century she tended with the devotion, not only of a wife, but of a worshipper.

#### CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM IRELAND.

THE invention of Christmas Cards has been vigorously taken up by not a few publishers of the United Kingdom, and, in this respect at least, it cannot be said that "no Irish need apply." But Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., though they have this year quite maintained their old renown in the matter, cannot be said to have exhausted the possibilities which the greenest of islands offers to the inventive mind. A whole series of most effective devices, with equally effective legends, suggests itself to the student of contemporary events as capable of receiving appropriate embodiment at this extremely festive season. "Ils ne m'ont pas encore parlé," said Gavarni to the inquiring visitor in his studio who was puzzled by rows of lithographic stones ranged against the wall. The stones of Ireland are more eloquent; they speak to the deafest of ears. Mr. Plunket's speech at Chesterfield suggests a few dozen of such drawings; but we are afraid that the subjects might be dismissed as "sensational" by the robust moralists of our evening organs of Radicalism in England. Mr. Bence Jones has been prodigal of hints for the same purpose; but it has been already pointed out by one of our weekly contemporaries that Mr. Bence Jones, though "a man of great pith" a few days ago, has become a mere alarmist since he was himself subjected to what Mr. T. P. O'Connor has discovered to be "the grandest word ever added to the vocabulary of a people"—that is to say, Boycotting. Boycotting naturally suggests Captain

Boycott and some striking scenes at Lough Mask, but here again we are met by a redoubtable authority. Mr. Gladstone has found out that the complaint of Captain Boycott as to his exclusion from kirk and market is in the highest degree impudent, not to say preposterous. Nevertheless, in spite of these great authorities, we shall, after the custom of the ancients, persevere in our advice to a painter, or rather—as we have no fancy for what Mr. Allingham was once inspired to denominate in the case of one of Campbell's masterpieces, "a superabundance of blood in the picture"—we shall give a few hints for letterpress to accompany the delineations.

The form of diary has always been a favourite one for political comment on passing events, and the form of diary is peculiarly appropriate to the present subject. The Christmas Day of an Irish landlord, an Irish parish priest, an Irish tenant, an Irish tradesman, an Irish magistrate or judge in this present year of grace, offers surprising capabilities. As thus of the landlord:—"Rose at seven; found a grave dug at my front door as a symbol of peace and goodwill. Breakfasted, interrupted only by one shot, which smashed the window and upset the coffee-pot. Having been warned by the police that they could not be answerable for my safety if I went to church, decided not to go; but, before the time, news came that the sacred building had been gutted the night before, and the clergyman had been met on the highway and upset into a ditch. He is an old man, and his constitution must be rather shaken by this; but it is generally believed that he was mistaken for me, and a handsome apology is expected from the local leaders of the Land League. To employ the morning, walked into the paddock, where I found the two horses recently turned out to grass houghed; and, in a meadow near, my best cow prostrate on the ground. Examined her, and discovered a stick covered with nails in her inside. On returning to the house, was fired at twice; but these fellows are not good marksmen. The post came in, and I had half a dozen letters from my tenants saying that they were very sorry, but to pay rent was as much as their lives were worth. At the same time received lawyer's letter from the dealer who had supplied meal and seed potatoes for relief last winter, for which, having had no rents, I gave my bill at twelve months. He begins proceedings immediately. At dinner-time the cook (an Englishwoman who has not been frightened away) remarked that all the turkeys had been poisoned, and that the grocer refused to supply necessaries for the pudding." Then we might have the parish priest:—"Rose early, and, to avoid observation (though in truth this is an idle form), visited Thady O'Callaghan. Pointed out to him that, if he did not wish to be damned, he had better not pay his rent. Service. Preached a sermon (I hope of a sufficient strength) on the text 'Owe no man anything,' pointing out that, if it was wrong to owe, paying must be doubly wrong; for, if there was no need to pay, there could be no such thing as owing. Called in to Bridget O'Rourke, accidentally hurt by the patriots, who were justly indignant at her brother's conduct, and had wounded her in the breast with a pike. Comforted her as best I could, but hinted how much more fortunate was the lot of those who died in defence of their country. Remembered that I had been used to dine with —, and that he gave me a very good dinner; but, as he is not likely to have any dinner to-day except what he cooks himself, forgave him for not asking me. Went to a Land League meeting in the afternoon, and forgot to point out that Queen Victoria's dominions were almost the only country in Europe where the true Church is wholly unmolested. In the press of business, allowance must be made for accidental omissions. Heard some shots as I went home; they were probably in celebration of the day." Or, again, let us take the Land League Committee-man:—"Went, after breakfast, to Dennis Hoggarty's, and took him a volume of the History of England turned down at the reign of Edward II. Pointed out that the best way of retaliating on the tyrants was to serve their cattle as they had themselves served their King. Read the *Freeman's Journal*, and went to the meeting. Expatriated on the grandeur of the verb 'to Boycott'; but deprecated threatening letters. (N.B. Had received one or two myself, with Northern postmarks; and, though they are probably sent by our own fellows, think it a dangerous thing.) So-and-So called in, and told me that Lord — had been shot. A most valuable example. The English papers will make a fuss, but it will do wonders for Griffith's valuation, and the Government won't dare move. Dinner and bed. That scoundrel — hasn't sent in the whisky, pretending that I have not yet paid my last Christmas bill. Must have him Boycotted." Yet, again, let us take the shopkeeper:—"Colonel — has written ordering groceries; but I have received a letter from the Land League threatening to Boycott me if I supply him. He is my best customer, and indeed advanced me considerable sums to set me up in business when I married, but it will never do to be Boycotted. Besides, luckily, he is my landlord, and the League promises houses as well as land free. Macdermott called and paid me the fifteen per cent. on his loan; luckily the League have not interfered with that sort of thing yet. Like to see them do it." These artless tales, for which, it need hardly be said, chapter and verse can be supplied from Ireland in any quantities, all offer the finest opportunities (save perhaps the last) to the illustrator. There is, however, one more to be noticed which also speaks more forcibly by the aid of the pen than of the pencil. The scene this time is wholly historical. It is laid in the city of Cork. The chief actor is Mr. Justice Fitzgerald. A culprit is brought up on the charge of

posting placards threatening magistrates for the performance of lawful acts. The evidence is as clear as daylight, and the jury disagree. They are sent back to no purpose, and the despairing Judge remarks that "with the present panel of the city of Cork it would be a solemn mockery to try the case again." Whether trying the case at all was not a solemn mockery is a point on which Themis gives no overt opinion.

We shall take the liberty to add to this list two more Christmas Cards of a very striking nature, which have been delivered not indeed from Ireland, but in reference to that pleasing country. One comes from America, and is directed to Downing Street; the other comes from Downing Street, and is directed to Captain Boycott. They are both of a character calculated to convey the most exquisite satisfaction to Englishmen. Whether the statement that a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the United States Congress is going to propose a Resolution regretting the state of lawlessness now existing in Ireland, and suggesting to Her Majesty's Government what it should do, be a fact or a clever hoax, the sting of it remains the same. The case is as Mr. King puts it, and no impertinence or want of *locus standi* on the part of the redactor can deprive the message redacted of its pertinence and relevancy. We, the Pharisaic people who thrust our maintenance of combined freedom and order in the face of the world, are at this moment displaying to that world the spectacle of a third of Her Majesty's home dominions in which freedom has become a thing non-existent, and order has given way to a dance of all the fiends—to use a phrase used once upon a time by a Liberal and something more in the days when Liberalism did not necessarily mean sympathy with murder and mutilation, with refusal to pay debts, and refusal to obey oaths solemnly sworn in a court of justice. More authentic perhaps, and more interesting certainly, is the Boycott-Gladstone correspondence already referred to. The letter to which Mr. Horace Seymour's signature is appended (we present to him our heartiest commiseration for the duties which occasionally weigh upon an amanuensis) is a Christmas Card of the most picturesque, and, at the same time, of the most historically valuable kind. A man who has been prevented by the *laches* of Mr. Gladstone's Government from carrying out his lawful business respectfully appeals to that Government for compensation. In reply he is snubbed and upbraided—upbraided for the trouble he has already given to the Government, snubbed for his preposterous demand on that Government. Not one single word of sympathy has Mr. Gladstone's large heart—that is the correct term, is it not?—for this Englishman, harried and ruined by lawless rebels. The heart, large as it is, is quite taken up by Montenegris and Greeks, by Bulgarians and Thessalians, so that there is no room for the inhabitants of this petty little island, as the owner of the heart likes to consider and to call it. Captain Boycott is simply an impertinent intruder, whose existence has troubled and bothered the best of Governments. In all his long career Mr. Gladstone has never indited or dictated a letter so completely indicative of his own character as this. An unfortunate commentator, struggling with modern rationalism on the subject of the Prophet, the Children, and the Bears, once remarked that after all they were "only the children of unbelievers." This is the attitude of Mr. Gladstone to a T. Captain Boycott is only a troublesome person, only the agent of the father of a Tory member of Parliament, only a *trouble-fête*, who has brought to a practical test the noble language of eloquent Prime Ministers at Guildhall banquets. After this specimen, the sort of Christmas Card which Mr. Gladstone might charge his secretaries to write to Mr. Bence Jones is too awful to think of. A gentleman who has roughly remarked—a horrid faculty of invariably hitting the right nail on the head—is probably the source of all Mr. Bence Jones's troubles with a nation which usually hits the wrong one—that the reason of his troubles is that "Government had it in its head that it was possible to get its projected measure of confiscation through Parliament by keeping the country in a disturbed state," must be to Mr. Gladstone a very incarnation of wickedness. Still we are satisfied with what we have got. The letter to Captain Boycott is a Christmas Card which cannot be too much studied by all who wish to appreciate the present Government and its chief. "Peace on earth"—that is to say, civil war in Ireland; "good will to men"—that is to say, ruin and death to landlords and everybody inconvenient here—is Mr. Gladstone's Christmas gospel of good tidings, his allocation *urbi et orbi*.

#### LEO XIII. AND THE EASTERN CHURCH.

THE Allocation delivered the other day by Leo XIII., on raising Mgr. Hassoun, Latin Patriarch of Constantinople, to the cardinalate, was an eminently characteristic one. The event was noteworthy, as well from the antecedents of the new Cardinal, as from his being the first Eastern prelate invested with the sacred purple for many centuries; and the Pope took both points in succession as the text of his discourse. This is not indeed by any means the first sign of interest his Holiness has shown in the condition of the Christian East since his accession to the Papal throne. The memorandum which he directed Cardinal Franchi, when Secretary of State, to address to the plenipotentiaries in Berlin on the position of Latin Christians in Turkey, his subsequent Encyclical on the Church in the Balkan peninsula, and the negotiations more



recently carried on between Cardinal Jacobini and the Austrian Government on the liberty of the Church in Bosnia and Herzegovina, are all examples of his desire to re-assert the influence of the Roman See over the Eastern Churches, and his belief that a great future lies before them. But in the elevation of Cardinal Hassoun to the Sacred College, he gave more distinct expression to this feeling both in act and word than on any previous occasion. We will speak first of the later and directly personal part of the Allocution, which deals with the special claims of the new Cardinal, and come afterwards to the wider question of the relations of the Eastern and Western Churches which forms its principal theme. In the panegyric pronounced on Mgr. Hassoun there is a curious, and evidently not undesigned, omission, which will at once strike every reader who is at all familiar with the circumstances and immediate results of the Vatican Council. We are told in glowing terms how those Armenians who of late—that is, in consequence of the Council—rebelled against the Apostolic See, afterwards repented and were by the mercy of God restored to their obedience, and how “in this great work of pacification, our venerable brother, Antony Hassoun, gave endless proof of sagacity, of zeal, and of prudence.” A little sketch is added of his past career, informing us how, after completing his educational course in Rome he returned to the East, where he has passed forty years in discharging the duties of his ministry, and became first Archbishop and then Patriarch, and how, “when a most deplorable schism broke out among his people, he signalized himself for the forbearance and incomparable fortitude with which he defended the rights and maintained the teaching of the Church.” Conspicuous indeed among his many virtues is “not merely the constant loyalty but the ardent love and singular devotion he nourishes towards this Apostolic See.” And the Pope goes on to observe that he has therefore restored to the Eastern Churches in his person the honour of the Roman purple, of which they had been deprived “ever since the time of Bessarion.”

This reference to Bessarion, the last Eastern Cardinal, is in one sense more appropriate than perhaps his Holiness intended it to be. The name will recall to those familiar with the history of the Council of Florence an analogy between the two cases which the wording of the Allocution would certainly not have led anybody to suspect. All the praises bestowed so lavishly on Cardinal Hassoun may from a Roman point of view be well deserved, but the Pope omits to mention that his signal services in bringing back the revolted Armenians to their obedience were all the more warmly welcomed at Rome because he had himself, in spite of the “constant loyalty” ascribed to him, been the leader of their revolt after the Vatican Council. “The courtly Bessarion,” as Milman calls him, was not, indeed, exactly like Mgr. Hassoun, a returned prodigal, but he was an Eastern prelate who, to say the least, “might seem by his temper and moderation not to have been without some prophetic foresight of the Cardinalate and the quiet ease of a Western bishopric”; while he was regarded by such sturdy champions of the independent rights of the Eastern Church as Mark of Ephesus—if we may credit Syropoulos—as little better than a traitor. Bessarion himself described Mark as “a man possessed with an evil spirit,” and Mark in return denounced him as “a bastard and an apostate.” It may be feared that the separated Greeks and Armenians, who have not yet been “reduced to obedience,” entertain a not very dissimilar opinion of Cardinal Hassoun. His case so far recalls that of the late Bishop Haneberg, formerly Abbot of St. Boniface at Munich, and a close personal friend and ally of Dr. Döllinger's. Some years before the Vatican Council Pius IX., on account of his reputation for Liberal views, put a veto on his appointment to a Prussian see, and sent a message to him that he would never allow him to be made a bishop. When, however, after many heartsearchings and under strong pressure from his colleagues in the Benedictine Order, Haneberg had at last given in his tardy and reluctant adhesion to the Vatican decrees, the Pope was more than willing to sanction his appointment to the see of Spire, which he occupied for the last year or two of his life. We do not at all mean to imply that Haneberg's submission, unwilling and constrained as it notoriously was, had anything to do with the hope of a mitre—he was far too upright and unworldly a man for that—or that Leo XIII.'s Church policy runs in the same narrow grooves as that of his predecessor. He has no doubt done a wise thing, as well as achieved a clever stroke of policy, in raising Cardinal Hassoun, the returned renegade, to the purple, and the tone of this Allocution, no less than the general tenor of his public acts and utterances, indicates wider aims than the mere vulgar ambition of securing the devotion of an active and zealous proselyte. The new Cardinal is really, we believe, a man of some mark, and in praying that “the high dignity conferred on him may prove advantageous to the Catholic Church, and especially to the East,” with the pointed reference to the last great attempt at reconciliation, at the Council of Florence, the Pope was evidently directing his thoughts beyond the mere handful of Uniates, or Christians in communion with Rome, scattered over the East. It might perhaps be objected by an unfriendly critic that “the honour of the Roman purple” is not likely to be very highly appreciated there. For, although the Suburbicarian Bishops of the third century have been not improperly called, by a kind of proleptic anachronism, “the initiatory College of Cardinals,” that body cannot be said to have had any assured and substantive corporate existence before the famous decree by which Nicholas II. at the Lateran

Synod of 1059 constituted it for all time, and to the exclusion of all other claimants lay or clerical, the supreme Electoral Council for supplying vacancies in the headship of the Church. And exactly four years before the Cardinals thus received what has been justly termed the Magna Charta of their Order, the Latin and Greek Churches had finally, and with many mutual anathemas, sealed their formal separation. But still it is only natural that any public attempt to reconcile the estranged communions should be signalized now, as at the ill-starred Council of Florence, by conferring on Eastern prelates the highest honours Rome has it in her power to bestow, though it is certainly not by the prospect of any such decorative trappings that the schism of a thousand years, touching as it does to the quick the very roots alike of national and religious life, is likely to be healed. And no one understands this better than Leo XIII., who would fain, if he knew how, recall the anathemas, bitterly conceived, and yet more bitterly resented, of his predecessor Leo IX.

And now let us turn to that wider aspect of the question with which the opening portion of the Allocution deals. The Pope first tells us how from the deplorable spectacle of religious conflict, iniquitous laws, and the progress of evil by which Christianity and the Church are everywhere assailed throughout Western Christendom, he turns for consolation to the Churches and peoples of the East, which have indeed ever since the beginning of his pontificate attracted his special interest, as well from their great necessities as because Divine Providence seemed to be inclining men's minds to submit to the centre of Catholic unity. What are the particular signs which at this time give his Holiness “reason to hope that the Orientals, touched by Divine grace, will at no distant day reconcile themselves to the Roman Church, from whose authority they long ago departed,” he does not explain. But he proceeds in eloquent language—which in a man of his culture and character must be taken to intimate a genuine and generous appreciation of a mighty past—to dwell on the ancient glories of the Eastern Church:—

So far as we are concerned, in truth nothing is sweeter than the recollection of the old glories and the incomparable merits claimed by the East. There, in fact, lay the cradle of human resurrection and the birth of Christendom; it was from those regions that, like unto a regal river, there were diffused in the West the inestimable treasures of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Nor will it be possible ever to efface the renown of those illustrious of the East who, being led and inspired by the genius of Catholicism, were able to rise to greatness, and, thanks to their holiness, their doctrine, and the splendour of their enterprises, recommended to posterity the glory of their names; which things calling to mind, venerable brothers, we feel animated by the liveliest desire to engage with all our might in order to behold the East boast again the virtue and the greatness of old days.

Such language, true as it is to history, has not of late years been commonly heard from Roman, least of all from Papal, lips. That in the East must be sought the *incunabula* of Christian theology and of the Christian Church, and that thence it was diffused over the West, there can be no doubt. It is even remarkable that, with three or four exceptions only, all the recorded names of early Popes are Greek. And that for many centuries, during the period of all those Ecumenical Councils universally recognized as such, and the formation of the Creeds still received alike by East and West, the course of theological development was almost exclusively Eastern, is beyond dispute. Those opposite tendencies of the Eastern and Western minds which made ancient Greece the mistress of speculative philosophy and Rome the fountain of law, even for modern Europe, re-appeared, as was only natural, in the history of the Church. Christian theology may be said to have taken its rise in the third century at Alexandria, and it was partly with the aid of Greek philosophy, partly in conflict with it, that the central doctrines of the Trinity and Incarnation which occupied the first six great Councils—all of them held in the East and composed almost entirely of Eastern bishops—were gradually evolved and fixed. The Latin Church during all those early centuries did little more, as Neander points out, than accept from the Eastern a dogmatic heritage to which she had contributed next to nothing of her own. But this speculative energy by slow degrees died out, and in practical power the West had always shown a decided superiority. “At the extinction of Paganism,” it has been said, “Eastern Christianity had almost ceased to be aggressive or creative,” and it was losing its internal coherence. The contrast of Eastern and Western monasticism aptly illustrates the leading distinction of Eastern and Latin Christianity. No two institutions of common name and type could well differ more widely than the busy life of a Benedictine Abbey of the sixth century differed from the peopled solitude of Mount Athos or the Egyptian Laura. If Western monasticism, as Milman puts it, “rent from the world the most powerful minds, it sent them back trained by its stern discipline to rule the world”; but the Eastern monks—except when they formed themselves into fierce political or polemical factions—scarcely exercised any influence on the general condition of society. And the estrangement of the Eastern Churches from the advancing civilization of Western Christendom inevitably served to deepen the stagnation of their intellectual and moral energies. It was not till the middle of the eleventh century that the separation can be considered as finally clenched by the excommunication laid by the legates of Leo IX. on the high altar of St. Sophia; and in the middle of the thirteenth “the [second] Council of Lyons witnessed,” to cite Milman's words, “a reunion unhappily but of few years of the Church of Basil, the Gregories, and Chrysostom, with that of Leo and Gregory the Great.” The next attempt, two centuries later

at Florence, proved a still more deplorable failure. The Greeks on both occasions were willing to admit in words a kind of vague supremacy, or primacy, in the Pope, but were jealous of their national independence. And with a shadowy supremacy the Popes were not willing to be content. It was here, rather than in the controversies on the *Filioque* and the one or two other doctrinal points about which Latin and Greek theologians sometimes profess to differ fundamentally, but do not, when so disposed, find it very difficult to agree, that the original quarrel took its rise, and the insistence on this obnoxious claim has hitherto rendered abortive every fresh attempt at reconciliation. If Leo XIII. really desires to see the Eastern Churches, in union with the West, "boast again the virtues and the greatness of old days," he will do well first carefully to inquire what amount of "obedience to Roman authority" was required of them in those ancient and more peaceful times before the publication of the Isidorian Decretals and the age of Hildebrand.

#### MR. KEENE'S DRAWINGS.

MR. DU MAURIER named his collected sketches pictures of "English Society." Mr. Keene has chosen to call his volume *Our People*, and the two names sufficiently mark the distinction between the work of the two artists. Mr. Du Maurier's favourite characters are aquiline duchesses, bearded and conceited musicians, distinguished foreigners, pretty women of fashion, pretty children, coarse *nouveaux riches*, parasites, and æsthetic foplings. His style is minutely finished; his figures, and the fashions that clothe them, are drawn with the delicacy and grace of Gravelot. Mr. Keene's favourite subjects are members of the middle and lower classes. He delights in the humours of drunken men, and can indicate with amusing certainty the exact stage of mental bewilderment and bodily incapacity in which his bemused people find themselves. The historian of the future, with Mr. Keene's book before him, will agree with the Home Secretary in holding that "Our People" were a very intoxicated people. Our servants, especially our gardeners and butlers, were only "slightly sober," as Mr. Keene's English gardener says; "offen sober," as his Irish butler apologetically observes; and not at all ashamed of themselves like the Pharisaic, but hopelessly fuddled, Scotch gardener of another sketch. "Gentlemen," the grave researcher of the future will add, were not a whit more temperate in their tastes, and he will point triumphantly to Mr. Keene's design of a four-wheeled cab, crammed with chaotic shapes of men who live in different quarters, one of them in the "Halbany," and who have got so mixed that the cabman is unable to convey them to their separate homes. The excuses of drunkards and their bemuddled humour supply Mr. Keene with very many topics, and his appreciation of this sort of fun is probably akin to his love of Scotch wut.

"Our People" is used by Mr. Keene in its widest domestic sense. He is not an Imperial caricaturist (though perhaps there is room for such an artist), and he does not draw the humours of our Hindoo, Mahomedan, and African subjects, while he leaves the colonists to colonial draughtsmen. His range is confined to the three kingdoms—England, Ireland, and Scotland—and he shows wonderful discrimination in his caricatures of national foibles. His Irishmen are inspired by the Celtic indifference to the laws of man, of thought, and of the universe. An Irishman in politics, in philosophy, in common life, presents himself to Mr. Keene as an "unconditioned" kind of creature. He "does not feel the bonds of time, nor know the manacles of space." In his mind contradictory propositions repose together with perfect harmony, like the good and evil spirits who, according to Swedenborg, inhabit the heart of man, each unconscious of the other's existence. In the logic of the Irishman the general does not include the particular. As examples of these "Irish ideas," which make the country so difficult to govern, take the sketch named "Quite Another Thing." Two of the finest peasantry in the world are belabouring each other at a fair. They have quarrelled about a wager, and the loser refuses to pay, even at Griffith's valuation. Like other Irishmen, he has a capital reason for declining to fulfil a mere contract. "I said I'd lay you foive to wan, but I wasn't goin' to bet my halfcrown agin your tath'rin little sixpence!" This gentleman's mind accepted with readiness the general and abstract idea of five to one, but indignantly revolted from the baseness of supposing that the general and abstract "five" included the particular and concrete halfcrown. This ineradicable Irish logic is the core of Irish grievances, and no "remedial" plasters of legislation can heal it. On the same page the question of eviction is treated with a subtlety that will gratify Mr. Jacob Bright. That profound reasoner has just been cheered at Manchester for saying that the history of Ireland has long been sad, but that a great change has taken place. "The landlord no longer evicts the tenant, but the tenant evicts the landlord." And that is the policy Mr. Keene's drunken Paddy wished to attempt. "Turn me out," he yells to a barman; "is it turn me out? Thin, bedad, come outside, and turn me out!" The Irish tenants who refuse to pay their debts, and ask their landlords to "come outside," are, we trust, likely to fare, in the long run, as Mr. Keene's drunken kerne fares at the hands of his athletic barman. A hint on Irish policy is given by one of Mr. Keene's Irish cab-drivers. When the mare has jibbed for the fourth time in a mile, the "fare" threatens to

get out. "Ah thin," whispers the driver, "never mind her! Sit still. Don't give her the satisfaction of thinking she has got rid on ye!" We cannot afford to let Mr. Parnell and Mr. McCarthy think they are to have the satisfaction of getting rid of us, let them jib as they will. The "unconditioned" Irish logic shows itself in the Irish waiter's answer to the tourist who wants to know when the first train leaves for Clonmel. "The noine train up used to leave at ha'f-past noine, but faix it goes at tin now, and there's no fursst train now at all, at all. But I'll ask at the bar, sorr." Mr. Keene has not illustrated the story of the Englishman who went to see an Irish friend, knocked at the street door, and asked, "Does Mr. McGuire live here?" "He does, sorr, but he's dead!" "When did he die?" "If he'd lived till to-morrow, he'd have been dead a fortnight." Very appropriate is the sketch of the pretty colleen consoling a friend who has committed a "clean" crime; that is, shot an intrusive widow, from behind a wall, or filed off the legs of a horse obnoxious to the Land League. "Never fear, Pat," says Biddy, "sure ye've got an upright judge to try you." "Ah Biddy," replies this "wild but engaging personality," as Mr. Wedmore would call Pat, "the divel an upright judge I want! 'Tis wone that'll lane a little!" But really, with witnesses who dare not give evidence, and with frankly perjured juries, Patrick need not have troubled himself to do more than send his judge a blasphemous threatening letter. The peculiarities of the Irish are not very amiable at present; but Mr. Keene seems to think them, as Mr. Clough thought the Italians, "with all their faults, a nice and natural people." Mr. Keene, who, in many ways, continues the tradition of Leech, is not usually so successful in his landscapes as was that great artist. His best sketch of scenery is an Irish one, a view of the river behind the Distillery at Sligo. A small, dirty fisherman is wading, and a friend, also very dirty, hails him from the embankment. "Dominick, did you get e'er a bite at all?" "Sorra wan, Pat. Only wan small wan." "Lave it there, then, an' come home. Shure you'll get more than that in bed."

Leaving the most distressful and distressing portion of "Our People," let us see how Mr. Keene treats the dwellers north of the Tweed, who are often subjects of his pencil. He is fond of sketching examples of their well-known virtues—economy, caution, strength of will, self-esteem, piety, and argumentativeness. As to their piety, can there be a more touching instance than that of the shepherd who asks his friend to whistle to his dog? "I daurna mysel', it's fast-day in our parish." On fast-days the Scotch do not indeed abstain from meat, as Mr. Buckle supposed, still less from drink; but they engage in no secular pursuits. Mr. Keene's Presbyterian minister who tells a boy-angler that it is "wicked to catch fish on the Sawbath," is met by the crushing retort, "Wha's catchin' fesh?" Indeed the water in the drawing is unhelpfully low and clear. The Celtic indifference to truth is indicated in a drawing of a salmon-fisher, busy in a most unpromising burn, very narrow, and overgrown with trees. "Deuced odd, Donald, I can't get a fish over seven pounds, when they say Major Grant, above us, killed half-a-dozen last week that turned twenty pound apiece." "Aweel, sir, it's no that mickle odds in the sawmon, but those fowk up the watter is bigger leechers than we are down here." Mr. Keene, of course, has made use of the story of the "Peebles body" who had not been in London above two hours when "bang went saxeence." By way of a digression, we may remark that the tale about "Peebles, the place for pleasure," has been corrupted in the Southron version. The Peebles man is represented as saying that, despite the rival claims of Paris, "Peebles is the place for pleasure." On this statement it might seem that the child of Peebles preferred a contemplative and idyllic form of enjoyment, and liked to saunter by the Tweed better than to tread the noisy Parisian asphalt. But what the man really said was, "For real pleasure and deivment give me Peebles," thus showing that he loved violent and dissipated delights, which, in his opinion, the capital of pleasure could only offer in a secondary degree. As a shining combination of thrift and piety, Mr. Keene offers us the Greenock boatman who "canna break the Sawbath day for less than fifteen shillings." Much more characteristic is the economical drover who bargains with the clerk at the railway-station for a ticket to Falkirk. Five and ninepence is demanded. "A'll gie ye five shillings," says the economist, and when that offer is declined refuses to raise his bid above five shillings and threepence.

In his studies of English life Mr. Keene, as we have said, does his best to continue the manner of Leech. He shuns gilded saloons, though he does introduce one haughty maiden, who "only knows the county people, and weeds them." He is more at home in the bar-room, on the top of the omnibus, in the railway carriage, at the students' supper, with the boy who sweeps the crossing, with the cabman, and the "fat, foolish scullion." Many of these were favourite studies of Leech's. Like him, Mr. Keene occasionally draws the "languid swell" (old school), but we have observed no æsthetic Osric in his collection. He revels in the humours of the husband of the middle classes, that weary beast of burden, who is expected to carry huge parcels from the stores, and to make himself generally useful. Mr. Keene has also found a vein of humour in our modern educational system, and his little schoolboys, when asked, "Who signed 'Magna Charta,'" exclaim tearfully that "they didn't." Another theological critic, asked by a teacher (whom Mr. Keene calls "pretty") to define a miracle, replies, "Mother says if you dun't marry new parson, 'twu'll be a murracle." This young lady reminds us that Mr. Keene seldom draws pretty women; he leaves



that grace to Mr. Du Maurier. Probably the prettiest girl in this volume is the Irish girl whose "landskip" has been taken by a wandering artist, and is "wonderfully like." This young person might stand for "Peg of Limavaddy," and would move the heart even of the "coronnetted ghouls" and "ferocious beasts" who were Irish landlords before the days of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Jacob Bright.

#### MR. FREDERIC HARRISON ON HISTORY.

MANY distinguished persons of the last two generations have intimated their opinion that the world is becoming very disagreeable. Lord Lansdowne's famous complaint that "everybody was bent on examining everybody else, and that for his part he felt sure of being plucked," expresses the general tenor of these bewailings excellently; while perhaps the other side of the matter has never been put better than in a pleasing French poem of M. Théodore de Banville's, the burden of which is, *Mais à présent c'est bien fini de rire*. But, at any rate, if the amusements of life are terribly cut down, and if such of them as are left are such as to render life rather less tolerable than it might otherwise be, it might have been supposed that such consolations as we could find in grave and studious occupations would be left to us. Art for art's sake, science for science's sake, and philosophy for the sake of philosophy were still left. Above all, there was the great domain of history which offered cunning easements to the disinherited. Never have historians been more industrious, and never have they been more audacious, than during the last fifty years. What with diligent searching of records and bold generalization in pursuance of the great idea of the philosophy of history, there was something in the dominions of the Historic Muse to satisfy everybody. She no longer confined herself to the great and terrible events of history; she came down into the streets and the houses (sometimes into very queer streets and very queer houses indeed), and busied herself with the doings of their occupants. Even frivolous persons, therefore, could delight themselves in her company; while on the other hand the eager mind, bent on large theories, found plenty to satisfy itself in demonstrations that the characters of Lucretia and Messalina had somehow or other got mixed by a base collusion between Livy and Tacitus, that the sole true patriots in English history were Gaveston, Empson, and Judge Jeffreys. There was plenty for everybody; and everybody, as he took the share which pleased him best, comforted himself with the thought that the proper study of mankind was man; that he was improving his mind as well as passing the time pleasantly; and, in short, that Clio was worth nearly as much as all her sisters put together, not merely for example of life and instruction of manners, but for the provision of amusement as well.

All this is over. The Positivist Church, or one of its very numerous sects, has evidently been fired by a new ambition to rival her elder sister, the Roman branch of the Church Catholic. It is a favourite idea of some persons—an idea which makes mere students of things mediæval rub their eyes a little, it is true—that the Catholic Church was the great kiljoy of the Middle Ages. "It made a wilderness of the world," says a late writer, who is evidently quite convinced of the truth of his remarkable proposition. So the Church Positive has girded up her loins for this long time past to make a wilderness of the world of the nineteenth, or rather, as we are getting on, of the twentieth century. Each apostle, orthodox or heretical, takes a corner of the field to his own private share, and proceeds to devastate it; and to Mr. Frederic Harrison has fallen the district of history. On Saturday night last Mr. Harrison delivered a lecture at the Working Men's College, in Great Ormond Street, on the place of history in education. He began by some praises of the study in general, with which we certainly do not intend to quarrel. Of the fact that knowledge of the laws of human nature and of the course of man's past is the completion and essential object of a good education Mr. Harrison cannot possibly be more fully persuaded than we are; nor of the other fact, that historical study is one of the surest means to this desirable end. It is true that Mr. Harrison's examples of the importance of historical study from actual politics do not seem to us quite so happily chosen as they might have been. "What was it," said the lecturer, "that made the problem of Ireland so menacing and terrible?" This is one of those oratorical questions which are, to say the least, dangerous, for some working-man might have been rude enough to reply, "The recklessness of Mr. Gladstone's electioneering speeches, and the subservience and party spirit of his Government." However, nobody did this, and Mr. Harrison was able to set it down to "a habit of misunderstanding" which was historical. Then, again, he wanted to know "what made the condition of things in the East of Europe so full of horror and gloom?" And here, too, we can imagine an inopportune reply being returned. However, nobody will doubt that it is very desirable both in regard to Ireland and to Turkey that people should know history; and this, after all, was Mr. Harrison's point. So he got on swimmingly, and drew out a charming course of fireside historical reading for the working-men, in which they were to take four great periods—the Stationary Theocracies and the Græco-Roman world, and the Middle Ages and Modern History—and were to study the whole or portions of a few great contemporary authors, together with certain manuals and summaries, to show them the historical place of men and movements. This is very nice,

and the working-men might certainly do a great deal worse. Herodotus and Froissart, Livy and Villehardouin, with scores of others whom it is not necessary to mention, make as pleasant and as instructive reading for both working-men and idlers as can well be picked out of the biggest library.

But Mr. Harrison's sting was in his tail. It is all very well for the working-man to read these great authors, but he is to read them in the sternest spirit of an expurgator or selector. Mr. Harrison tells him what to avoid. He is to avoid, it seems, "the dry-as-dust trivialities in Mr. Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*"—that is to say, the antiquities of the House of Hohenzollern, and the eccentricities of the Tabagie, and the unimproving details about Mollwitz and Kunersdorf and a hundred other fights, and the story of that innocent invader of Berlin whose money the police confiscated, and whom the King comforted in a manner at least friendly and liberal if not Imperial and *Arabian-Nights*-like. He is to avoid "the amusing scandal in Macaulay's *History of the Stuarts*"—that is to say, all that differentiates Macaulay's *History of England* (which we suppose Mr. Harrison means) from an inaccurate and one-sided party pamphlet. He is not to read "the piles of memoirs of the unmemorable"; so that Brantôme and Pepys and Walpole and Saint-Simon and a hundred more writers of the first merit and interest are cut off at a blow. "The lives of the supreme rascals, fops, and idiots in human story" are to be shut books to him. Now, as it is to be feared that a good many among the supreme as among the *infimes* (English has not, like French, had the good sense and logic to borrow this necessary correlative) persons in the world have answered to one or other of these three terms, the working-man's historic studies will have very considerable gaps in them. He is further to shun "tomes on the secret intrigues of ten years," and "memoirs of a distinguished and utterly useless family," and "gossip of courts, and curious episodes and plots and conspiracies, and diamond necklaces and men in iron masks, and dynastic wars and military histories and royal histories and Parliamentary histories."

When anybody has recovered breath after this enumeration, he may well say, "Bless thee, history, bless thee, thou art translated." What Mr. Harrison has left at all we require very much stronger spectacles than we care to put on to discover; what he has left that is of interest to any human soul we are afraid that no optician in the world could put us or anybody else in a position to see. A certain *caput mortuum* of statistics and theories and unsupported statements might possibly be discoverable, but most assuredly nothing else. We have heard, of course, this nonsense about kings and battles before. But the people who are most vigorous in the denunciation of kings and battles usually tell us to turn to things which are equally excluded by Mr. Harrison's index. Constitutional history is felled by one of his swashing blows, and what is called the history of the people by another. Everything that makes history alive, that gives it its personal and human interest, vanishes; and the oddest thing of all is that nothing can possibly be more inconsistent with Mr. Harrison's highly philosophical prologue than this highly unphilosophical epilogue of his. He had just told the obedient working-man, and had told him very sensibly, how important it was that an adequate comprehension should be obtained of what the past course of man's life has been. Now, however disgusting it may seem to Mr. Harrison that all these things which he taboos should ever have had an influence on the course of man's life, it is quite certain that they had such an influence, that the influence taken together was immense, and that it practically determined the course of man's life itself. We are wise, we have changed all that, and what somebody calls, in the delightful slang of the day, the "wise adult conscience" of the individual voter (when the individual voter is not too much engaged in voting by ballot for the side which bribed him last) determines the course of history. But this happy state of things was not always; it has been even in England but for a very short time, and there are still, sad to say, places and countries where it is not in existence. So that perhaps, on the whole, putting amusement entirely out of sight, the student of history, according to this latest view of it, is likely to get a remarkably false view of history after all. That, however, is a minor point. The pleasantest suggestion conveyed to the imagination by Mr. Harrison's cautions is the vision of a series of historical classics adjusted to the Positivist standard. It is woful to think of the dimensions to which some of the luckless authors mentioned above will be reduced. Herodotus will go into a shilling pamphlet, and many a book of Livy will have to join its lost companions. As to the poor mediæval historians, they may as well be struck out of the list *en bloc*, for, until the time of Comines at least, they have nothing to offer to Mr. Harrison's student. An awful man that student will be. "Take away this bauble!" will be his constant cry to abashed librarians who have brought him gossip, or curious episodes, or Royal histories or Parliamentary histories, or what not, instead of the thrice-bolted bran for which alone his soul craves. Only it may be delicately suggested to Mr. Harrison, is there not some slight danger of disgusting the lambs of the flock? Might not a working-man suddenly confronted with the ideal history *sans* gossip, *sans* king, *sans* Parliaments, *sans* curious episodes, despair and give himself up to wretchedness of most unclean reading in novels and poetry, and the other frivolities of so-called literature? There is but too much reason to fear that such might be the case. Mr. Harrison, indeed, tells us that he has been five-and-twenty years impressing on the working-man the importance of history, and of course it is possible that in that time he may have screwed him

up to the heroic height of discipline required. But we cannot but think it most aristocratic and anti-popular conduct. Mr. Harrison himself has read all the frivolous histories, no doubt; and also no doubt has enjoyed them. But now he grudges them to the working-man. The working-man learns French in Great Ormond Street, and doubtless will be able to reply *Pas si bête*. With Macaulay, Carlyle, Gibbon (for Gibbon must certainly go), Froissart, Livy, Herodotus, and all their likes cut off, and a beggarly assortment of Blue-books and histories of prices put in to fill up the vacancies, the future student of history, according to Mr. Harrison, seems to us even a more lamentable object than the man of the future in general did to Lord Lansdowne. For even in the most universal examination some candidates might, indeed must, get through. But in Mr. Harrison's proposed historical school the preparation for examination would be so terrible that most human beings would expire or go into a lunatic asylum before they had read their books.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND THE TELEPHONE.

THERE is an air of historical anachronism in the juxtaposition of a question of Government monopoly and the latest development of electrical science. The first idea seems to pertain exclusively to the past, the second to the present and to the future. The subject of the recent suit of "The Attorney-General v. The Edison Telephone Company of London, Limited," was nothing less than the claim of a Government monopoly to prevent the utilization by a private corporation of the discovery that spoken language may be transmitted to a practically unlimited distance by means of electricity. True, the monopoly was not claimed on any exploded theory of the divine right of the Crown, it was not asserted by any court favourite as a royal grant; on the contrary, it was contended for practically on behalf of the public at large, of the revenue of the country rather than of the Sovereign; and the claim was based on divers Acts of Parliament and a money payment of some ten millions expended during the last twelve years on the purchase of then existing systems of telegraphs.

Legislation on the subject of telegraphs commences with the year 1863, when powers were conferred on Telegraph Companies similar to those enjoyed by railway and other Companies formed for the benefit of the public as well as of their promoters. The Act enabled the Companies to prosecute their undertakings in the face of private opposition by empowering them to take or utilize private property on making due compensation. It defines a telegraph as "a wire or wires used for the purpose of telegraphic communication, with any casing, coating, tube, or pipe enclosing the same, and any apparatus connected therewith for the purpose of telegraphic communication." Five years working of the private Companies showed the desirableness of bringing the whole telegraphic system of the country under State control; and by an Act of 1868 the Postmaster-General was empowered to acquire by purchase the "undertaking" of any Company, corporation, or person then engaged in the United Kingdom in transmitting, or authorized to transmit, messages by means of electric or other telegraphs or mechanical agencies; the "undertaking" of such Company, corporation, or person being defined to mean the whole of their or his "electric or other telegraphs, wires, posts, pipes, tubes, and other works, instruments, materials, lands, tenements, hereditaments," &c.

In the following year fresh powers were conferred on the Postmaster-General, enabling him to deal more arbitrarily with recalcitrant Companies or persons who were disinclined to part with their business; and the Act further provided that, from and after its passing, the Postmaster-General should have the exclusive right of transmitting public telegraphic messages within the United Kingdom, similar to that which he already possessed with regard to the carriage of letters, a penalty of 5*l.* being enforceable for every act of infringement. To this sweeping monopoly, however, certain exceptions were recognized, the most important among which were "messages sent under the leave and license of the Postmaster-General; telegrams in respect of which no charge is made, transmitted by a telegraph maintained or used solely for private use, and relating to the business or private affairs of the owner thereof"; and "telegrams transmitted by a telegraph maintained for the private use of a corporation, Company, or person, and in respect of which, or of the collection, receipt, and transmission or delivery of which, no money or valuable consideration shall be or promised to be made or given." By this Act also the term "telegraph" received, in addition to the meaning assigned to it by the Act of 1863, an interpretation including "any apparatus for transmitting messages or other communications by means of electric signals"; and the word "telegram," which first appears in this Act, is defined to mean "any message or communication transmitted or intended for transmission by a telegraph." In 1878 another Telegraph Act was passed for the better enabling the Postmaster-General to carry out his task of maintaining efficient telegraphic communication for the country; and the expression "telegraphic line" occurring therein is explained to mean "telegraph posts and any work within the meaning of the Telegraph Act 1863, and also any cables, apparatus, pneumatic, or other tube, pipe, or thing whatsoever, used for the purpose of transmitting telegraphic messages, or maintaining telegraphic communication." It might well be a question, however, as to whether this Act, passed *alio intuitu*, and after an interval of nearly ten years, could operate to enlarge the limits of the monopoly created by the Act of

1869, and the point was not pressed on the late trial. Into this Act the Postmaster-General sought to introduce a clause directly aimed at securing the monopoly in this country of telephonic communication, which was then just becoming known, by providing that "in the construction of the Telegraph Act 1869, the term telegraph shall, in addition to the meaning assigned to it by that Act, include any apparatus for transmitting messages or other communications with the aid of electricity, magnetism, or any other like agency." This clause, however, did not find favour in the eyes of Parliament, and was abandoned. This fact was adduced on behalf of the defendants at the trial, and the counsel for the Crown were reduced to averring that the clause was only designed *ex majeure cautela*, the existing enactments being of themselves sufficient to include the instruments and processes in question.

Under these Acts successive Postmasters-General have acquired the interests of practically all Telegraph Companies in the United Kingdom, together with certain rights over the wires of the different railways, at the cost, as before stated, of over ten millions. The yearly revenue from the transmission of messages is stated to amount to about £250,000*l.*, of which about 200,000*l.* is clear profit. The defendant Company was constituted in 1879 for the purpose of working two patents of Mr. Edison's, the subjects of which are hereinafter described. The specifications relating to Mr. Edison's inventions are somewhat unfortunate in their language so far as the defendants' case is concerned, inasmuch as they use the terms "the acoustic or speaking telegraph," "an electric instrument actuated by sound," "a telegraph operated by sound," "an instrument for transmitting sounds by electricity," "a telegraph instrument or apparatus operated by sound," and so forth. Substantially, however, the question is not what the thing is called, but what it is.

Telephones have been constructed by various inventors, presenting certain distinctive characteristics, but their action is practically based on the same principle. The simplest form is thus described by Mr. Prescott, the latest writer on the subject:—

It consists of a steel cylindrical magnet, about five inches long and three-eighths of an inch in diameter, encircled at one extremity by a short bobbin of wood or ebonite, on which is wound a quantity of very fine insulated copper wire. The magnet and coil are contained in a wooden cylindrical case. The two ends of the coil are soldered to thicker pieces of copper wire, which traverse the wooden envelope from one end to the other, and terminate in the binding screws at its extremity. Immediately in front of the magnet is a thin circular plate, which is kept in its place by being jammed between the main portion of the case and a wooden cap carrying the mouth or ear-trumpet. These two parts are screwed together. The latter is cut away at the centre, so as to expose a portion of the iron plate about half an inch in diameter.

The plate, being vibrated by the waves of sound produced by a voice projected into the trumpet, becomes magnetic by approach and retreat to and from the magnet, and thus engenders intermittent electro-magnetic currents in the coil of wire which are transmitted through connecting wires attached to the binding screws to the corresponding apparatus at the extremity of those wires. These currents produce precisely similar vibrations in the receiving diaphragm, and thus the words spoken at one end are reproduced at the other, and conversation may be carried on, each instrument being both a transmitter and receiver. This simple form of telephone has received marvellous development at the hands of Mr. Edison in the shape of the carbon telephone and the loud-speaking telephone, the subjects of the two patents acquired by the defendant Company, and used by them sometimes, if not always, in combination. With these instruments increased clearness and force of articulation is procured by the employment of a continuous battery current instead of the intermittent electro-magnetic current of the above-described original form of telephone. But, in either case, the voice alone is the direct origin of the communication. In the carbon telephone, each separate instrument of which, like the simple telephone, can be used interchangeably as a transmitting or receiving apparatus, the impact of the voice on a piece of carbon interposed in the electric current produces changes in the intensity of the current which are communicated to the corresponding instrument at the other end of the wire, and so reproduce the sounds. The loud-speaking telephone is a receiving instrument only, each pair thus requiring a pair of transmitting instruments. The transmitting instrument is the carbon telephone; the loud-speaking telephone is a complex and most beautiful piece of mechanism. Roughly speaking, it consists of a small chalk cylinder, mounted on a metallic axis, capable of being rotated by hand or clockwork, and kept continually moist by a wet roller. Against the circumference of this cylinder a spring presses a thin strip of metal having one of its ends attached to a mica disc. A small induction coil completes the apparatus. The current from the battery passes through the primary wire of the induction coil, through the carbon telephone at the same end, and then along the intervening wire to the transmitting apparatus at its other extremity, and through that to the other receiving apparatus, the circuit being completed in each case in the ground. In the receiving apparatus one end of the secondary wire of the induction coil is connected with the metal spindle of the chalk cylinder, the other with the strip of metal pressed against its circumference. When the instrument is at rest no impression is produced upon the chalk cylinder. But when a message is to be received the chalk cylinder is revolved in such a direction as by its friction against the strip of metal to draw the mica disc towards itself; the variations set up by the vibrations of the voice in the transmitting



instrument affect the current in the primary wire of the induction coil and produce corresponding inductive currents in the secondary wire. Each current produces at the point of contact of the cylinder and the metal strip chemical decomposition of the moistened chalk, the nature of which is as yet obscure; the amount of such decomposition being exactly proportionate to the strength and duration of the induced current. In the process of decomposition a gas or fluid is disengaged and acts as a lubricant in reducing the friction between the cylinder and the metal strip, which accordingly slips back owing to the tension of the mica plate, and is, so to speak, picked up again by the rotating cylinder, as soon as the induced current ceases and the friction becomes stronger again. The vibrations of the voice may thus be reproduced in the mica diaphragm with enhanced effect, and the result is clear and articulate speech. This somewhat lengthy description of the loud-speaking telephone as used by the Company appears necessary in order that the merits of the case may be appreciated, more especially as the account thereof given in the judgment of the Court is not strictly accurate, omitting as it does all mention of the induced current, a most important element in its working.

But to return to the origin of the strife. In September 1879 the defendants set up an office in the City and began to advertise their business. Besides offering to set up and lease private sets of telephonic apparatus, they enunciated a scheme to which the Postmaster-General takes special exception. This was what was designated the exchange system. Branch or district stations were established or projected, with one of which each subscriber was to be put in telephonic communication. A central station was also established with which each district station was connected. At each district and at the central station electric switches, or points like those employed at railway junctions, afforded means for connecting any two wires converging thither, and thus on notifying his desire to his branch station, any subscriber could be put in direct communication with any other subscriber either through a single district station, or through two district stations and the central one. When the intercommunication was concluded the wires could be disconnected again. As soon as this plan was developed, the Post Office authorities wrote to the defendant Company, intimating that the Postmaster-General was advised that the contemplated operations would constitute an infringement of his rights, and asking whether the Company intended to take out a licence. The Company, in reply, disputed the suggested infringement, assigning the "advice of eminent counsel" as their authority, and declined to avail themselves of the proffered licence, adopting as a second line of defence the exceptions specified in the Act of 1869. They permitted inspection of their premises and plant by the Government officials, who, on their side, when the action was, after some further correspondence, commenced, waived all claim to the penalties given by the Act of 1869, suing merely for a declaration of their rights, an injunction restraining the defendants from any further infringement, and an account and payment over of all moneys already received. The contest has thus been conducted with great urbanity on both sides, and the main points of issue may be briefly summarized thus:—

The Crown says, Any communication made by a wire and apparatus connected therewith through the medium of electricity, or even by electric apparatus without the intervention of wire, if such were possible, is the transmission of a telegram within the meaning of the Telegraph Acts 1863, 1868, and 1869; and by receiving money for such communications, either in the form of direct payment or of rent, you have infringed the Postmaster-General's monopoly, unless you can bring yourself within one of the specified exceptions. Your exchange system, at any rate, is outside those exceptions. The defendants say, In the first place a telephone is not a telegraph; true, it is a wire and apparatus connected therewith, and we utilize electricity, but it is not used for telegraphic communication, or for transmitting messages or other communications by means of electric signals. Telephones were not dreamt of at the time your Acts were passed, and you have not prophetically included them therein; that you know this is so is proved by your futile attempt to include them in the Act of 1878; next, we transmit no message or communication whatever; our instruments merely project the voice like a speaking-tube, and enable persons at a distance to carry on conversation with one another—where is the message, where are the electric signals? Even if we admit everything on these points, we are still within the exceptions. Our exchange system is nothing more than an aggregation of private wires; once communication established, the whole wire between the two subscribers is to all intents and purposes a private wire.

The arguments were very long and very learned, and many affidavits were read from scientific men, who, as scientific men are wont to do in courts of law, differed diametrically from one another, and a good deal of irrelevant matter was introduced touching the novelty of the invention which could not affect the question, inasmuch as no one can doubt that if Parliament chooses to confer a prospective monopoly, it can do so. Despite, however, the plausibility of some of the arguments on behalf of the defendants, Mr. Baron Pollock and Mr. Justice Stephen have given judgment for the Crown on all points. Summarizing fairly enough the extent of the Postmaster-General's monopoly, as deducible from the different Acts, to be "the exclusive privilege of transmitting messages or other communications by any wire and apparatus connected therewith used for telegraphic communication, or by any other apparatus for transmitting messages or other com-

munications by means of electric signals," they proceeded to show how, in their opinion, the defendant's instruments and business fell within this exclusive privilege. In the first place they dispose of the argument that a telephone is not an apparatus for telegraphic communication. "The whole apparatus," say they, transmitter, wire, and receiver taken together, form "a wire used for the purpose of telegraphic communication, with apparatus connected therewith, for the purpose of telegraphic communication"; that is, they are a telegraph within the definition of the Act of 1863, which is embodied by reference in the Act of 1869. "The wire is a wire, the transmitting and receiving instruments are apparatus connected therewith for the purpose of conveying information by electricity, and this, as it seems to us, is telegraphic communication." They then proceed to justify by reference to dictionaries, and to the unfortunate words in Mr. Edison's specifications before referred to, the position that the word "telegraph" does not absolutely involve the necessity of any outward and visible sign at the receiving end. Its main idea is simply the speedy communication of information at a distance. Strictly, of course, a telegraph ought to write its information for itself, but though some telegraphs do so, it would be pedantry to deny the name to others that do not. Then, next, conversation by telephone is the transmission of a message, or at all events a communication. It is a communication, and when a man speaks it through a wire some miles long he sends what he says through the wire, or transmits it. Then, as to the exceptions, "the wires of the Company are neither owned nor maintained by the subscribers, nor are they used solely by the owners. The switch-board and the trunk-wires at the stations are the property of the defendant Company, and are essential to the system of communication adopted; while a charge, in the shape of rent, is made for the transmission of messages, and from this the Company derives a profit."

It was at once intimated, on behalf of the defendants, that they would appeal; and so the whole question will be fought again. The present judgment is, no doubt, strong in some points; but it does not strike us as inexpugnable. Put it as one will, it is hard to consider telephones as strictly *ejusdem generis* with telegraphs, or telegraph and telephone as interchangeable terms. The transmission of sound is an entirely new element in any electric communication. Sound may have been incidentally produced at the receiving end, but has never been transmitted before—certainly the voice never has; and the balance of scientific opinion seemed to point to its being perfectly correct in language to say that the voice, and nothing but the voice, was transmitted by the Company's apparatus, though the action of the induced current in the loud-speaking telephone seems to interpose an additional stage, as it were, between the words spoken and the words heard, which did not exist in the earlier forms of instrument. Then the question as to a message or communication being transmitted seems still quite arguable. It seems straining terms to say that conversation carried on at any distance is the transmission of anything, and on this, as on the former point, an Act which it is contended gives a prospective monopoly should be construed very strictly indeed. On the private wire question, the Court are probably right with respect to the exchange system. Certain passages in the judgment seem open to criticism as proceeding on what the Court conceived would be the absurd results of a decision in favour of the defendants. An invention like the telephone in its now perfected condition may well engraft ridiculous results on the arrangements and conditions of a less enlightened period, and the argument is one which has been applied to every great invention.

With the policy and probable effects of the judgment we have not here to do. From the Postmaster-General's announcement on Tuesday we gather that the immediate interests of the public are not likely to suffer; but how about the Company, how about the inventor, whose patents the Crown may assume and work without any compensation whatever, while the recent judgment enables the Postmaster-General to preclude him from deriving benefit from private enterprise? Above all, how about the future prospects of scientific invention and inventors in this country, if this is the encouragement they are to receive?

#### INVESTORS' GUARDIAN ANGELS.

IN spite of raids against betting-houses and other hindrances and discouragements, the passion for gambling is still rampant amongst us. The innocence of early boyhood is tainted, as of yore, with a wicked delight in pitch-and-toss; and the temptation to have a shy in a sweepstakes is sometimes too much even for the most discreet. In after life our more sobered taste may save us from the Scylla of horse-racing, but who amongst us is ever safe from the Charybdis of the Stock Exchange? Every man of spirit revolts against the tameness of a fixed return for his money; and there are persons who feel they might as well be on the treadmill as eke out a modest income derived from the Three per Cents., or be subjected to the galling prudence of trustees. Conscious of our weakness, a paternal Government has removed temptation as much as possible out of our way. Crockford's and other similar establishments are no more, and the police keep a watchful eye even on the copper ventures of boys in the gutter. Nothing, however, is so certain as that a demand creates a supply. Persons craving to gamble away their fortunes are provided, even in these respectable

days, with ample opportunities of doing so, without having recourse to the gaming-table method of other times. The most remote country parson and the most helpless of unprotected ladies have every possible convenience afforded them for casting their little properties into the lap of fortune. It is only necessary that their names should appear in some list of shareholders in order to secure a complete deluge of financial schemes, calculated to enrich them in the shortest possible time. With the morning paper and the morning roll will punctually arrive the morning prospectus. They will find that railways are running, or are about to run, in remote countries that must yield immense profits, and the golden opportunity of investing in which is known only to a favoured few. By the rarest good fortune the secret of their prosperity is not yet public, and the only thing is to secure the chance of investing at once before the inevitable rise in the shares takes place. If, however, there should happen to be a dearth of these remarkably profitable lines of rail, the intending investor need at least never be at a loss for a little venture in mines. Here he will have the advantage of a wide selection in the nature of his investment. Indeed, in mining concerns every variety of means of flinging away his money is provided for him. Though he may shrink from the trifling risk involved in the chance of realizing an immense fortune, he may yet feel disposed to seek what is termed "a steady investment" in some established undertaking, in which the shareholders are said to hold their money "only for investment," and in which, indeed, "there are usually more buyers than sellers" according to the prospectus; while, nevertheless, the future bids fair to be immensely profitable. Small capitalists, however prudent, can hardly be expected to be proof against the fascinations of a steady investment with a profitable future, more especially when a preponderance of buyers will always enable a shareholder to sell his shares. It would be culpable folly to rest content with mere railway debentures or real property at 4 per cent. when such chances are going in the market. The very abundance of the possibilities open to him, however, involves the investor in a difficulty. He is bewildered in making his selection, and he knows not of whom to seek discreet advice and assistance. The steady-going family man of business is, he feels, a shade too steady for his purpose, and would certainly deprecate anything in the least tainted with speculation. His views are narrowed to the consideration only of the most absolutely secure of investments, and he has no sympathy with dreams of a very profitable future. There are plenty of men no doubt in the City who would be ready enough to advise, but the amateur in speculation is quick to distrust the City, and feels that his guileless nature would be no match for the wiles of the Stock Exchange.

We cannot be too grateful that a distinct class of journal is now current, intended to meet precisely such cases as that we have described. There are, happily, philanthropic editors, who have made it their special province not only to shield their readers from the devices of unprincipled swindlers and promoters who would prey upon the simplicity of confiding capitalists, but even to guide them into the paths of fortune. Nothing can be more admirable than the disinterested way in which these financial journals exercise their almost parental function. They vie in numbers with the various schemes presented for the outlay of our capital, and appear as an antidote on our breakfast-table *pari passu* with the poison of the tempting prospectus. In an otherwise evil and grasping world it is reassuring to find that there are yet persons of sufficient integrity and public spirit to act as mothers to innocent investors. If wiles beset us in laying out our money, it is comforting to know that every effort is made to expose them. The function of these organs, however, is not limited to a mere croaking over improvident speculations. To deprecate all ventures would be idle. The foibles of human nature are too familiar to these editors to allow them to suppose such a thing possible. Their province is not to stem the tide, but to direct it. In one of these journals, for instance, selected haphazard, we find nearly three columns devoted to the recital of a series of maxims admirably adapted to the copybook of the sucking investor. If guileless readers of the "Mining Monograph" trip in their investments, it is certainly not for want of a warning voice. In that prudent sheet they may read under the heading "Saws" such sentences as the following:—"Obtain advice from an experienced and trustworthy broker BEFORE buying; don't place too many eggs in one basket. Secure a reasonable profit on your investment when it can be obtained; remember that LEAD mines are much less liable to sudden adverse fluctuations than those yielding either copper or tin." And further on, "Be cautious as to 'tips,' they are seldom disinterested. People do not give tips without having an ulterior motive; valuable information is seldom imparted gratis." "It is better to invest chiefly in mines worked under the Limited Liability Act, because when once the shares have been paid for, all further liability and anxiety are at an end." Nothing can be nicer than all this, and ordinarily grateful persons will hardly read these sage paragraphs without a sense of obligation to their framer. The thirst for gambling is not quenched, it is true, by their perusal; but a praiseworthy effort is made to temper our wilfulness with the wisdom of experience. Even if the rash desire to place too many eggs in one basket should be successfully stifled, it is yet felt that nothing would be nicer than to "secure a reasonable profit," if that may be done, and, with the most rigid determination to be proof against "tips," the ignorant investor is only too willing to accept "good advice." "Investors in mines," he is told, in the same paper, "should act

systematically and with caution. A few simple rules should be observed, and profitable results are almost a certainty." The appetite must, indeed, be dead which is not whetted to master these "few simple rules," when profitable results are almost a certainty.

It is easy to understand how to a country clergyman, labouring to maintain a growing family on some few hundreds a year, such a paper as the "Mining Monograph" must come as a refreshing shower on a long-parched earth. His income is not elastic, and there is no way open to him of supplementing it by other labour of his own. His wife's forty pounds a year are doled out to the family through the cautious medium of three vigilant trustees, and his own modest fortune brings him a few hundreds from the Three per Cents. Hitherto he has been taught to regard all speculation as inevitable ruin, and the only venture he ever makes is to put a half-crown into the lottery for the embroidered banner-screen at the parochial fancy bazaar. When, however, the "Mining Monograph" is brought to his notice, he recognizes in it a guide, philosopher, and friend. The tone of the little journal is so temperate and prudent that it invites his confidence at once; whilst there is a dash of learning in its style which appeals to his dormant culture. "From the day," he reads, "when the Phœnicians came across the sea to get the metals from the rich mines of Wales and Cornwall, and even back to the time when Tubal Cain's hammer woke the echoes of the primeval forests, the value of the mineral products of the earth has been fully recognized." Under the guidance of such a mentor he cannot go far astray, and since ever so small a "profitable result" will be of importance to him, it is no wonder if he is tempted ere long to have a little flutter in the mining market, at all events in the "LEAD, that is less fluctuating than copper or tin." It appears from the "Mining Monograph" that "It should never be forgotten that there is a time to buy and a time to sell," and, further, that "Now (under proper advice) is the time to BUY." Aspiring speculators might perhaps be perplexed as to where to seek for "proper advice"; but the "Mining Monograph," aware of the existence of possible harpies who might trade upon the innocence of its readers, even goes so far as to show where proper advice may be obtained by those who really seek it. It appears that if these will only consult "us," all danger and difficulty will be avoided. If the mere perusal of the "Monograph" has brought hope and comfort to the struggling, how infinitely better will be a personal consultation with "us." Only then will they adequately realize the full extent of their folly in submitting to live on a small fixed income, when untold treasures were lying ready to their hand. The risks they had hitherto supposed to beset all ventures they now find ("under proper advice") to be absurdly over-rated. The subtle knavery which they had felt themselves unequal to cope with will have no chance under the all-protecting guidance of "us." The treasures of Aladdin's cave, meantime, are unfolded before their astonished eyes, and the cares of the butcher's book and of the children's boots dissolve like a mist. "The outlay upon Welsh lead mines" is found to be "insignificant as compared with the astounding profits they yield." "Shares in what are termed 'progressive mines'—i.e. properties which, although not arrived at the dividend-paying point yet, are 'progressing' towards it—can usually be bought (under experienced guidance) at a very moderate price, and they frequently double, treble, or even quadruple their value in a few months." Deeply grateful to the philanthropic "us," the confiding investor returns radiant to the rectory with a new bonnet for his wife, purchased in anticipation of the progressing dividend. A joyful experience treads swiftly on the heels of budding hope. The prudent speculator who has invested under "proper advice" is ere long gratified with a glowing report, and perhaps is enriched with an interim dividend. Things begin to look up at the rectory under the influence of such well-grounded promise. The girls all have new frocks, and another little sum is committed to the "experienced guidance." Perhaps the interim dividend is not followed by any further distribution of interest at the regular half-yearly meeting of the mine proprietors; but this temporary lapse appears from the report to be due to some quite unprecedented and purely temporary cause, and the directors confidently look for a division of immense profits ere long. Unfortunately, this temporary depression, however, has some effect on the price of the shares, and, for a time at all events, there is not found to be "a preponderance of buyers over sellers." Nor, indeed, though the shares have been paid for, can it be said that "all anxiety is at an end." A short interview with "us," however, no doubt dispels much of this anxiety, and it is remembered that the property is not supposed as yet to have arrived at the "dividend-paying stage," but only to be "progressing" towards it. By-and-by another report comes, confident as ever, that the concern is "going to pay," but giving no immediate prospect of dividend, and by degrees the pleasures of hope become to the doubting investor a tolerably familiar experience. Meantime, the wife and family, who are not buoyed up by the occasional reassuring words of "us," begin to have grave misgivings as to the prudence of the head of the family. The cost of constant journeyings to and from town on business begin to make a perceptible inroad on the little income, and as yet no solid return seems either to be realized or to be expected for the sums invested. The whole demeanour, meantime, of the rector changes, and his very conversation becomes imbued with strange terms. Even the building of the Dissenting meeting-house in the parish causes him no such concern as the mysterious announcement that "things are flat." As time goes on he becomes more than ever aware that "all anxiety is not at an end"; but he will be



fortunate at all events if his liability is limited to the extent of his holding. Large sums have no doubt been made in mines, and to men of capital they present a very legitimate field for enterprise. But the risks of loss are great, and to meet them larger resources are required than are usually at the disposal of venturesome persons of modest means. Just as, however, there are always embarrassed young simpletons eager to avail themselves of the benevolent offers of assistance tendered to them by advertising money-lenders, so, we suppose, will weak-minded people always be found ready to believe that Golconda is open to them through the "experienced guidance" of "us."

#### YACHT-RACING.

AT the conclusion of an article on Racing Yachts which appeared in the *Saturday Review* of November 13 last, we referred to certain disagreeable features of the season of 1880, in some respects so brilliant, and stated that we should speak of them on a future occasion. We now propose to deal with this unpleasant part of a pleasant subject. Unfortunately it cannot be ignored, as in the system now followed by several of the clubs which are supposed to be most anxious to encourage yacht-racing, that there are evils which, if allowed to continue and to increase, as evils are apt to do, may seriously injure, so far as large vessels are concerned, the one national sport in which even the sourest critics can find nothing to condemn. In spite of the great number of prizes which are offered, men will not go on spending huge sums of money in building and maintaining vessels for racing, if they find that palpable mistakes which occasionally endanger their craft are made, and that the views of those who know most about yacht-racing are steadily disregarded. It is not easy to suppose that owners will always be willing to risk yachts worth from eight to twelve thousand pounds in contests rendered dangerous by the neglect of obvious precautions, or will care to attend regattas governed by rules which the best authorities condemn. The totally unnecessary danger to which we allude is that caused by the careless manner in which the boats that mark the winning line, or the winning and starting line as the case may be, are sometimes placed. It seems incredible that there should be carelessness in such a matter, or that the persons chosen for the not very arduous task of mooring mark-boats should be so little competent as to disregard the most patent facts; but, unfortunately, carelessness and incompetence are occasionally shown, and the unfortunate yacht-owners have to bear the needless risk which is caused. Sometimes Sailing Committees will not even take the trouble to find men fit for work which ought not to present the slightest difficulty to any one with a moderate knowledge of seamanship. A singular instance of this kind of negligence occurred in one of the early matches of the season. In the race from Harwich to Southend the yachts had to finish across an imaginary line drawn from the end of Southend pier to a mark-boat moored south of it. The fleet consisted of thirteen vessels, and included such large craft as the *Australia*, the *Pantomime*, and the *Latona*. The ingenious person, however, who had to moor the mark-boat was either ignorant of the nature of the race, and thought that it was for little boats, or else made up his mind (if the expression may be allowed) that the wind would be fair, and that the yachts would come in one after the other, in a straight line. Accordingly, he moored the mark-boat near the pier. Unfortunately the wind, which is very unaccommodating, was foul for the latter part of the course on the day of the race, and the yachts had to tack round the mark-boat. In order to make sure of weathering it, the *Australia* was obliged to stand close inshore before going about, and scraped the ground heavily; and shortly afterwards, owing to the same cause, the *Pantomime* struck. The captains of the two schooners were not in the very least to blame for these mishaps, which were entirely due to the position of the mark-boat, which was much too near the pier. There was no conceivable reason against placing it further off; but the very simple and obvious precaution of giving sufficient room for large vessels was disregarded, and the accidents mentioned were the result.

It may seem almost incredible that there should be such carelessness, but unfortunately this case of magnificent recklessness about other people's property does not stand alone. At a later regatta the mark-boats were placed in the midst of a lot of shipping, and it was only owing to the remarkable skill shown by the captains that serious accidents were avoided. As it was, some damage was done. On another occasion the mark-boats were moored so near the shore that the large yachts were much hampered while inside the line before the start, and were in danger of getting aground or of fouling each other. Further instances could be given of carelessness which is absolutely without excuse. Some Committees appear to be under the impression that racing yachts are built, not only to sail, but also, like Dundee whalers, to be knocked about. A little of such instruction as any builder making out his trifling account for repairs could easily afford them would, we believe, convince them that this view is not altogether correct. Owing, however, to good fortune and to skill in handling, the serious accidents which might have been expected from the misplacing of mark-boats did not, except in the case which has been mentioned, occur. No skill

in handling, however, could do away with the effect of bad management of races; and of bad management in several respects yacht-owners had last season some reason to complain. They were vexed by old grievances which seem now to be felt more strongly than ever. We do not wish to enter at length into the much-disputed question of flying starts as against anchor starts. It seems clear that those who are most interested in the matter and most competent to decide are in favour of flying starts. The recommendation of the Yacht Racing Association is clear enough on this point, and it is much to be regretted that leading clubs should set at naught the well-known wishes of racing yacht-owners. No doubt there are some objections to a flying start, and over-eagerness for the lead occasionally puts vessels in peril, as was made very manifest this year at Dover and Plymouth; but, on the whole, this method of beginning a race seems to be preferred by those best qualified to judge, and should be universally adopted. Besides the retention of this rule, there is another ancient grievance which seems likely to cause every year more and more annoyance. We refer to the rule—if such a happy-go-lucky method of settling matters can be called a rule—which governs some of the early contests. It is an old regulation, and is, like the old system of time allowance, as bad as anything can be. We refer, of course, to the rule according to which the rig of the first vessel in determines the rig of the winner. The evils of such a law seem obvious, and it is astonishing that Committees should persist in ignoring them. A very simple instance will show how badly it may work, and indeed must work. Let it be supposed that a yawl of 150 or 160 tons and a cutter of 80 or 90 come in close together, the yawl leading. With full allowance for the slight superiority of rig, it is abundantly clear, unless time allowance is altogether an absurdity, that the cutter has thoroughly defeated her antagonist. Nevertheless the yawl, if she has saved her time on the other yaws, takes the first prize, while the real victor only gets the second. Still stronger is the case if the yawl be closely followed by a schooner beneath her in tonnage. This would be a very remarkable success for the latter; but, under the present rule, she would, though of smaller size and inferior rig, receive no allowance from the other, and the vessel which had been in fact completely beaten would be the winner of the first prize. It seems strange that so barbarous a system should be adhered to, and stranger still when it is remembered that there is a method, happily followed at many regattas, of conducting mixed races which makes them perfectly fair. We need hardly say that we refer to the plan according to which schooners and yaws sail at the reduced tonnage as suggested by the Y.R.A., and the first vessel that passes the mark-boat within her time takes the first prize.

That the rules of the Y.R.A. are, though not free from faults, the best that now exist, scarcely admits of dispute. Some clubs still reject them altogether; and we shall presently show how far this rejection is justified by describing the manner in which the principal of these clubs conducts matches. A large number of clubs now accept the Y.R.A. rules; but, unfortunately, these, with the honourable exceptions of the Royal Cinque Ports, the Royal London, and one or two others, do not accept them in their entirety. Sailing Committees at various places insist on making little alterations and excisions. One rule of the Y.R.A. seems to be specially distasteful to them. This is No. 8, which declares that a yacht "duly entered may claim to sail over the course, and shall be entitled to the prize," subject to the power of the Committee to postpone the race if the weather be unfavourable. This regulation certainly seems fair enough. If a man brings his yacht to the starting-boats ready to do battle, and no one ventures to meet him, it seems only right that he should take the prize. This, however, is not the view of Committees, who, offering with one hand and taking back with the other, usually reject Rule 8, and refuse to allow a sail over. Frequently in matches for all rigs they enact that no second prize shall be given unless three or more vessels start, and no third prize unless five or more vessels start. Considering the enormous expense of racing vessels, and the trouble which has to be taken to bring them to the ports for the various regattas, this seems somewhat shabby; but such a rule, though rather suggestive of stinginess, is far better than that adopted this year by a considerable club, which, borrowing one of the most objectionable of the old regulations, laid down that no vessel which was the only one of her rig in the field should be allowed to start. A more unfair ordinance could hardly be devised, and it is scarcely necessary to point out how it may operate. When it is enforced, an owner, after giving himself considerable trouble and perhaps incurring some expense in order to reach a port, finds on the morning of the race that he cannot compete. It is much to be hoped that there will be no more borrowing of this singularly unjust rule from the codes of the ultra-conservative clubs.

How far those clubs are entitled to despise the excellent code and recommendations of the Y.R.A., and to treat with contempt the opinions of the great majority of racing yacht-owners, we now propose to show by giving the example alluded to above of the manner in which the principal of them conducts its matches. The Royal Yacht Squadron stands first on the yacht list, and, alone amongst all clubs, has the privilege of flying the white ensign. Its regatta is, as every one knows, more numerously attended and attracts more attention than any other. It might certainly be expected that the Cowes matches would be

well managed, and that all courtesy would be shown to the stranger yachts which came to take part in them. How far the Royal Yacht Squadron shows any courtesy, or shines as a host, may be gathered from what happened three seasons ago. On the morning of the day fixed for the schooner match of 1878 there was an absolute calm, and a strong westerly tide was running. At the time appointed for the start, three yachts belonging to the Squadron were in excellent berths close to the line, having been towed there by the club steamer, but other vessels were in what appeared hopeless positions. It might naturally have been expected that the beginning of the race would be postponed until all the yachts were towed up, but if any such expectations were entertained, they were certainly frustrated, for postponement there was none, and the starting-gun was fired at the hour named. This year the Royal Yacht Squadron seemed determined to show that their capacity for conducting matches was on a level with their genial hospitality. For the schooner match two cards were issued, one giving the course and the racing flags, the other the time allowances. In the first card the day of the race was stated as Friday, August 6, in the other as Friday, August 7, while in one the tonnage of the *Waterwitch*, which took the prize in the race, was given as 160, in the other as 157. The authorities of the Squadron could not apparently look at the almanac, or discover the tonnage of the yachts engaged in the race. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that they could not calculate the time allowance right. They were apparently under the impression that the course round the Isle of Wight is about fifty miles long, and calculated the times accordingly. It need hardly be said that the course is considerably longer than this, and the time allowance was therefore far from being the true one; and as the yacht pronounced to be the winner only saved her time on a smaller vessel by a quarter of a minute or thereabouts, it seems clear that the prize was not awarded to the yacht which really won. Into this question, however, we do not desire to enter. Our object in referring to this marvellously ill-managed race has been to show how matches are conducted by a club which is far too proud to give any heed to the Y.R.A. It is much to be hoped that this sadly mistaken vanity will not long continue, and that those who have everything to learn will be willing to learn from those who are well able to teach. Other clubs which ignore the Y.R.A. may not stand quite so much in need of elementary instruction as the Squadron, but still they would do well to profit by the best regulations for yacht-racing which have yet been devised.

#### THE THEATRES.

MME. MODJESKA'S appearance at the Court Theatre in a version of Scribe and Legouvé's *Adrienne Lecouvreur* unfortunately suffers from the facts that the version is very far from being a good one and that the principal actress is but indifferently supported. The play has in the original many marks of that curious playwright's instinct which Scribe possessed to an unusual degree, and which caused it to be said of him that, if he looked at a sunset effect, it would at once suggest to him the whole plot of a drama. Compression, which is no doubt from some points of view necessary, and want of skill, which is from every point of view unnecessary, have robbed the piece of much of its attraction in this kind; and, unfortunately, the players who fill the other parts, and most of whom have in other plays deserved and gained applause, seem curiously out of place. This is the more to be regretted since the authors of the play gave to each character an importance of its own. The play is in a sense a "star" play, as most good plays are—that is, it has a predominant part of so much importance that, if that part is ill performed, hardly any amount of excellence in the representation of the other parts can save the play from failure. This is the case with most of Shakespeare's acting plays, and yet there is no character in them which has not an individuality which ought to be seized and skilfully rendered by its exponent. The same thing may be observed—*magnis componere parva*—in almost all of the many pieces of many kinds which Scribe produced. It is a comparatively modern development of the playwright's art, or want of art, which has made it possible for a piece to depend absolutely and entirely upon the exertions of one performer, who is so constantly upon the stage that it matters little what is done, or how it is done, in the brief intervals of his or her absence. Much of the charm of *Adrienne Lecouvreur* depends upon the brilliant and natural writing of the scenes in which Adrienne herself does not appear, and, from the causes which we have indicated, this charm is wanting in the version of the play in which Mme. Modjeska appears.

The outlines of the piece are probably more or less familiar to most of our readers. It turns upon the love of Maurice de Saxe for Adrienne, who at first knows him only as an officer without fame or rank, whom she loves for himself alone. She has a terrible rival in the Princesse de Bouillon, a woman who stops at nothing to gain her own ends, and who finally poisons Adrienne by means of a bouquet, which is made to appear a present from Maurice de Saxe. This outline is filled in with a quantity of characteristic dialogue and of striking situations, among which the recital by Adrienne of some lines from Phèdre in the Princess's *salon* is perhaps the most striking, as well as the best known. The great actress has just discovered, in a way which illustrates curiously the artistic simplicity of Scribe's workmanship, that her rival is

the Princesse de Bouillon, the woman whom she has just saved from a terrible scandal, and she selects for recital the lines ending

Enone! . . . je sais ses perfidies,  
Et ne suis point de ces femmes hardies  
[Hors d'elle-même et s'avançant vers la princesse.]

Qui, goûtant dans le crime une honteuse paix,  
Ont su se faire un front qui ne rougit jamais!  
[Elle a continué de s'avancer vers la princesse, qu'elle désigne du doigt, et reste quelque temps dans cette attitude, pendant que les dames et seigneurs, qui ont suivi tous ses mouvements, se lèvent comme effrayés de cette scène.]

We have set out the stage directions as well as the text in the foregoing quotation for a simple and sufficient reason, which is, that Mme. Modjeska, like some other actresses who have played this part, has been blamed for not adopting a method completely opposite to that which the stage directions inculcate, by remaining on the same spot throughout the speech, and indicating only by intonation and facial expression the special meaning which Adrienne means the words to bear. This method may have something or may have much to recommend it; but an author, even of a play, has perhaps some right to be heard as to the manner in which his work should be interpreted. It is not likely that the stage directions of *Adrienne Lecouvreur* were printed without Scribe's sanction in the first instance, or that they have been interpolated since his death; and it is certain that Scribe knew remarkably well what he was about in everything connected with the playwright's craft. It "leaps to the eyes" that in this scene he wanted to contrast the impulsive actress's nature with the impassiveness which the Princess's training enables her to preserve. Both women are swayed by the same passion; the one cannot refrain from giving it some expression; the other conceals it with complete success and skill. Mme. Modjeska at this point followed exactly the stage directions which we have quoted, and gave the passage with much force and intention. In the rest of her performance there is much grace, and, especially in the scenes with Michonnet, the devoted old prompter, considerable tenderness; but she has in this part the same faults of gesture and the same want, as it seems to us, of the truest passion which we observed in her former representations. It was especially curious that the speech to the Princess in the scene of the "petite maison"—

LA PRINCESSE. Je vous perdrai.

ADRIENNE (avec hauteur). Et moi—je vous protège!

went for absolutely nothing. In Mme. Favart's hands it became, as it should be, one of the finest points in the part.

It is impossible to express any satisfaction with the support given to Mme. Modjeska in her difficult task, which of course becomes more difficult from the fact that she plays it in a language which is not her own. Mr. Anson's Michonnet and Mr. Lin Rayne's Abbé are alike inadequate. Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Maurice de Saxe is disappointingly wanting in grace, in dignity, and in fire. Mrs. Bernard Beere as the Princess, and Mr. Beveridge as the Prince de Bouillon, were not happily placed.

Mr. Coghlan's appearance at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in his own adaptation of *La Morte Civile* is an experiment the venturesomeness of which is not wholly excused by its success. *A New Trial* (as Mr. Coghlan's version of Signor Giacometti's play is called) is a tragedy of the gloomiest kind in four acts. Its motive, told briefly, is that a certain Corrado has escaped after thirteen years from the galleys, to which he was sentenced for life for the unpremeditated killing of his wife's brother under great provocation. He comes back longing to find a refuge with his wife and his daughter, and he is rejected by both of them. The daughter, not knowing who he is, recoils from him in terror; the wife, who, "like a well-conducted person," has kept up a steady and platonic affection for another man during the thirteen years, shrinks from him at first, and finally offers to follow his fortunes, or misfortunes, if he will leave the girl in safe keeping, but lets him see plainly enough that a tardy sense of duty has more to do with her proposal than any relic of the love which presumably she once felt for him. Indeed almost in the same breath with this proposition, she confesses, on Corrado's demand for the truth, that she loves Dr. Palmieri, the man who has, chivalrously enough, found a home for her and her daughter during Corrado's slavery. Corrado, learning this, resolves to drink some poison which he has managed to conceal ever since his sentence, and, acting upon this resolution, dies as the curtain falls, leaving his wife much in the position of Rowena in Thackeray's charming continuation of *Ivanhoe*. "Come the good lord Athelstane, When her ladyship married again." There is, indeed, something curiously revolting in the general tone of this play, which is moreover in the worst sense of the word, not in that of Scribe and greater play-writers, a "star" play. Everything has been sacrificed evidently enough in the first instance to the desire of providing a particular actor with a part in which he could make a display of his favourite accomplishments. Mr. Coghlan has been unable to dispel all traces of this special intention from his version of the play, and he does not succeed in giving an excuse for it in his rendering of the principal part. He is too much given to substitute violence for strength, and too apt to monotony both in his gesture and his facial expression. His performance of a terribly trying part always commands respect, but seldom approaches the passion which alone can make such a performance admirable. He has fine moments, but they come too seldom. For one point, his death scene, we have nothing but praise. Here, in the prologue to the event, he



displays real passion, and the actual rendering of his death is given with complete discretion and great impressiveness. It has no touch of the "scène d'hôpital" business which an eminent French critic has justly condemned, and it carries with it the sense of misery and awe which in the earlier acts Mr. Coghlan too often misses. Miss Amy Roselle plays the part of Corrado's extremely disagreeable wife with much skill, and perhaps with as much feeling as the character admits; Mr. Fernandez is excellent as Palmieri, and Mr. Flockton gives an admirable representation of the Abbé, who for some unexplained reason is constantly addressed as "Monsignor."

On the last three days of last week playgoers had an opportunity of witnessing at St. George's Hall a performance of the *Agamemnon* in Greek by undergraduates of the University of Oxford. The success of a performance of the same play at Balliol College last summer, with essentially the same cast, had no doubt excited a good deal of interest in London society; but it cannot but be regarded as remarkable that crowded audiences could be found to watch the representation of a tragedy in Greek by amateurs. The taste and ability of the company justified the interest of the public. From an antiquarian point of view, the performance reached the extreme limit to which modern scholarship and archaeology could accompany it. As a purely dramatic spectacle, the main interest centred around Mr. F. R. Benson, whose personation of Clytemnestra was marked by singular force and originality. His figure and appearance lend themselves to a remarkable degree to a severe and archaic dignity of representation, but he did not rely on these alone; his actions were varied, rapid, and full of tragical force. Clytemnestra's coaxing Agamemnon to tread on the tapestries, and emerging from the curtain with the axe in her hand, are two extreme points which were rendered by Mr. Benson, on the one hand, with high intelligence and humour; on the other, with remarkable power. Cassandra was performed with care and refinement by Mr. G. P. Lawrence, whose first appearance on the stage, in the chariot of Agamemnon, was one of the most picturesque incidents of the performance. Cassandra, however, flagged in her long speech, and acting with fire and intelligence at the beginning and end of her part, allowed herself to be a little wearisome in the middle of it. Mr. H. A. C. Dunn, whose performance of Ægisthus has so much delighted some of our contemporaries, seemed to us to look the part extremely well but to act with insufficient vivacity. The part of Ægisthus is brief; but it offers considerable scope for acting, and the movement with which the indignant Chorus is repulsed requires an audacity and rapidity of movement which we missed in Mr. Dunn. Great praise is due to the Chorus, who not merely recited their strophes with clearness and propriety, but delivered the musical part of their performance with great taste. They acted with care; but, if the experiment is ever repeated, they might be recommended not to encumber the stage. At one point, when Cassandra had a very curious passage to deliver, the Chorus so filled the front of the stage that she was entirely concealed from more than half the audience. On the whole, we have to chronicle the remarkable success of a very perilous experiment.

## REVIEWS.

ETIENNE DOLET.\*

THE "sacred rust" of age endears to the more curious student many memories of the past for which the common crowd of readers have little interest or none at all to spare; and the Renaissance period in particular, resplendent to contemporary eyes with a galaxy of stars such as fills a midsummer night, lives for most of us only in a few representative names. Yet, in devoting to the biography of a scholar who is all but forgotten and a martyr left unmentioned by Foxe an amount of assiduous research which only a few experts will be able fully to appreciate, Mr. Christie has, we think, neither wasted his toil nor mischosen his theme. And this we say without any desire of being reckoned either among the select few to whom the recovery of any fact in the earlier history of the "divine art" followed by Etienne Dolet is a source of special joy, or among "the faithful" whose delight in any name connected with Rabelais resembles that of the Papimanic islanders in the presence of a person who had seen the Pope. Indeed we may go further, and confess that it seems to us difficult to entertain any but a very limited sentiment of admiration for the character of Etienne Dolet himself. There is a heroic element, beyond doubt, in the high mettle of the persecuted man of letters who, unfriended and alone, defied the danger of death and told the truth to a king. In some other points, however, his character is repulsive, while there is much in his life that remains obscure. If, notwithstanding this, there is something fascinating in Mr. Christie's narrative, the reason must lie in the fact that the career of the unfortunate Lyons printer illustrates with extraordinary distinctness one of the most remarkable phases of the movement to which he may truly be said to have borne witness in his life and in his death. In the labours and aspirations of Etienne Dolet we plainly recognize some of the shortcomings as well as some of the nobler

impulses of the later Renaissance, and his life reflects too faithfully, together with their ambition and their triumphs, what Pierio Valeriano lamented as the *infelicitas litteratorum*. To this it must be added that no trouble has been spared by the author to render this biography as complete for its purposes as the circumstances of the case permitted. The book clearly deserves to be called a labour of love, though the passion indulged by Mr. Christie cannot have been either the hero-worship proverbial in biographers, or even the dislike of the Church of Rome which becomes the Chancellor of an English diocese. His wish has evidently been to furnish a solid contribution to the history of learning and letters; and as such his volume seems to us likely to survive, even apart from the value it will possess for the fraternity of bibliographers and bibliophiles, towards which the author, himself no alien in Arcadia, casts many a tender glance by the way.

The scholarly care with which Mr. Christie has investigated every part of his subject accessible to research, going over it as closely as, in company with M. Baudrier, he went over the path taken by Dolet on the day of his futile escape from custody, has naturally rendered him impatient of the *lâches* of less conscientious biographers. In the Renaissance age itself luxuriant vituperation would probably have taken the place of the sarcasms with which Mr. Christie punctures the "usual accuracy" of the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, the fallibility of his predecessor M. Boulmier, and the imaginativeness of the "most spiritual of the critics and biographers of Rabelais, M. Eugène Noël." Mr. Christie's own slips are of a different kind—chiefly eccentricities of style and grammar which, in a book about printing, one hardly dares to ascribe to ill-corrected proofs. The same explanation most readily suggests itself for enormities of detail, such as "*partie prêtre*," "in his *Poetices*," "the Hunniades" (as a plural), perhaps also for the inadmissible hybrid "Philip the Hardy." It is a pity that such disfigurements should not have been removed from a work of which the informing spirit is that of a scholarship indefatigable in perfecting a task undertaken for learning's sake. As to the proper names of scholars, which in this volume appear sometimes in their original modern, and sometimes in their Latinized form, Mr. Christie has generally (in accordance with the statement in his preface) followed the sensible plan of using the native names except where the Latinized were the usual style of the persons in question; "and it has sometimes happened that, for the sake of harmony, other writers are with them referred to by their Latinized names." No sense of harmony, however, can reconcile us to the form "Bembus"; nor do we see why Beza, because he is coupled with Charles de Ste-Marthe, should be exceptionally disguised under his real name of Théodore de Bèze.

We suppose that it is natural for a scholar who has spent much time, examined many books, and visited many cities for the purposes of a monograph like that before us, to address himself occasionally, with a well-warranted consciousness of increased certainty of judgment, to the wider aspects of the theme of which his own forms part. More especially at the opening—and again towards the close—of his book Mr. Christie accordingly gives expression to views which it would lead us too far to attempt to criticize more closely here; but which, in part at least, seem to open the door to very grave controversy. Thus, in an early page, we have the statement, limited by no restrictions except those which the words contain, "that (except in Sadolet and perhaps in Erasmus) there was not in any of the men of the Renaissance either any recognition of Christianity, or even any consciousness of the need of religion as an element in human happiness or human goodness." It might prove difficult to establish the consistency of all the utterances of the several Italian and German humanists whose names might be pleaded in arrest of so sweeping a judgment; but self-consistency is not the note of this or of any analogous period of intellectual progress with which we are acquainted. We touch on even more dangerous ground when, in the same page, we read that "the Church generally at the era of the Renaissance, and the French Church from that time to the Revolution, present absolutely no points for the approval of those of us who are in harmony with the spirit of the nineteenth century, and have no sympathy with the so-called Catholic revival." We are not sufficiently familiar with the precise nature of the spirit in question to know whether it could reconcile itself to a recognition of much that is beautiful in the relations between Church and learning in the pre-Reformation days of the Northern Renaissance; but as to the French Church, was there not in its history, before the disastrous reaction for which no terms of horror are too strong, a period full of hopes and aspirations to which it is impossible for the advocates of a truly national Church to refuse their sympathy? We ask pardon for cavils which may seem almost as vague as the statements to which they refer seem sweeping; and, without noticing one or two other passages which have similarly suggested to us a query of hesitation, we turn to the special subject of this interesting book. Even the bare outline of its story may help to show what opportunities it offers for a literary and historical study of the highest interest; how successfully Mr. Christie has availed himself of these opportunities, it is only in our power here and there to indicate.

Etienne Dolet was born at Orleans in the year 1509, "in how honourable and indeed distinguished a position among my fellow-citizens, I leave those to speak of who place virtue below birth." This Ciceronian flourish of Dolet's has no reference to the legend of much later growth, according to which he was the natural son of King Francis I. This fable (except for a little difficulty in the

\* Etienne Dolet, the Martyr of the Renaissance. A Biography. By Richard Copley Christie. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

matter of dates and ages) cannot be described as ill-invented, though it has probably never been better shown than by Mr. Christie what was the real nature of the relations between Francis I. and the Renaissance, and of the claims to grateful remembrance by literary men of a sovereign who in the year 1535 prohibited all printing in France under pain of death, and ordered all booksellers' shops to be closed under the same penalty. At twelve years of age Dolet became a student at the University of Paris, where he remained for five years, and was imbued with that belief in the plenary inspiration of Cicero which, says Mr. Christie, was held by him and others "as absolutely as is a similar doctrine applied to other writings in our own day held by men whose learning and virtue entitle their opinions to the highest respect." From Paris he passed to Padua, where Bembo was then residing, "a Pagan of the Pagans," of whom in his pleasant, unregenerate, because still unhabited, days Mr. Christie gives one more charming sketch. The chief Professor of Latin at the University was the "Belgian" Simon Villanovanus, to whose instruction Dolet largely owed his Latin style, and from whose papers Dolet's enemies afterwards accused him of having stolen much of his chief work as a scholar, the *Commentaries on the Latin Tongue*. After the death of Villanovanus Dolet would have returned to France had he not been persuaded by Jean de Langeac, Bishop of Limoges, who was on his way as French Ambassador to Venice, to accompany him thither in the capacity of secretary. Although at Venice he eagerly attended the lectures on Cicero of the public Professor of Eloquence, Egnazio, he adopted the advice of his friend and patron, who urged him to devote himself to the study of the law, with a view to future official employment. Whatever hopes he may afterwards have entertained of appointment to a legal office were, as will be seen, frustrated by the consequences of his own conduct: and the bent of his genius was certainly towards the career in which he actually engaged. But it is not a little instructive to find that this French classical scholar—like the German humanist Eobanus Hessus, who, poor man, called himself the king of his literary world—would have adopted a profession lucrative as well as learned, if circumstances had allowed.

It was, then, as a student of law that Dolet in 1532 entered at the University of Toulouse. Mr. Christie's account of this University, and of the city in which it was placed, is so full of interest, and in many respects of novelty, that we would gladly have dwelt upon it at length. Toulouse was at that time, as it had been for three centuries, the most bigoted city in France; here the Inquisitor-General of France, whose authority in Languedoc only was undisputed, held his court, nor might either the Governor of Languedoc or the King himself enter the walls of the city without first taking an oath before the Inquisitor to preserve the faith and the Holy Inquisition. It was in the very year of Dolet's arrival at Toulouse that Jean de Caturce, Licentiate of Laws of the University (whose death, unlike Dolet's, is duly recorded in the *Book of Martyrs*), was executed for heresy, a general raid upon heretics having been decreed by the Parliament of Toulouse in consequence of some preachers of Lutheranism having made their appearance there. Among the other persons arrested was Jean de Boyssonne, a jurist and scholar of high eminence, whose name Mr. Christie is specially anxious to reclaim from oblivion. He consented publicly to abjure his errors; but, though many complaints were heard against the leniency shown to him, we are told that anger and grief filled many who witnessed the humiliation of one of the most learned and popular teachers in the University. After his recantation De Boyssonne withdrew for some months into Italy; on his return he is already found on terms of great intimacy with Dolet.

For, while still a student at Toulouse, Dolet had found an opportunity, to use the phrase of a previous biographer quoted by Mr. Christie, of "laying the first faggot of the terrible pile on which, fourteen years later, he was to be consumed." Of the "nations" into which, as in other mediæval Universities, the students at Toulouse were divided, the most numerous and important were that of the French and that of the Aquitains or Gascons. As the chosen "orator" of the French nation, Etienne Dolet delivered an harangue in which he vehemently abused the Parliament and magistrates of Toulouse for certain censures and (probably) restrictions which they had found it necessary to lay upon the proceedings of the "nations." The Gascon "orator" having replied in a tone of servility towards the authorities, and, as in duty bound, of insult towards the French nation and its orator—"a Ciceronian, a Lutheran, and a heretic"—Dolet replied in a second oration. On this occasion, with a courage not altogether to be ascribed to the hot-headedness of youth, he delivered himself of a set invective against the religious bigotry of Toulouse—a city which he declared to have not yet acquired even the rudiments of Christianity, but to be given over to superstitions worthy only of the Turks. Having, in addition, insulted the Lieutenant-General of the Seneschalty by a series of odes in ridicule of his attempts at poetry, and altogether contrived to make himself as offensive as possible in all influential quarters, Dolet can hardly have been astonished at the consequence which ensued. Early in 1534 he underwent his first experience of prison, which one of his enemies afterwards called *patria Doleti*; for, says Mr. Christie, "during the remainder of his short life (thirteen years only) he suffered no less than five imprisonments, occupying in the whole about five years, in addition to this at Toulouse," which only lasted a few days.

After his liberation he soon found it necessary to withdraw from the "barbarous" city in order to avoid a second arrest; and

a sentence of perpetual banishment from Toulouse and the district within its jurisdiction followed him into his retreat. He took refuge in a town which may claim for itself no small part of his fame, as indeed of the glories of the French Renaissance in general. Mr. Christie shows in different parts of his work, how Lyons, where, between the years 1530 and 1540, Rabelais, Marot, Servetus, and other illustrious men of learning or letters passed several years, and where many others were frequent visitors, must have contrasted with Paris in the freedom, and surpassed all other French towns in the activity, of its intellectual life; and how in the Lyons press, whence had issued the first French books ever printed in France, and which in the sixteenth century largely extended its operations, this activity and freedom most significantly reflected themselves. Lyons was Etienne Dolet's home for twelve years, during the last seven of which he was himself the owner of one of the most productive printing presses of the city. He thereby, as it is perhaps needless to state, by no means forfeited his position as a man of letters; indeed, the functions of printers such as Dolet or the Stephani were primarily those of scholars, and his setting up of a press of his own represents rather the consummation than the termination of his literary career. That career is in many respects typical of the lives of the humanists in general, though few of these were the equals of Dolet in productive energy, and none can have surpassed him in quarrelsomeness. He by no means belonged to that species of humanists which is the least interesting to posterity, and which Erasmus condemned several centuries ago, though its shortcomings are occasionally proclaimed as a matter of recent discovery. He was a student of matter as well as of form. His great lexicographical work on the Latin tongue only missed a more enduring fame by reason (as we think Mr. Christie satisfactorily shows) of a method of arrangement which the public was too indolent to accept. In several other works he showed himself a scholar and a poet of mark; and as a translator from Latin into French he achieved an enduring success with so difficult an original as the *Epistles of Cicero to his Friends*. But his strongest bent seems to have been towards historical composition; though of the history of his own times, which was to have been the *opus magnum* of his life, he was destined only to accomplish a fragment. On the other hand, he unfortunately lived long enough to quarrel with nearly all the friends with whose name his own is linked in the remembrance of posterity, besides incurring the contempt of Erasmus, the grave censure of Melancthon, and the furious wrath of Scaliger. The raking together of the dust and ashes of these dead quarrels is not the most attractive part of the task of the literary biographer; and Mr. Christie has had a more than ordinary share of such labour to undergo in narrating, with a candour which is too inevitably damaging to his hero, Dolet's quarrel with Sussaneau, his quarrel with Voulte, and his quarrel with Rabelais. That with Marot remains open to question; and if in the days of his final troubles Dolet was abandoned by his old correspondent Boyssonne, those troubles and not himself may have been the determining cause of the desertion. Perhaps it should be added that in his purely domestic relations, of which the *Genethliacum* remains as a pleasing monument, he seems to have been far happier than in his dealings with most of his literary friends and acquaintances.

As to the troubles aforesaid, it is at least manifest that they were not of sudden growth. We are reluctant to express an opinion upon two interpretations of facts differing so widely as those of Mr. Christie and M. Baudrier, who happen to be in all probability the two authorities best acquainted with the subject. At all events, however, it seems clear that the proceedings against Dolet represent accumulations of wrath to which many sources had on many occasions contributed, and that he did his utmost to have a place among the numerous printers and booksellers whose names, as Mr. Christie reminds us, are recorded in the grand Martyrology. Unfortunately, one of the bitterest animosities which he had aroused against him was that of his own fellow-traders, the printers of Lyons, whose jealousy he had provoked by a royal privilege secured by his pertinacious efforts, and whose fears he had excited by siding with the workmen against the masters in one of those trade disputes indigenous to the Lyons soil. His patrons were dead; his friends he had alienated or lost; whatever offence he gave, there seemed no kindly shield left to cover it. And from his youth up it had been his habit to give offence, where the strongest considerations to the contrary had not intervened. There is no reason to suppose that he had any serious Lutheran leanings; and, as Mr. Christie shows, not only were the suspicions of atheism against him groundless, but there is no reason to think of him even as what might be vaguely termed an irreligious man. But he was *suspect* nevertheless, and though a member of a profession in which, even in the relatively free atmosphere of Lyons, caution was the first law of existence, he was clearly unable to restrain his tongue even before he gave his enemies the chance of a printed scandal. When at last he laid himself open in this way, his offences were of so slight a nature (though they included the wittiest of his productions cited by Mr. Christie, an epigram on "the dead to the world"—to wit, the monks), that the burning of the books which contained them was deemed a sufficient sentence. Soon afterwards, however, a new prosecution followed; and this time the charge against him was a capital one, and the tribunal before which it was brought was the Inquisition. Condemned by this tribunal, and handed over to the secular arm, he appealed to the Parliament of Paris,



and meanwhile resolved to avail himself of the chivalrous advocacy of the King's reader, the famous Duchâtel (now Bishop of Tulle), in order to obtain a pardon from the sovereign.

The narrative acquires a powerful interest, sustained by various unexpected turns, as it draws towards its catastrophe. From his prison Dolet had loudly impugned both the wisdom and the lawfulness of his condemnation; yet with King Francis I. the pleading of Duchâtel and the remembrance of his own better self had nevertheless prevailed over the growing influences of bigotry. A pardon was granted, and an attempt to detain the prisoner on an earlier criminal charge of a totally different character was promptly defeated by the issue of further letters patent. Dolet returned a free man to his Lyons printing-office. Soon, however, another prosecution was upon him, and he was in prison once more, charged (probably quite falsely) with having introduced into Paris a number of prohibited books, including translations of Holy Scripture into the vulgar tongue. He very cleverly contrived to escape, and found a refuge in the mountains of Piedmont, where he occupied himself in the composition of a series of poems which—in part allusion to the poetical designation given by Clément Marot to his imprisonment for heresy—he entitled *Le Second Enfer*. These verses prove not only that Dolet was possessed of true courage, but also that he had in him a vein of true poetry. As regards his courage, we quote half a dozen lines from a poem addressed to King Francis I.:—

Il n'est pas temps, oros, que tu t'endormes,  
Roy nompereil, des vertueux le père :  
Entends tu point, au vray, quel vitupère  
Ces ennemis de vertu te pourchassent,  
Quand les sçavants de ton royaume ils chassent,  
Ou les chasser à tout le moins prétendent ?

These poems, in a spirit of touching confidence in the justice of the cause of which he manifestly looked upon himself as the champion, Dolet proposed to present to the King, after having had them printed at Lyons in a volume also containing two Platonic (or rather pseudo-Platonic) dialogues translated by himself. One of them, the *Axiachus*, contains, as part of an argument cited by Socrates from Prodicus, the following words descriptive of the state of a man after death:—*σὺ γὰρ οὐκ ἔσει*. These words the translator had amplified into "Attendu que tu ne seras plus rien du tout." Poems and translations were boldly brought across the frontier by Dolet and committed to the press at Lyons. But probably before their publication there, the daring author was himself arrested—as Mr. Christie thinks, at Troyes in Champagne, when on his way to the King. The prisoner was immediately taken to Paris, where, after nearly two years, on August 2nd, 1546, sentence was pronounced against him by the First President of the Parliament. The passage in his translation of the *Axiachus*, with the heterodoxy involved in it, certainly constituted one of the charges against him; for it is known to have been submitted in November 1544 to the censure of the Sorbonne. But was the persecution mainly based upon this ridiculous charge, or upon the sale of the prohibited books, or upon something further? Is there any special significance in the fact that he was ordered to be put to the torture before his execution, in order that he might inform of his companions; or in the further addition to the sentence that, if he should cause any scandal or utter any blasphemy, his tongue should be cut out, and he should be burnt alive? At any rate, the verses which he wrote in the Conciergerie, shortly before he was burnt to death on the Place Maubert, are worthy to be remembered as not less noble, while better authenticated, than the famous lines supposed to have been written under similar circumstances by Sir Walter Raleigh. And, even more strikingly, the fine epitaph in which a contemporary commemorated the death of the martyr of the Renaissance, recalls in its concluding lines the often-quoted noble conceit of Fuller concerning the ashes of the father of the Reformation:—

"Mort est Dolet, et par feu consommé.  
Oh ! quel malheur ! oh que la perte est grande ;  
Mais quoy ! en France on a accoustumé  
Toujours donner à tel saint tel offrande.  
Bref, mourir faut ; car l'esprit ne demande,  
Qu'issir du corps, et tost estre délivré,  
Pour en repos ailleurs s'en aller vivre."  
C'est ce qu'il dit, sur le point de bruler  
Pendant en haut, tenant ses yeux en l'air :  
"Va-t-en, esprit, droit au ciel par et monde,  
Et toy, mon corps, au gré de vent voler,  
Comme mon nom voloît parmy le monde !"

#### LIFE OF SIR ROWLAND HILL.\*

(Second Notice.)

VARIOUS circumstances had turned Rowland Hill's attention to postal matters tolerably early; but it does not appear that any regular scheme of general reform, as distinguished from mere mechanical improvements of detail, suggested itself to him until he had begun his work as Secretary to the South Australian Colonization Commission. As a devout Free-trader, he had long had a general confidence in the elasticity of the revenue; and the notorious inconveniences, inequalities, and hardships of the existing postal system soon drew his attention to this tax, if it may be so called, as one which might be lowered

with the greatest amount of advantage to the people. The idea of penny postage, however, was not reached at once, or in any haphazard manner, but simply by a laborious process of calculation of the actual expenses of collection, transmission, and delivery, the data being obtained by much study of Blue-books. In these studies Mr. Hill was a good deal assisted by Mr. Wallace, member for Greenock, who himself succeeded in getting a good many details of reform introduced into the Post Office. All this, however, was merely preliminary to the issue of the pamphlet on postal reform which Rowland Hill, duly encouraged by a family council, at last laid before the Government and then before the public. It seems really remarkable that only three years should have elapsed before penny postage became an accomplished fact. Considering the usual slowness of such things, considering the certainty of a diminution of revenue for the time, it is rather more remarkable that it ever got a chance of being tried. But at the present day the most curious thing is the opposition with which what are now the most familiar parts of the scheme, the use of envelopes and the use of adhesive stamps, were received. Only the very youngest reader can fail, however, to remember a time when it was still no very uncommon thing to find on the breakfast-table a letter folded up and directed on the same piece of paper, instead of being enclosed in one of the "little bags called envelopes." Stamps themselves were confessedly an afterthought, the inventor having originally limited his plan to stamped envelopes or wrappers. This is the way in which the now familiar thing is described laboriously by the father of it:—"A small stamped detached label—say about an inch square—which, if prepared with a glutinous wash on the back, may be affixed." When the Bill for establishing penny postage became law, it was natural that some position should be assigned to the inventor which might enable him to supervise the carrying out of his plan, to which the actual authorities of the Post Office were avowedly hostile. The question how this was to be done was of course a difficult one; but it was certainly solved in the worst possible way—a way which put the inventor himself in a position as false as it was precarious, and which was undoubtedly the origin of the annoyances which he afterwards underwent, as well as of a certain amount of general unpopularity which, as in the case of other public benefactors, attended him. He was appointed for two years only to a post in the Treasury, created for the purpose and incapable of being designated by any very exact title. To say that he was a kind of Treasury watcher over the Post Office would be rather invidious than inaccurate. It was not likely that such a position would conciliate the actual Post Office authorities to him, and its creation was utterly illogical. If those authorities could be trusted to carry out the reforms, he was superfluous; if they could not, they should have been removed, and he should have been put in their position. The precariousness of his appointment, moreover, was obviously a mistake; and it is only fair, when we see the very natural irritation with which Sir Rowland speaks of the Tories who removed him, to remember that their Whig predecessors had deliberately and obstinately refused to make the appointment other than temporary. However, awkward as was the position to which he was appointed, he made the most of it to further the object he had at heart. The covers and stamps were at last issued to the public; both being greeted with a good deal of ridicule. It is indeed difficult to imagine what evil spirit could have induced any one to fix on the preposterous device which Mulready drew for the covers, and of which a representation is given here. But an article of comment, also given, supplies a pleasant notion of the amenities of the British newspaper only forty years ago. The unlucky design just mentioned is not abused much more than it deserves; but Mr. Hill himself is elegantly described as "obtaining 1,500*l.* a year for strutting about the Post Office with his hands in his pockets and nothing to do, like a fish out of water."

The History of Penny Postage enters minutely into all the difficulties and vicissitudes of the years in which the scheme was launched, and in which, as indeed at later times, the author's mechanical inventiveness and that of his family were nearly as frequently called into requisition as his powers of organization. But, awkward as was the manner in which he had to apply leverage to the Post Office, even that awkward position at length gave way under him. The Whigs went out, the Tories came in; and the Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer, never very favourable to the scheme, naturally looked first of all at the diminution of the revenue. This, though transient and much exaggerated, was of course a fact, and an unavoidable fact. Penny postage could not be got rid of, but its author could, and at the end of three years Rowland Hill was cut adrift. His repute for organizing energy was, however, so high that, pecuniarily speaking, the loss was a gain to him. Various public Companies, and in particular the London and Brighton Railway, gladly claimed him, and during the years in which he was out of office his income frequently reached an amount equal to four times his official salary, while a testimonial amounting to more than thirteen thousand pounds was collected to make up to him for the unhandsome treatment which he had certainly received, though, it must be repeated, that treatment was in effect Mr. Baring's fault, and not Mr. Goulburn's. This testimonial was regarded, as one of his friends happily told him, as a retainer to keep him ready to accept service in the Post Office when the opportunity came and his political friends returned to office. They did return, and Rowland Hill was reinstated, though in the same awkward way in which he had been originally

\* *Life of Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B., and History of Penny Postage*, by Sir Rowland Hill and George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. 2 vols. London: De La Rue & Co. 1880.

installed by the same persons. He was not, indeed, replaced at the Treasury, and the ridiculous nominal separation from the department in which he was really engaged was done away with. But an arrangement almost more certain to produce friction was resorted to. The Secretary to the Post Office was retained in his position, and Rowland Hill was made Secretary to the Postmaster-General. The relation of these two high functionaries was very ill defined. The elder and more highly-paid functionary naturally declined to acknowledge the equality of his supplanter. The new-comer as naturally asserted it, and the result was what Lord Hardwicke, their chief, not inappropriately defined as two Kings of Brentford, though, unluckily, the Post Office sovereigns were not so amicable in their relations as their prototypes. However, at the cost of much friction and unpleasantness, and of a most improper call on Mr. Hill's energies, things went on somehow, and at last, after many years, he became sole Secretary, and held the post until a period which most of the readers of this book can remember well enough. He could then carry out his plans, or such of them as he had not previously succeeded, in spite of opposition, in carrying out, and reforms and administrative improvements of all sorts were rapidly introduced. Mechanically, perhaps the most interesting of these was the ingenious device for automatically delivering and collecting bags from the night mail trains, which was perfected by his son, Mr. Pearson Hill. Economically, the palm must be given to the plan of Post Office Savings Banks. The credit of this suggestion is here fully and fairly ascribed to Mr. Sikes, of Huddersfield, who, we believe, is still living, and whose part in the matter is scarcely so generally recognized as it should be. In 1864 Sir Rowland resigned, and outlived his resignation fifteen years, enjoying during that time the Parliamentary grant of 20,000*l.* which had been made him in lieu of the very inadequate pension to which, owing to the lateness of his entry into the public service, he was formally entitled. His life was thus, despite its labours, an unusually prolonged one. But it must not be thought that he got off scot-free. If the good fortune of his outward circumstances and the family affection which he enjoyed prevented the last fifth of his life from being mere labour and sorrow, the record of his physical weakness is painful to read. His over-wrought brain could not bear the slightest noise or any irritating motion, and regular exercise was impossible except to a very limited extent. Fortunately his eyesight did not fail him, and he was a reader almost to the last.

In reading this life of one who, in his way, was "ever a fighter," and who was not unfrequently made to undergo some severe reverses, one naturally asks oneself the question whether these reverses were altogether unmerited. Frequently they were, as, for instance, in the famous "Lord's Day Observance" scare, during which Rowland Hill was actually persecuted and vilipended as a Sabbath-breaker for instituting reforms which gave the servants of the Post Office a very large increase of rest on Sundays. But there is no doubt that he had become, by the time of his second entrance into the public service, almost a man of one idea, and that to that idea he made some sacrifices which a perfectly discreet person might not have made. A very curious story is told here of his meeting Garibaldi at dinner and interrogating him on the state of the Italian Post Office, which made his brother Matthew, the Recorder of Birmingham, suggest that when he got to Heaven he would probably stop to cross-question St. Peter on the number of deliveries per day in the celestial regions. This devotion to his ideal may sometimes have induced an appearance of ungraciousness. In his almost ferocious determination to keep down the expenses of the Post Office, so that the prophesied recovery of the revenue might take place, he did things which must have made him very unpopular. Thus he found that a custom had existed in the Office of construing a fortnight's holiday to mean leave of absence for fourteen working days. Technically, no doubt, this was an abuse, and must have resulted in a certain increase of expenditure. But when one thinks of the great gain to a hard-worked clerk of being able to start on Saturday and return on Monday, especially in days when Sunday locomotion was even more difficult than at present, and of the disproportionate irritation which the retrenchment of small privileges always causes, it is difficult not to think that it would have been wiser to let things alone. Again, the perpetual efforts which he made to put an end to the doubtless mischievous friction at the Office by getting his rival, Colonel Maberly, shelved, were beyond all question disinterested, and intended only to further the public service. But they must have had, to say the least, a disagreeable appearance to successive Postmasters-General and successive Chancellors of the Exchequer.

The present arrangement of the book, according to Sir Rowland's own desire, necessarily exhibits all these *tracasseries* at somewhat inordinate length, while it keeps out of sight the merits and attractions of the author's private character. Probably no man ever went less out of his way to represent himself in a favourable light, or to allure the reader by anecdote or gossiping detail, than Sir Rowland Hill in this History of Penny Postage. He must have been constantly in contact with men whose words and actions would be interesting to the public; but he rarely condescends to an anecdote. It is certain that this was not from want of material, and a few rare exceptions make it equally certain that it was not from want of faculty to work that material up. A page of the first volume contains as characteristic a sketch of Lord Melbourne, and two as pithy apophthegms ("I can understand your physical force men, but as for your moral force men I'm d—d if I know what they mean," and "I can't think why a man

can't talk of penny postage without going into a passion"), as any lover of personal gossip can demand. But, as a rule, and unless the idol was directly concerned, Sir Rowland is very chary of such things, while he spares hardly a letter of complaint against Colonel Maberly the obstructive Secretary, or a minute of expostulation with backsliding Chancellors of the Exchequer. Dr. Hill has wisely struck out much of this, and relegated much more to the appendix; but of the three "books" of which the two volumes consist, his own—the first and third—so much exceed the second in interest and merit, that it is impossible not to ask for the refashioning of the whole on the same plan, now that the *droits d'auteur* have been duly acknowledged by the appearance of the History. We cannot better conclude this review than with a pleasant anecdote which Dr. Hill tells of his grandfather and grandmother:—"I know not whether my grandfather had any rivals. But a story that is told of his old age leads me to think that he must have had at least one. . . . His wife, when they had been married close on fifty years, one day called him, with a Birmingham plainness of speech, an old fool. A child who was staying in the house overheard him as he left the room, and slowly went up the stairs, muttering to himself, 'Humph! she called me an old fool! An old fool!' Then he stopped, and was silent for a few moments, till suddenly rubbing his hands together, he exclaimed, 'A lucky dog I was to get her though!'" These little things are the salt of biography, and we have no doubt that Dr. Hill, if left to himself, could have seasoned the record of his uncle's combative period with plenty of them.

#### FAR OUT, OR ROVINGS RETOLD.\*

THAT Colonel Butler could cleverly describe the savage men and savage manners of North America we already knew from his *Great Lone Land*. The present volume, which is chiefly composed of reprints of magazine articles, reminds us that he has seen a good deal of natives besides the Red Indian. He is familiar with Zulus and Basutos, and with Greek sufferers from Turkish misrule in Cyprus. And, though his diction is occasionally exuberant and his stories of life in camp and at new settlements in the far West have a tinge of sameness, he can claim to be a keen observer and a fearless critic. Not in the least blind to the failings of uncivilized races, he is severe on the treatment they have received from white men; and unscrupulous Yankees come in for condemnation equally with the pugnacious colonists of Natal. It is quite impossible to make out the smallest connexion between the various chapters of this work, or even to do more than guess at the dates or periods of each visit. But every chapter is marked by a thirst for adventure, by the enjoyment of natural scenery, and by a love of fair play. Perhaps we have a little too much of glowing sunsets, odorous pine forests, skies intensely blue, peaks of eternal snow, weird sounds and whispering trees. But these pages are full of life, and the observations are epigrammatic and pithy, and several of the anecdotes are racy, if not wholly new. An American informed the owner of a dog that he had never "druv" those animals, but that the language "that had most cussing in it" was the best for that purpose. A Britisher in primitive Californian society is described as a man who is "put out," because, in his travels, his club has not been sent on just one day ahead of him. English travellers generally are requested to bear in mind that America is only a "semi-tropical England, minus the Norman Conquest." In the same vein British Columbia, despite its vast area, is only one "long waggion road, with a gold mine at one end and a seaport at the other"; and "the highest extreme of American snobbishness is but Anglo-Saxon vulgarity run to seed."

The civilization which fights hard to win a victory over wastes and wildernesses, and which is represented by a group of log huts and an occasional "store," has been often described; and there is nothing very striking in what is intended for a ghost story connected with the burial of a fur-hunter, but is really explicable, like scores of these tales, by the natural cries of animals acting on an excitable Canadian and a nervous Scotch clerk, who were conveying the dead body to its resting-place at Fort Simpson. We prefer to hear Colonel Butler on the Territory of Oregon and the Yosemite Valley. He scarcely finds language strong enough to express the fatal mistake which England made in abandoning to America the wealth of forest, sea, and mountain comprised in the former territory. Splendid rivers, lofty timber, broad lands waving with corn, orchards heavy with fruit, a bright sun and a blue sky, make it all that any emigrant could desire. Locomotion is of course still in its early stages of development, but a journey of sixteen hours on a rough coach, ending in a roadside inn with its damp bread and greasy meat, were in a measure compensated by views of snow-capped peaks and by an exhilarating climate. If we are to credit Colonel Butler, the winter is not too cold nor the summer too hot. The peaks remind him of Switzerland, and the plains and pastures of Somersetshire. Yet mountains and forests, and some three thousand miles of shore, fanned by the soft breezes of the Pacific, sound tame by the side of the Valley of Marvell. The discovery of this secluded spot is due, we are reminded, to certain farmers, harried by the repeated forays of a tribe of Indians whom the most practised trackers could not follow to

\* *Far Out: Rovings Retold*. By Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Butler, C.B., Author of "The Great Lone Land," "The Wild North Land," &c. London: W. Isbister. 1880.



their lair. Baffled in successive attempts, a party of these farmers at last swore they would stick to the next track of their enemies till they ran them to earth. After days of pursuit they came on that vast depression which, like the fabled Valley of Diamonds in the *Arabian Nights*, had kept out the civilized world by a sheer wall of rock more than 2,500 feet in height. Colonel Butler laments over cockneys and innkeepers who profane this wonderland; but we gather from his description that it has features which are proof against the jaunty impertinence of tourists. Cascades which take leaps of five hundred feet and more at a time; green meadows watered by a pellucid stream; trees, of which the summits, like those described by Virgil, are beyond the flight of an arrow, and are of an age which mocks at ordinary dates; forests of magnificent pines without any undergrowth of jungle; and one celebrated rock which rises out of the very centre of the valley, on a level with the top of the wall from which the traveller looks down—all combine to produce a picture which no vulgarity can well degrade or spoil. And the sharp American who boasted that he would build an hotel and make his fortune at the very foot of one of these gigantic waterfalls was only anticipating the peremptory requirements of civilization on its travels. There is no reason why pilgrimages to what the author terms a "vast cathedral" designed by Nature should not be associated with that ordinary amount of comfort which Captain Absolute tells Lydia Languish may, after all, be endured.

A chapter on Afghanistan is a curious sequel to the Yosemite Valley; and we regret to say that neither by skillful treatment nor condensed information does Colonel Butler throw any new light on a difficult and disputed subject. Indeed he confines himself to a very brief description of its physical features and its early history, and to the campaign which ended with the triumphs of Pollock and Nott. Moreover, he describes the invasion and occupation of 1838-9, and our departure in 1842, as the results of "three years' wanderings in search of a scientific frontier." Lord Auckland and Lord Broughton had a good deal to answer for, but they are not responsible for a clever phrase invented three years ago, and of no application to British India while the Sikh empire was still unconquered. In this chapter Colonel Butler informs us that, "where the great range of the Hindu Kosh sinks down to meet the Valley of the Oxus, a vast mountain cavern is called, in Sanskrit lore, the Cave of Prometheus." We should like to know the book or the Pundit responsible for this amazing piece of information. There is, we believe, a fanciful connexion between the Greek Prometheus and the Sanskrit *Pranathana*, "one who obtains fire by rubbing together two pieces of wood"; but we must regard the statement about this cave as "laphazard" and not "scientific."

With the Zulus and the Basutos the author is much more at home. In his account of the formation of Colonies, Republics, and Free States he is governed by one dominant idea. The native is down-trodden, injured, and driven into war. The English settler holds that the black man was created to labour for the white. Out of this theory arise all the expeditions, invasions, seizures of territory, and arbitrary determinations of boundaries which are familiar to those who study South African politics. Settlers are energetic, high-handed, and imperious. Natives fiercely retaliate, or resort to that fraud and evasion which are the proverbial resource of the weak. Military expeditions are easily got up, or, what is worse, a sort of foray called a "commando" is undertaken "to gratify the cupidity or vengeance of an English or Dutch farmer," and, if not properly controlled by the leaders, may extend to a night surprise, the destruction of crops and cattle, and other outrages with which Irish newspapers have just made every one familiar. Experience of the difficulties which arise between the English and the Oriental or the dark-coloured races may lead men to endorse several of Colonel Butler's remarks; but, unfortunately, he gives us but little help towards a settlement of such problems. Nor are we quite prepared to agree in his axiom that the negro becomes more dishonest from mere contact with civilization. A similar argument has been used by some reformers who contend that, but for British officials and barristers, Hindus would be the models of candour and fair-dealing which they are vaguely supposed to have been under the administration of Akbar or Jehangir. The author's remarks on the climate of Natal and the neighbouring States are more pertinent than his judgments on national character. But even here we are perplexed by seeming contradictions. Natal has three or four varieties of climate. It is semi-tropical at the coast, and is exposed to frosts fifty miles from the sea. Coffee and sugar-cane flourish in one zone, and imported pines and oaks grow to the height of forty feet in another. The great staple is Indian corn; and there are rumours of South African mineral wealth—gold, coal, iron, and copper—hardly tapped and practically inexhaustible. But, when speculating whether all this natural wealth might not attract emigrants, we are reminded of useless rivers, shallow harbours, imperfect communications, and a railroad system quite in its infancy. The only thing about which there can be no dispute or doubt is the enormous area wanting a population. For the present, however, we suspect that Natal and the other colonies are places where Englishmen can only achieve independence and live in tolerable comfort; they will not make their fortunes, and they may have to fight for what they have. We recollect an anecdote of the late Sir Harry Smith, not mentioned by the author in his account of the native chief Moshesh, about whom we are told a good deal. The conqueror of Aliwal, at a conference with this potentate, addressed him in the following terms:—"If you,

Moshesh, obey these orders, your oxen will get fat, and you will go to heaven." We much fear that native rulers have been used to different language of late, and that, money-making apart, English settlers will not now find much to tempt them in Natal, or anywhere in the neighbourhood of Zulus and Basutos.

It is rather difficult to know the precise object of the author in publishing the chapter entitled "A Plea for the Peasant." It is made up of complaints about the youth and rawness of recruits, the depopulation of Highland glens, the misgovernment of Ireland, what sort of advice Cromwell gave to Hampden, and what was said by a clerical magistrate to a Methodist preacher who had been pressed into the army somewhere about the date of Dettingen or Fontenoy. As far as we can make out, Colonel Butler inclines to the opinion that in order to recruit an army equal to the task of protecting our own shores from invasion and of marching right through Asia, if necessary, it would be expedient to give the peasant some sort of proprietary or permanent right in the soil. But we are not going to be tempted into a disquisition on this tremendous subject by a few vague hints thrown out in a survey which ranges from Jemappes and Jena to Inkerman and the Redan.

On the whole, after the papers on Oregon and the Far West, we find most to attract us in the trip to Cyprus. We do not agree with the author in thinking that in popular estimation the cession of Cyprus ever stood very high. No trustworthy writer ever described it as anything beyond an island of fair capabilities. Liberal speakers never ceased to talk of it as a hot-bed of fever and a political mistake. It was, almost from the date of its cession, reported on as dusty, barren of trees, and well calculated to send soldiers and sailors to the hospital. Nor are we surprised to learn that both Larnaca and Nicosia appeared dirty and squalid, in spite of minarets and mosques. A week's acquaintance with the Delta of the Nile, or with a single city in Asia Minor, should have prepared Colonel Butler for what he saw when one of those fresh mornings, which he so loves to describe, revealed to him a succession of swamps reeking with malaria, watercourses without water, flat mud roofs, fields covered with thistles, and telegraph posts only serving to point the contrast between English civilization and Turkish misrule. However, matters improved on a visit to Kyrenia, and to a monastery which the author calls Bellapaya. The beauty of the place was enhanced by the hospitality of a Greek, who treated Colonel Butler to coffee in small cups, preserves of fruits, oranges, pure water, and a glass of mastic. Similar hospitality was afforded him at the monastery of Kiku, high up in the mountains. A monk appeared with a gun and an empty game-bag, but the traveller was welcomed in warm and comfortable quarters four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and was refreshed with coffee and sweetmeats and Commander wine. At another place the repast, though plentiful, was not quite so inviting; and it is recorded for the benefit of future tourists that, of all indigestible compounds, nothing equals a preparation of walnuts steeped in honey. Of the administration of the island Colonel Butler tells us little; but we gather that, between corrupt Turks and unskilled Englishmen ignorant of the language and the habits of the people, the benefits of British administration have not been sensibly brought home to the people. But, if we were to propound reforms for the assessment and collection of the Cyprian revenue, we should stray almost as far from the duty of a critic as Oregon and the Frazer River are from Famagosta and Troados.

#### HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.\*

IN the present tale Mrs. Oliphant illustrates a proverb which falls in very aptly with her habitual tone of thought and opinion. The story may be said to have a didactic purpose; and it addresses itself to readers whose views of life are unformed and still need the check of experience, and who are also uncritical enough to be indifferent how a groundwork is laid, so long as it furnishes a foundation for a plot. Thus she expects them to accept as probable, or at least as possible, the position that a wise statesman of European celebrity, and in the full vigour of his intellect, should practically forget, never in all his plans take into account, the fact that he has a son and heir living no farther off than Barbadoes, and should treat a son by a second marriage as the inheritor of his wealth and title. For readers of this tractable order the author can trust her facile pen to run on by its own impetus on any congenial topic, and such is the scope and moral of the present story. When her line is to show that, whatever people profess, they are all guided by some form of self-interest more or less respectable; when the tone taken is one of gentle depreciation of the pretensions to self-sacrifice which a high profession or large views always involve, she has not far to seek for the appropriate language and actions which betray this human weakness—a weakness absolutely universal in her estimation. Some principles are more congenial to her than others, but the heroic standard is never reached in her delineations, and it would be out of her way to attempt it. This is a pity, for though we none of us know many heroes, yet it is one of the higher provinces of fiction to set them before us. Not that the hero of a novel need be perfect in order to fulfil his proper office; but there should be a truth and consistency in his course; he should

\* *He that Will Not when he May*. 3 vols. By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

at least be able to make a sacrifice, and to stand his ground. In the present instance, the motive for self-sacrifice does not fall in with the reader's sympathies. The mere vanity and emptiness of high profession, the collapse of opinion before the respectable temptations of life, and the revelations of character which a new state of things brings about, find a happy illustration, and he is ready to believe with the writer in the probable admixture of very inferior elements, as well as mere illusions of conceit and ignorance, in many a case which has the air of noble self-renunciation. In the present story the mere attempt at self-sacrifice is demoralizing. Deliberate devotion to a public cause involving personal ill consequences is apt, no doubt, to interfere with a graceful performance of the social duties; but seldom has fiction shown such a havoc of them as follows when the hero offers himself a victim to the cause of equality and the rights of man. We are disposed to think that the author, amused with her task, and in full swing of illustration, has overstepped her intention, and miscalculated the effect of the portrait upon the reader. She has drawn a disagreeable character with some truth, but apparently she does not know how disagreeable the fellow is whom she draws, how utterly beyond the most indulgent toleration. She thinks she is describing the mere wilfulness of youth throwing itself into new ideas, and expects her readers to see a good side which he never shows. While he is constantly surly, bearish, selfish, undutiful, even to brutality, he is the idol of his mother and sister, and of Dolly, the young lady who presumes to be in love with him, and we are expected to see with their eyes as well as our own. But an aristocratic air which seems to give the lie to his political convictions does not really atone for the savagery of his manners. Paul is not a gentleman living in an illusion and playing with Chartism; he is not a gentleman at all, nor a man in any proper sense.

The scene of his first appearance is in the author's bright and pleasant, though somewhat conventional, manner. As usual with her, a careful description of house, room, and surroundings introduces us to a cheerful family group. A beautiful mother, a pretty daughter and children, complete a picture made up of life, light, warmth, grace of motion, and general domestic comfort; upon which the hero breaks as the disturbing element—also an arrangement of effects with which this writer makes us familiar. The father, Sir William Markham, is absent in London on his official duties. Paul, who has been professedly staying up in Oxford during the Long Vacation to read, does not appear alone. With him comes a strange figure, a being of a description altogether out of the range of general experience. The little girls see in him a likeness, in appearance and get-up, to the man who comes periodically to wind up the clocks. The boys have darker suspicions. Paul introduces him to his mother abruptly. "This is Spears, mamma. This is a man to whom I owe more than to all the dons put together. You ought to be proud to see him in your house." This Spears is a popular agitator, of such strong convictions that he might seem at first sight to contradict what we have been saying. He is clearly a favourite with the author, but not the less does she expose the self-deception which puts his sacrifices to a cause on another basis than that assumed by himself. The adoring mother cannot be otherwise than gracious to her son's friend thus commended, but she is altogether in a maze. Easily bewildered, like so many of our author's fair women, she is very sweet and unassuming, but ignorant of any class except her own, in which she is a leader. She is giving directions about his room, which Spears hears and interposes:—

"A small room is no matter to me. I'm not used to anything different. In such a career as mine we're glad to get shelter anywhere." He laughed as he spoke of his career. What was his career? He looked as if he expected her to know. Lady Markham concealed her perplexity by a little bow.

She tenderly reproaches her son for having written so little lately. "You boys are so unsatisfactory." His last letter had been from Yorkshire. What friends had he seen there?

"I was nowhere that you know of, at least," said Paul; "I was with Spears, holding meetings. We went from one end of the county to another. I can't tell you where we went; it would be harder to say where we did not go." "We saw a great many Yorkshire people; but I go where I am called," said the stranger, "not only where there are people I know." Seen in the full light, there was nothing repulsive or disagreeable about the man. . . . he sat a little uneasily upon the sofa where he had placed himself. His speech was unembarrassed, but nothing else about him. He was out of place. To see him there in the midst of this family it was as if he had dropped from another planet; he did not seem to belong to the same species. But his speech was easy enough, though nothing else; he had a fine melodious voice, and he seemed to like to use it.

"I hope we did good work there," he said; "not, perhaps, of a kind that you would admire, my lady, but from my point of view excellent work; and Markham, though he is a young aristocrat, was of great use. An enthusiast is always a valuable auxiliary. I do not know when I have made a more successful round. It has taken me just a week."

Paul has brought this Trade-Union delegate to his home in the absence of his father. When Sir William comes to hear of it he is naturally indignant, and angrily reproves his son for bringing a notorious paid agitator to his house. A stormy scene follows. Paul defends his friend in stilted language, and defies his father, whose last words are, "This must be put a stop to. When the house is his he can dishonour it if he likes, but in the meantime the house is mine." Then Paul acts out the first part of the proverb:—

"Certainly the house is yours, sir," cried his son. "I make no claim on it. I feel no right to it. Let me alone, Alice! Do I want the house or the land, or the money, which we steal from the poor to make ourselves splendid while our fellow-creatures are starving? I am ready to give it up

at a moment's notice. It wounds my conscience, restrains my action. I want nothing with your house, sir. If I may not bring an honest man into it, you may hand it over to any one you please. It is no home for me."

Now, of course, is the time for the son in Barbadoes to turn up. He is heralded by a military couple, husband and wife, who are very much like a good many other instruments of fate in Mrs. Oliphant's novels. The lady, who strikes the first note of disturbance on Sir William—who, strange to say, had hitherto had "no skeleton in his closet"—appears upon the scene in the "old and lumbering" village fly, having come from London in the same train with him. It illustrates the headlong speed of our author's pen that although Sir William is drawn by ponies that, we are told, fly like the wind, and is driven with impetuous energy by his daughter, yet he never outstrips the old and lumbering fly. Whenever Alice's head turns there is the woman in the pink bonnet that first excited her curiosity, within sight, and driving in at the park gates after them. The truth is, the author has characteristic epithets ever ready to enrich and give point to her style; but they are not really composed for the occasion. We find the difference where thought is really present, and the scene has its proper grasp of eye and mind. The most original character in the story is the Barbadoes son, the real heir, in whom of course nobody believes, but who holds his own with an amiable stolidity and imperturbableness which are amusing and not unnatural under the circumstances. The scenes of the death and funeral of his father, in which he plays the leading part, are the best in the book. The writer here gathers herself together, and makes a successful effort.

Paul keeps his character to the last. He had steadily resisted all his mother's and sister's imploring appeals; to come to his father's deathbed, choosing not to believe in the urgency. We are to suppose some qualms of compunction when he finds his father dying; but the author, true to her idea, takes care not to make his remorse too poignant. On the day of the funeral he had so far outlived regrets for not having been as good a son as he ought to have been that he could console himself for having at least done his duty at the last by arriving in time, while "his heart, filled with a languid yet intense consciousness, beat softly with a sense of unbounded opening and expansion to new possibilities," upon realizing the sense of possession of a fine estate:—

He was no longer the same being; the moody, viewy, rebellious young man, who was about to emigrate with Spears, to join a little rude community of colonists and work with his hands for his daily bread, and sacrifice all his better knowledge, all the culture of a higher social caste, to rough equality and primitive justice, had died with Sir William. All that seemed to be years behind him. . . . This was how Paul felt. He was not glad; but there was in his veins a curious elation, expansion, a rising tide of new life.

While the author paints with what might seem cynical touches a character thus centred in self, she is nevertheless indulgent. Paul merely personates the high-flying wilfulness of youth and the vanity of committing oneself to a line of high profession. She is careful to break his fall, and the reader is left quite at ease about his future. He is rid of Spears and Spears's daughter, engaged to Dolly, and with a good hope of title and estates in the end, as Sir Augustus resigns himself to a single life, and takes himself off to Barbadoes.

On one thing our author is to be complimented; she allows to her own sex a higher capacity for self-devotion than to man, as well as a more constant and natural demand upon it. It is indeed tempered by a large infusion of helplessness and folly; but we may observe that reflections on human nature tending to contemptuous disparagement belong necessarily to haste. It is the readiest way for an author to show familiarity with his subject. An impression, for example, of old age can be more readily produced by making an old man "mumble and cackle" and run his words one into another, than by tenderer indications; but it strikes us that there is a want of reverence in the method when recourse is often had to it, as in these volumes. When a statesman is shown by his weaknesses alone, and a mother by her unreasonable endurance and indulgence, the same effect is produced.

#### COBBETT'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR.\*

WHEN this reprint of Cobbett's *English Grammar* came into our hands, we at once turned to the end to see if it included that prospectus, so delightful in its complacent self-confidence, in which Cobbett set forth the merits of his own works. "When I am asked," he begins, "what books a young man or young woman ought to read, I always answer, Let him or her read *all* the books that I have written. This does, it will doubtless be said, *smell of the shop*. No matter. It is what I recommended; and experience has taught me that it is my duty to give the recommendation." We fear this inimitable production is becoming scarce. Out of nine editions of the *English Grammar* in the Library of the British Museum, one only—that of 1840—contains it. We ourselves were once the possessors of a copy, appended to Anne Cobbett's edition of 1836; but in an evil hour

\* *A Grammar of the English Language, in a Series of Letters; intended for the use of Schools and of Young Persons in general, but more especially for the use of Soldiers, Sailors, Apprentices, and Plough-boys.* By William Cobbett. To which are added, *Six Lessons, intended to prevent Students from using False Grammar, and from Writing in an Awkward Manner.* New Edition, carefully Annotated. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.



we lent our Grammar to a friend, and when it came back the prospectus had disappeared. Whether it was stolen by some collector, or whether the book had passed through the hands of some ignorant repairer of bindings who had taken the advertisements out as surplusage, we never could discover.

We cannot make it seriously a ground of complaint that the publishers have not reproduced this puff of Cobbett's. For aught we know, the law of copyright may stand in the way; and moreover, other people besides the late M.P. for Oldham have shops, and the space is now occupied by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co.'s own catalogue. The inferiority of the type of the reprint to that used by Anne Cobbett must be held to be to some extent compensated for by the lowness of the price, this being, we believe, a shilling volume, whereas the old editions were published at three shillings. But we really think that the crowded type used for the quotations in the "Six Lessons"—quotations which must be read with minute attention if the pupil is to derive any benefit from the remarks upon them—is unworthy of a house which has published a treatise on "Eyesight, and how to care for it."

The Grammar, as our readers probably know, is in the form of letters addressed to "My dear little James"—Cobbett's third son, then fourteen. "I made him," says the fond parent and proud author, "copy the whole of it before it went to press; and that made him a grammarian at once; and how able an one it made him will be seen by his own Grammar of the ITALIAN LANGUAGE, his *RIDE IN FRANCE*, and his *TOUR IN ITALY*." We must own that we have never examined the works of Mr. James Paul Cobbett to see how far they bear out the assertions of his parent. Critical research has discovered that Cobbett's own writings will by no means always stand the tests which he applied to those of other people. Nevertheless we think that, despite its many faults and shortcomings, the Grammar was not so much overpraised by its author. The great fault which runs through it—the entire absence of any historical or philological knowledge of our language—was doubtless in its author's eyes no fault. Of the latter subject, indeed, he proclaimed his scorn:—"I will not, my dear James, in imitation of the learned doctors, pester you with a philological examination into the origin and properties of words." To inquire into the composition of words was "for monks and for Fellows of English Colleges, who live by the sweat of other people's brows." Deficiencies in historical and philological knowledge were probably not so glaringly visible to people early in this century as they are to us now; but the Grammar had another defect, manifest to the most simple-minded. Cobbett complained, or rather vaunted, that both this and his French Grammar were

kept out of schools, owing to the fear that the masters and mistresses have of being looked upon as COBBETTITES. So much the worse for the children of the stupid brutes who are the cause of this fear, which sensible people laugh at, and avail themselves of the advantages tendered to them in the books.

Looking over the Grammar, it is not hard to understand the feelings of the masters and mistresses, nay, even of the stupid brutes of parents. The edition of 1819 was dedicated to "Mr. Benbow, Shoemaker, of Manchester," whose especial merit was that he had been "shut up in an English Dungeon by order of Lord Sidmouth." After 1820 this was replaced by a flaming dedication to the popular heroine, Queen Caroline, "who, amongst all the Royal Personages of the present age, is the only one that appears to have justly estimated the value of The People." Borough-tyrants, dungeons, axes, seat-sellers, seat-buyers—more mysterious still, the Tyrant and the Spy—are made to do duty in illustrating the objective case or the subjunctive mood. Of one faulty sentence Cobbett says, "This is House-of-Commons language. Avoid it as you would avoid all the rest of their doings." When he falls foul of the anomalous Latinized idiom of "than whom," for which Milton seems to be originally answerable, he remarks, "It is a very common parliament-house phrase, and therefore presumptively corrupt." When he gives examples of nouns of multitude, he maliciously strings them together thus:—"Such as Mob, Parliament, Rabble, House of Commons, Regiment, Court of King's Bench, Den of Thieves, and the like." "Poh!" he elsewhere remarks, "never think a man either learned or good, merely on account of his being called a Doctor." "These are your college and university bred men!" he exclaims, after having convicted Bishop Tomline of the offence of wrong placing of words. Lord Castlereagh is dismissed with "What do you say, what can you say, of such a man, but that nature might have made him for a valet, for a strolling player, and possibly for an auctioneer; but never for a Secretary of State? Yet this man was educated at the University of Cambridge!" Worse even than "the nonsense of Castlereagh" is "the miserable stuff" of the Duke of Wellington, in which "all is vulgar, all clumsy, all dull, all torpid inanity." Apart, moreover, from these political amenities, the Grammar, as indeed is admitted in the preface which "J.M." has supplied to this edition, can never have been suitable for a class-book. Though Cobbett placed on the title-page "Intended for the use of schools," the addition, "but more especially for the use of soldiers, sailors, apprentices, and plough-boys" shows that he had in his eye young men who might be educating themselves, as he had educated himself when he was a private soldier at sixteen a day, when he studied by firelight, and stinted himself of food to save a few pence for pen, ink, and paper. And by thus teaching himself, Cobbett learned how to teach others. His teaching, whatever its value, was of the sort to stick by the pupil for ever. "Thousands upon thousands of young

men," he boasts, "have been made correct writers by it. . . . It is a book of principles, clearly laid down; and when once these are got into the mind they never quit it." It is not easy to see that Cobbett's Grammar was more than any other "a book of principles"; he took the rules as he found them, and his superiority lies simply in the clearness of his explanations and examples; but, allowing for a little exaggeration in the "thousands upon thousands," there is no difficulty in believing the rest. Even the irreverence with which he drew his "awful examples" from the august productions of princes and statesmen was not without its use. We have nowadays become resigned to bad grammar in a Royal Speech, and we consider diplomatists as entitled to the use of a mysterious jargon peculiar to their craft. But in Cobbett's days criticism of one's betters had still something audacious and startling in it; and the pupil probably remembered it longer than he would if the victim had been some shadowy Caius or Balbus.

As, however, Cobbett is as decided and impressive when he is in the wrong as when he is in the right, his work, if it is to be useful to learners of the present day, should be annotated by a grammarian of the modern school. The frequency of its political allusions demands in addition an historical commentator. In the present edition an attempt is made to supply the latter need; and, considering the size and style of the reprint, perhaps as much has been done in elucidating the political allusions as we could expect. An index, which was much wanted, has also been appended. The historical notes seem good as far as they go; some information has been given about Cobbett himself, about the statesmen whom he so savagely attacked, and the authors whom he criticized; the names, dates of publication, and so forth, of the books quoted have been supplied. "Oliver, the spy," is, however, left in his obscurity, and no explanation is offered as to the nature of a "borough-tyrant," a creature with whom young readers of the present day are not likely to be familiar. "The cruel dungeon-bill," too, might with advantage have had a note. In the preface the editor does not profess to have undertaken more than the clearing up of references which time has rendered obscure; but we find that in a few instances he has offered a little criticism upon his author. He has set him right as to the number of Falstaff's men in buckram; he has pointed out that Cobbett was not the only man who had discovered that Lindley Murray fell short of perfection; and he has given some examples from Shakespeare of the application of the relative *which* to persons, where we should now use *who*. It is characteristic of Cobbett that, though he himself cited the example in the Lord's Prayer, and though he admitted that the present restriction of *which* is modern, he still could not help treating the ancient usage as something actually erroneous. "In the American Liturgy this error has been corrected." So, when he condemned *correspondencies* and *conveniencies* as erroneously formed plurals, it never seems to have occurred to him that there had once been such words as *correspondency* and *conveniency*, of which the plural had lingered on after the singular had given way to *correspondence* and *convenience*. On this passage the editor has made no comment; but, in reference to Cobbett's fashion of writing "blowed" for "blown," he remarks that "in the use of language . . . we must go with the stream." The remark is reasonable; but he does not point out the fallacy which lay at the root of Cobbett's preference for "blowed"—the notion that the so-called "regular" verbs were the normal type to which all, as far as possible, should be made to conform. Cobbett actually thought that such "strong" forms as *hung*, *swung*, were to be accounted for by the "mischievous habit" of abbreviation. "Many of these verbs, by being very difficult to contract, have, as in the case of *to hang*, *to swing*, and the like, reduced the shorteners to the necessity of changing almost all the letters of the words." It is curious that Cobbett's ear should not have appreciated the beauty and force of the vowel-change in a "strong verb"; but, independent-minded as he was, he was enthralled by the terms "regular" and "irregular." Had the regular verbs been presented to him under their modern epithet of "weak," he would probably have turned from them with scorn, and have transferred his affections to the strong forms. It is in this matter of regular and irregular verbs that the Grammar most urgently needs a commentator acquainted with the growth of the English language and with the modern theory of strong and weak verbs; and here the editor has not attempted to do anything. While on this subject we cannot resist the temptation of recording a tradition which lingers in a Northern seaport concerning one of its mayors, who in his early days had been actively engaged in the whaling trade. The worthy man was once beguiled to recount among his experiences a thrilling tale of a boat pursued by a white bear. Firearms the crew had none; but at the agonizing moment when the bear was grappling the boat's side with his mighty paws, a valiant man snatched up a harpoon and drove it into the monster. "He squoke and he dove." Strong verbs not having then become the admiration of grammarians, this climax caused the Mayor thenceforth to be an object of ridicule to the more genteel of his townsmen. Modern philologists, who consider with Grimm that the strong präterites are "eine Haupt-schönheit" of the Teutonic languages, will, we trust, better appreciate him.

Had we the task of advising "a young man or young woman," we should recommend him or her not to take Cobbett for their sole guide, but to correct him by the light of some more modern authority, such as Dr. Morris's *Primer of English Grammar*. With such precaution, Cobbett may safely be studied, as one unrivalled in the power of clear and simple exposition, and, above all, as teaching both by precept and example a plain, vigorous, common-

sense style, too rare in these days of fine writing. Especially worthy of attention are his remarks as to wrong placing of words, a fault which is as common now as it was then, and which indeed is so hard to be avoided that a man who can get through so much as a column of print without being guilty of it may—to use a phrase of Dr. Blair's at which Cobbett scoffed—"esteem himself happy."

#### THE TWO DREAMERS.\*

THOSE readers who are willing to put probability entirely on one side, and who are contented if only the plot of a story is striking and new, may perhaps be much interested in Mr. Saunders's novel. If, however, they ask in addition that the action shall be rapid, and that they shall not be kept needlessly waiting by the fineness of the author's language, we can readily believe that they will not get even into the second volume. Our author is, we must admit, free from one of the worst faults of his fellow-novelists. Though he delights in a somewhat stilted style, nevertheless he is well aware that words do still bear a certain meaning of their own. He does not pick them up at random, and thrust them by chance into his sentences, as the diver for pearls snatches at the oysters at the bottom of the sea, and thrusts them into his bag without knowing whether they are worthless or not. Once, indeed, he falls into a blunder which we cannot pass over. He represents a young solicitor about the year 1862 talking of a London merchant who had "gone deeply into the blockade-breaking business." He makes him say, "The British merchant ought to be ashamed of descending to the level of the British smuggler. But, if he isn't, I am not going to attempt his reformation in an æsthetic point of view." What is here meant we do not in the least understand. Had, however, the author put these words into the mouth of any young man, whether a solicitor or not, who was speaking at this present time, we should have passed them over in silence. They would have been in keeping, for young men certainly often do speak of "an æsthetic point of view" when they have no point of view at all. But eighteen years ago "æsthetic" had not got down to the solicitors. It was not even used by the barristers, while in society, had it ever ventured to intrude itself there, it would have been looked upon with great suspicion. It had about it a strong flavour of Bohemia, and, like a short pipe and long hair and a threadbare coat, was considered to be a mark of a struggling poet or painter. We might also say that neither in St. Paul's Churchyard, nor in Regent Street, nor even in the pages of any female novelist, was in the year 1862 "the shimmering silk" to be seen in which the heroine is introduced to us. A little more true perhaps to nature as it was in those days is the bridal dress of white silk in all its lustrous beauty which we read of in the third volume. It will be admitted, however, that a writer has indeed been moderate in his treatment of language against whom no rougher usage can be adduced than this. Whether this moderate and fair conduct in dealing with words, above all in dealing with adjectives, will be any recommendation to those who frequent our circulating libraries we greatly doubt. Mr. Saunders must fall back on his plot and on his scenes. If the one is dragged out and the others are put on the stage rather slowly, at all events they afford a certain novelty and—to use a word of the theatrical critic of a past age—not a little bustle.

The story opens at a somewhat remote period. In the first chapter we are introduced to the hero's mother when she was a little girl. The heroine's mother is, happily, of no importance. Of her we are merely told, and that quite incidentally, that, when on earth, she had been fond of white violets. The hero's maternal grandfather was a judge in India. His only daughter, a lovely girl of seventeen, he had sent over to Scotland under the care of a Mrs. Elphinstone. The young lady fell in love with a poor painter and secretly married him. Shortly afterwards her father wrote to say that he himself was on the point of returning to England, and that a peerage was at his disposal, if he chose to accept it. "The title," he said in words that would well befit a judge on the stage, "has been long in abeyance among certain ladies, my relatives; but, it seems, can now be determined in my behalf." For his own sake he would, he adds, refuse the bauble, but he has a daughter and she may marry. "When she is once happily settled in marriage I may," he writes, "in hope of a grandson, try whether I like the coronet as well as a hat for occasional use." The daughter is at first delighted with the prospect before her; "her face coloured with pleasure and became like scarlet as she understood about the peerage." Mrs. Elphinstone at once cut her joy short by reminding her that she had married without her father's consent. As soon as he should learn what she had done, he was sure, they both knew only too well, to refuse the peerage and to disown her. It was, indeed, a hard case—the certainty of a future peerage lost, and nothing but a husband—a marvellous poor one too—gained. It seems, by the way, to be all along assumed by the author and his characters that a peerage which has been long in abeyance among ladies, when it is at length "determined in behalf" of a man, will, on his death, descend to his daughter. Matters have certainly a very gloomy appearance for the lovely girl. Most fortunately her marriage was

only known to two people, who could be trusted, and her husband fell ill. She neglected him, and he, being of a poor constitution and, moreover, greatly in the way, died of grief. Even now she was not out of danger, for she gave birth to a son. She induced Mrs. Elphinstone to adopt the child, and to take it to Australia. "Magnificent steamers," by the way, as the author ought surely to know, did not run to Australia forty years ago. They add, no doubt, something to the dignity of an heroic baby when setting out on his travels; but the facts of history must not be so violently outraged even for a hero. But to return to the unnatural mother. Her father had no suspicion of what had happened, and on his arrival he at once introduced her to the society that befitted the daughter of one in whose behalf a peerage was so soon to be determined. He had inherited a house in Eccleston Square. His fortune was, he supposed, about a hundred and forty or a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and "the interest and rents accruing amounted to above eight thousand a year." It is not easy to reconcile the amount of his fortune with the income it produced. The one seems too small or the other too great. Be that as it may, his wealth and her good looks attracted a great deal of attention. He accompanied her everywhere; "his fine chivalric figure and stern look contrasting with the daughter's superb beauty." As they passed in the Row, "there was a low buzz of voices from the loungers at the rail, which indicated their consciousness of a new sensation." She was presented at Court, and became the cynosure of all eyes. Rich heirs began to seek introductions to her. No duke, we are told, offered; but a gentleman, who might become a marquess, seemed a good deal fascinated by her. Suddenly he withdrew. Next came a gallant soldier of high rank. Age was, indeed, against him, for, though he looked little more than forty, he was not much short of fifty. Nevertheless no objection was made to him on the score of age. He, however, withdrew as suddenly as the gentleman who might become a marquess. The Judge was puzzled. At length he learnt from a friend that "there was floating about some vague idea that Miss Keith and her late companion had not been quite circumspect in their conduct." Nothing "tangible," however, was known. The Judge at once lowered his pretensions, and accepted as a husband for his daughter Mr. Senguin, a young London merchant. At the same time he refused the offer of the peerage, so that, for all we know, it still continues in abeyance among his lady relatives. He drew up his will and settled the whole of his property upon his daughter, in trust for her eldest son born in wedlock, when of age. With no small consideration for all the purposes of an interesting plot, he refused to mention in his will his daughter's married name or her husband's. Shortly afterwards he died. She, to guard herself against any future discovery, had told Mr. Senguin of her first marriage, but had assured him that her child was dead.

Here, then, as the reader will at once see, we have the materials provided for some most interesting scenes. Nothing, however, can be done till the hero is of age; and so the author most considerably carries us in a few pages over the next twenty-one years. The child had found a good friend in Australia, who had adopted him, giving him his name, and had left him a large fortune. We are introduced to the young hero, whom we had taken leave of as a baby, under the name of John Claude Hamilton. Mrs. Elphinstone, whom he had looked upon as his mother, had meanwhile died, but she had left him in writing a full account of his birth. She had ended the narrative by saying:—"This I know, that your father's wrongs cry to you from the grave—that you will not listen to them in silence." It was to avenge these wrongs, and at the same time to reform his mother, that the young man returned to England. Without any difficulty he managed to get invited to Mr. Senguin's house, and there was soon established as a permanent guest. His unnatural mother half suspected who he was, and tried to persuade her husband to send him away. It was in vain, for he had borrowed ten thousand pounds of his young friend, and was by no means able to return the loan. He had been a widower when he had married the Judge's daughter, and the child of his former marriage was at home when Hamilton paid his visit. With her he at once falls in love; but his duty to his dead father somehow or other forces him to conceal his passion. He even consents that his bosom friend Mr. Shand, the solicitor who looks at matters in an æsthetic point of view, shall fall in love with her. The solicitor on one occasion fixes on her "a respectful gaze," but it is all to no purpose. She will not have him. The hero is once cruel enough, when she reminds him that she is not his sister, to exclaim, "No; would you were!" It is not at all surprising to find her later on engaged to an elderly baronet for whom she has no affection. But what could the poor girl do? The man she loves wishes she were his sister; at least he says he does. Her father, the eminent London merchant, had become so involved in his speculations that, unless he could raise more money, he must fail; while the elderly baronet was ready to advance him a hundred thousand pounds on the day his daughter gave him her hand. The unnatural mother was, if it were possible, in even a worse plight. She has discovered in the hero her son. She believes that he is implacable, and that his aim is to prove his legitimacy and to claim his grandfather's property. To add to the confusion, she had had a most easy set of trustees, who had allowed her and her husband to draw on the trust property to the amount of seventy-seven thousand pounds. This was certainly somewhat imprudent in these gentlemen, considering that at this time she was only forty-one years of age, and that, if she

\* *The Two Dreamers*. A Novel. By John Saunders, Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," "Hirell," "Israel Mort, Overman," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1880.



had a son, the property was to pass to him. In her embarrassment "she became a victim to that strangest, but most real, of mental diseases—the one-thought disease." Her one thought at this time was to poison her son. She suddenly repents as she is on the point of giving him the draught, and tries to drink it herself. He knocks the glass out of her hands; and, in a sort of hissing whisper, asks whether the water was poisoned. She throws herself at his feet, and he clasps her as she kneels. However, this scene is found only in the second volume; and there is a great deal more for both of them to go through. She was by no means brought to a proper degree of penitence. His identity had meanwhile been established beyond a doubt, for his old Scotch nurse had found the strawberry-mark—no, it was two little moles—on his right arm.

Matters begin to advance rapidly. The hero gets his leg crushed; and, at a certain period of a story, a crushed leg is very conducive to action. Mr. Senguin's embarrassments increase at a prodigious rate; so that, while his liabilities were above seven hundred thousand pounds, his assets were below three hundred thousand. The Baronet is accepted; and the hero, whose leg was healed, starts for the Continent. The night before the day fixed for the marriage had come, and there was a party given in the bride's house. It was honoured by the presence of a stately dowager Countess. On a sudden two uninvited guests appear. They were not even in evening dress, and their boots were splashed with mud. Mrs. Senguin gave a low scream, and even the stately dowager Countess rose in alarm. The new comers were Hamilton and the aesthetical solicitor. The hero made a speech that fills some pages. When he claimed Mrs. Senguin as his mother, "people started, began to murmur to each other, and to gesticulate violently." Other speeches are made, and at last the scene is brought to an end by a very graceful one from the Baronet. Whether the lustrous white silk dress was worn the next morning, whether the heroine became Lady Arncliffe, whether the wicked mother at last really repented, whether the hero and the aesthetical solicitor both remained single for the rest of their lives, that can be learnt from the third volume of Mr. Saunders's novel. Whatever merit his story has lies in its plot, and we must leave part of it untold, so that there may be something left to excite the reader's curiosity.

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

## VI.

IN spite of Miss Greenaway and of her imitators, we think that the prettiest of all child's books is still *Child's Play, Old and New* (E. V. B. Sampson Low and Co.) The first edition of *Child's Play* is an old book now, and probably clean untorn copies are rare enough. The drawings "have all been reduced to a much smaller size," says the author, "by a wonderful process of electrotyping." E. V. B. has added other little sketches, and, though we have no great love for processes of electrotyping, we think that the poetical character of E. V. B.'s drawings puts her volume beyond the reach of rivalry. Since Stothard and Blake, we do not know that any one has reproduced with so certain a pencil the poetry of childhood. The drawing may not always be absolutely correct, but the sentiment, the feeling are true and strong, devoid of small prettinesses and feeble ecstasies. Tony, the "ten o'clock scholar" (p. 8), trudging on his little bare feet to school, is pleasantly humorous, and Thackeray, who drew children with great enjoyment, would have been proud of the sketch of "Annie and Minnie and Sam," with their breakfast of raspberry jam. There is a pretty group of children reading in "Cuckoo, Cherry-tree" (p. 19); but we could wish the lover of "Curlylocks" (p. 22) a more winsome lady. The design called "My Lady's Daughter," with the queen beside the well and the old chateau in the distance, is full of the spirit of romance, and there is much innocent and pious imagination in the vision of "Five Angels round my Bed." The "Beggars coming to Town" is a page torn from the life of long ago. The gipsy-like beggars drive their asses across the bridge where children watch the running water. The gate-tower interrupts a view of distant hills, and just within the arch there is a glimpse of a steep-roofed house of the good town. There is another pleasant drawing, full of the air of Italy, called "Here we come a piping"; but, indeed, every page has its little masterpiece, and we can only spare space to praise an old friend, the sketch of the home-sick girl, and the deer-hound, her comforter, that illustrates "Oh that I were where I would be." The verses in the book, being chiefly old nursery rhymes, are better than the trash of some modern nursery rhymesters. There is also a pretty adaptation of the "Swallow Song" of Rhodes.

*The Sculptor caught Napping* (Designs by Jane E. Cook. Autotype Fine Art Company) is the second edition of a graceful book. Mrs. Cook is unrivalled in black silhouettes of little Loves, playing with Pompeian grace, with flowers and toys. A romantic shepherd, dressed like Mr. Irving in the *Corsican Brothers*, leans piping against a tree, and the lambs dance as in the Theocritean idyl. The fable of the Queen of Hearts is illustrated in this style, but "Jack and Jill" are too artificial young people. The pretty maid who went a milking is very graceful, and so is her rural swain. On the whole, this Christmas book deserves its popularity.

*Some Drawings of Ancient Embroidery* (Mrs. Mary Barker. Sotheran and Co.) deserves a more learned notice than it can at

present receive. The coloured designs are chiefly from old English ecclesiastical needlework. As the author observes, "These examples should be studied by persons who wish to . . . revive church embroidery." The earliest work seems to be the finest and best; but in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries floss silk and gold give much splendour to the fabrics. Great ingenuity is shown in the filling up of spaces with decorative scrolls and sprays, and angels, *fleurs-de-lis*, double-headed eagles, and conventional flowers are the most usual ornaments. Mrs. Barker holds that modern embroiderers are not likely to effect much by attempting to invent many new ornaments. The examples she has copied are from collections at Cirencester, Corby Castle, Buckland Church in Gloucestershire, and other places. The first plate represents a very Byzantine crucifixion. Angels catch in silver chalices the blood from the hands of our Lord. The design of the First Person of the Trinity is a hideous and, if revived to-day, would be justly deemed a blasphemous caricature. In the third plate, the angel carrying the soul of a departed saint shows how art declines, and the angel is a strange degeneration from the Harpies of the Harpy tomb. The purely conventional designs, such as the flowers (plate 4) are beautiful enough, as are the little blossoms springing at the foot of the cross (plate 5). In decadent as in nascent art, the human figure is excessively ill-drawn. We see no reason why modern embroiderers should imitate the faults of their mediæval predecessors. Mrs. Barker's work as a copyist deserves high praise; colour and texture are wonderfully well rendered in her plates, and the book is a beautiful one, of unusual historical and artistic value. Still, we hope that enthusiasts into whose hands it may fall will not decorate churches with repetitions of the blunders of the old pious artists.

*The Great Historic Galleries of England* (Edited by Lord Ronald Gower. Sampson Low and Co.) charms us at once with a photograph of Holbein's beautiful lady, Christina of Denmark. No one who has fallen in love with her at the Exhibition of Old Masters is likely to have forgotten this excellent portrait. Sir Joshua's "Caroline, Countess of Carlisle," with a rose in her hand fading as the picture fades, is a dim but beautiful reproduction of the original. Gainsborough's "Housemaid" must have caused pangs of jealousy in the hearts of Gainsborough's plain daughters. The girl, as Lord Ronald Gower says, must be "a princess in disguise, or a Cinderella waiting for her glass slipper." Lord Ronald does not say whether the painting has been engraved; if it has not, we trust that it soon may be. Holbein's "Duke of Norfolk" and Hals's "Portrait of a Cavalier," with Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Lady" in her pearls and lace, are all excellent, and prove that photography is better adapted to the reproduction of portraits than of pictures crowded with figures. Lord Ronald Gower's remarks are brief and to the point.

*The Golden Queen: a Tale of Love, War, and Magic* (Edward A. Sloane. Griffith and Farran) is "inscribed, by permission, to the Right Hon. William E. Gladstone, M.P., Premier of England, A Man that as an Orator, Patriot, and Scholar, is the pride of his own Countrymen, and the admiration of the World, by his most Humble Servant, the Author." Poor Mr. Gladstone! 'twere better to be Boycotted than dedicated to in this style by Mr. Sloane. In his preface he avers that the most courageous people of the world have undoubtedly been the Indian warriors of North America. We thought the Montenegrins were the most heroic race known to history. The *Golden Queen* is a poem about these North American statesmen and patriots. The verse is often vigorous and musical, and though there are signs of the work of an inexperienced hand, the story "marches" better than do the narratives of some more famous minstrels.

*The Little Blue Lady; and other Tales* (Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell. Masters and Co.)—We are glad to be able to say that Mrs. Mitchell has made an immense advance on her last book, so much so that it is difficult to believe that both are the work of one hand. These stories are all interesting in their various ways, and are told well. The one which gives its name to the book is the history of a little Norman girl who is living in Paris in the stormy years before the Revolution, and, being unable to pay the rent of the dwelling-room of herself and her mother, is much tempted by finding a purse containing a large sum, which had been dropped by a young noble riding through the streets. Honesty, however, prevails, and the reader follows Adèle through many adventures till she succeeds in discovering the owner at a *fête* for the poor at Versailles. The other tales are good and original.

*Industrial Curiosities* (Written and edited by Alexander Hay Japp, LL.D., &c. Marshall and Japp).—Mr. Japp has found out quite a new field, and given a great deal of information which will prove new to most of his readers. He has devoted many pages to tracing out the history of leather, its uses, and the method of its preparation. Not content with treating of leather in general, he examines the various kinds taken from different animals, with the special processes employed in every case. Some of the subjects, such as the Hop Garden and the Post Office, have been treated of many times before, yet even here Mr. Japp has managed to infuse much originality. It cannot be said that the woodcuts materially help the explanations, but these are so clear that they can quite well stand alone.

*Great Britain for Little Britons* (Eleanor Bulley. Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co.)—Mrs. Bulley calls her book "a book for children to read to themselves," but we should be extremely surprised to see any child devote much time to it unless it were made to do so as a lesson. The counties are described one by one, but in a scrappy kind of manner, without any system, sometimes one

sort of information being given, and sometimes another. The whole is interspersed with interjectional remarks by the children which are printed in italics. We jump from Cambridgeshire to Gloucestershire, from Somerset to Lincoln; and while we have a fairly sensible account of Bedfordshire and its produce, nearly all the chapter on Surrey is devoted to the story of Essex and the ring. If a few children require to be taught in this way, the greater number are the better for learning their lessons in a serious fashion, and will certainly not profit by the printed remarks of their fellows, real or imaginary.

*The Story of the Last Days of Jerusalem* (From Josephus. By the Rev. Alfred Church, M.A. Seeley, Jackson, and Co.)—There is always something irresistibly fascinating in any contemplation of the fall of Jerusalem. This partly arises from the way in which we are taught our Bible history, and the consequent feeling, so difficult wholly to get rid of, that the Jews were indeed an isolated nation, living under quite peculiar conditions of time and space. When, therefore, we approach near to the terrible event with which prophecy has made us familiar, it is hard to repress an awe-struck sensation, as if we were indeed standing upon holy ground. Mr. Church's new volume has all the charm of his former ones. It tells the story of this troublous period clearly and plainly, yet in words that bear with them a faint echo of the Scripture prophecy. He follows the account given by that wonderful young doctor who in his learning, statesmanship, and calculation was such a typical Jew; who was ready to fight as long as victory was possible, and, when hope was past, to surrender. We are made to understand the state of the city divided against itself, of the strife of parties which really was the cause of the rapid success of the Romans; and a vivid picture is drawn of the miseries of the famine, not forgetting that most horrible story of the woman who was found eating her own child. Many illustrations are scattered through the book; but these, though good in design, are much disfigured by the deep pink of the men's arms and legs.

*Queer Pets and their Doings* (Olive Thorne Miller. Shaw).—Miss Miller has shown us how well she can deal with human children, and she seems equally at home with those of a furred and feathered race. She does not disdain anything in the way of information, and tells her stories as if the animals were all personal friends, as perhaps they were. The pictures by Mr. Beard are admirably drawn, and very much to the point.

*The Girls of Fairylee* (Lettice Lee Oliphant. Anderson and Ferrier) is a moral little tale of no particular merit. It is on the same lines as Miss Edgeworth's stories; but it needs a Miss Edgeworth to keep stories of this kind from lapsing into dulness.

*The Guests of Flowers* (C. E. Meekerke. Griffith and Farran).—If the rising generation make use of all the books that are written for them, they will be perfectly informed about natural history. They may learn a great deal from the one before us, which not only deals with plants, but also with insects in relation to plants.

The Yearly Album of *Vanity Fair* ("Vanity Fair" Office) contains a number of portraits, many of them excellent, and some not at all caricatured. All the persons represented are not exactly famous, but probably they were being talked of when their portraits appeared. Jehu Junior is still patting dukes on the back, snubbing Dissenters, giving certificates of gentility, and, in short, behaving as showman in his well-known manner.

Mr. Keene's "Our People" drawings from *Punch* (Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.) are too important for hasty mention in this place, and are noticed elsewhere in our columns.

The *Graphic* Christmas Number is a miracle of cheapness and chromolithography. We cannot agree with critics who think Mr. Millais's picture of a little girl, "Cherry Ripe," a rival of Sir Joshua's "Penelope Boothby." "Cherry Ripe" is, at least, a healthy child. The big coloured picture of the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated London News* (also wonderfully cheap and abundant in works of art) represents a little child who is not healthy. This is atoned for by Miss Greenaway's charming infant armed with a branch of holly. Here, as in the *Graphic*, are stories and verses by eminent hands.

The *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, in its number called the "Ingle Nook," is more illustrated than sporting or dramatic, which is quite right at Christmas-time.

For *The Corsican Brothers*, which appears to be as attractive as ever at the Lyceum Theatre, Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. have designed with great skill a handsomely illustrated "Story of the Play," containing coloured plates of the principal scenes. The little work is capitally turned out, and does great credit to its designers.

Here we take leave of cards, crackers, and Christmas books, with the hope that all who write, publish, illustrate, give, or receive them, may enjoy a merry Christmas, and have skating or hunting, as their tastes may prefer, in abundance. To all reviewers of Christmas books we wish, what the end of the season ought at least to bring, respite from hard labour. Might not convict labour, by the way, be utilized in reviewing Christmas books?

## FRENCH CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

II.

*LES deux mousses* (Louis Rousselet. Hachette et Cie) whose adventures M. Rousselet relates are interesting boys to whom "Sahib," who illustrates the book, has done very much less than justice. The book opens with a smuggling adventure, into which the young Daniel Riva of Cotte is beguiled by the ruffianly Mateo Puig, and which, being as it is the sequel of other escapades, draws down upon him his father's accumulated wrath, which, however, is diminished by Daniel's gallant conduct at a wreck. Here he rescues a passenger who, in spite of all that is done for him, only lives long enough to confide to Daniel a secret, and to entrust him with a commission, the discharging of which thenceforward becomes the one object of his life. His falling in with a certain Dominique, a kind of honest lagoon in low life, leads, by a course of events which young readers will like to find out for themselves, to his finding it necessary to make his way as best he can to Australia, and to this end he engages himself to Captain Goulard of the *Jackson*, "navire américain." On board he finds his brother-mousse Pingouin, an exceedingly intelligent and good-humoured boy. The two make friends at once. "Sahib" has given us a picture of their first meeting, in which they eye each other with evil and hideous countenances. Pingouin is evidently only waiting for the captain's back to be turned in order to begin to "make it hot" for the newcomer. This is the only possible interpretation of the picture; but, according to the author, when the boys were left alone together, "le jeune Roussillonais questionnait Pingouin, qui le mit au courant avec bonne humeur." Captain Goulard is, in his way, quite as charming a person as are the two mousses; but curious things happen on board his ship which appear natural enough when the hero and the reader discover at the same time that the captain is really the commander of a celebrated South American privateer—the story is laid in the time of the American war—and that the *Jackson* is only carrying its crew out to Cape Bojador in order to meet the swift steamer with which they propose to deal destruction to any Northern ships they may come across. Many exciting incidents and scenes are got, as may be guessed, out of this state of affairs, not the least exciting of which is the end of Captain Goulard and of his swift cruiser. How the "deux mousses" happen to survive and to get carried to Australia; how the infamous Dominique turns up again; how his scheme for their ruin leads to his own; and what is the happy chance that brings everything right at the end, had better be left for readers to find out for themselves. The book is full of hair-breadth 'scapes and of hard-won triumphs of ingenuity and virtue over vice and low cunning. It is, indeed, among the very best of its kind, and is infinitely better than the volume which M. Verne has turned out. It is, perhaps, unlucky that the merit of the drawings is so far inferior to that of the letterpress.

For *Prisonniers dans les glaces* (E. Plon et Cie) M. Georges Fath has provided both the letterpress and the drawings, and both are capital. The book opens at a breakfast which is the occasion for the annual meeting of four school friends, who thus keep up their boyish intimacy in later life. One of them, a rich and adventurous young Russian, proposes to the others to accompany him in his yacht to the Arctic regions, and their acting upon the proposal gives M. Fath an opportunity for employing his pen and pencil upon a never-flagging succession of interesting and stirring scenes. There are storms at sea and on land, moments of agonizing suspense when one longs to skip a few pages, and see if the adventurers got safely out of their trouble, exciting bear-hunts in which sometimes, as in *The Golden Butterfly*, the usual position of bear and hunter is reversed, feats of prowess and endurance of every kind, and, in short, everything that such a book ought to contain. One of the very best told adventures is one which occurs soon after the party have got to their first destination, and in which the invention of the scientific member gets them out of an awkward difficulty caused by four bears who select an inconvenient moment for besieging them in a hut.

M. Lesbazeilles, in *Les merveilles du monde polaire* (Ouvrage illustré de 38 gravures dessinées sur bois par Riou, Grandsire, etc. Hachette et Cie), has produced a volume which may be read advantageously either before or after the one of which we have just spoken. The book is written in an attractive style, is full of interesting matter, and is capitally illustrated. One of the cuts, which represents a floating iceberg, is particularly good. In another, "Navire se défendant contre des ours blancs," it is a little unfortunate that the bears appear to be coal black.

*Le pays du soleil* (Ch. Deslys et R. Cortambert. Hachette et Cie) takes us straight from the North Pole to the Tropics, where things quite as surprising take place as those which happened to the Arctic voyagers in *Prisonniers dans les glaces*. Some of the scenes towards the end of the book are needlessly painful.

*De Paris à Samarkand* (Impression de voyage d'une Parisienne. Par Mme. de Ujfalvy-Bourdon. Ouvrage contenant 273 gravures sur bois et cinq cartes. Hachette et Cie) is a wonderfully handsome book, beautifully printed and illustrated, and admirably fitted for a present. How it came into existence is explained by the first few lines:—"C'en est fait! Mon mari, M. de Ujfalvy, chargé par le ministre de l'instruction publique d'une mission en Russie et dans l'Asie centrale, quittera Paris le 10 août 1876. Je suis résolue à le suivre." A foot-note affords instruction as to the proper pronunciation of M. de Ujfalvy's name—



"Prononcez, Ouifalvi,"—and goes on to explain that the name, which is Hungarian, corresponds to the French De Neubourg. The volume is from every point of view attractive, capably written in an easy and unaffected style, and, as we have hinted, adorned with illustrations of unusual merit. It is just the book which, laid on the table, will help people through a *mauvais quart d'heure*, and is pretty sure to compel more serious attention from people who look through it in this way.

In *Les voyageurs du XIX<sup>me</sup> siècle* (Hetzel et Cie) M. Jules Verne continues the well-known work which he began some time ago. This, like the work of which we have just spoken, is a book which can be opened almost anywhere with a certainty of coming upon something interesting or agreeable, although it misses, of course, the personal interest of Mme de Ujfalvy-Bourdon's volume.

M. Hector Malot's *Sans famille* (Hetzel et Cie) will certainly not lose any of its well-earned popularity by being published in the handsome edition for which M. Bayard has made many excellent illustrations, including a frontispiece which represents the author surrounded by airy scenes from the book, and which leads us to suppose that one at least of the dogs in the book was studied from a living original.

Mme de Witt's *Histoire de deux petits frères* (Ouvrage illustré de 45 vignettes par Tofani. Hachette et Cie) is one of the best books for little children that we have seen.

*Le paradis de M. Toto* (Texte par P. J. Stahl, dessins par J. Geoffroy. Hetzel et Cie) will wear to some people an air of profanity which it certainly is not intended to have. It is, apart from this, a little book the value of which depends entirely upon the illustrations, and these are outrageously bad.

Still worse, however, are the coloured plates which are the excuse for the publication of *Compère Guilléri* (Dessins de Fröhlich. Hetzel et Cie). This, so far as regards books intended for mere children, is one of the matters which they assuredly do not order better in France.

*Cent tableaux de géographie pittoresque* (Avec une Introduction par Ch. Delon. Hachette et Cie) is in its line among the happiest achievements of the publishers. The variety and excellence of the illustrations are remarkable.

*Légendes des bois et chansons marines* (Par André Lemoine. Dessins de Léon de Bellée. Charpentier) is a work of real beauty. M. Lemoine has true poetical feeling, which finds expression in verse of a very high order of technical merit; and it would be difficult to praise too highly the drawings in which M. de Bellée has caught and rendered the poet's meaning.

The Marquis de Chennevières's *Contes de Saint-Santin* (Illustrations de Léonce Petit. Plon et Cie) are among the best of modern achievements in their line, and are related and illustrated with equal skill and spirit.

The first volume of M. Amédée Guillemin's *Le monde physique* (Hachette et Cie) is got up with all the care and success which the publishers have led us to expect from them. The present volume, which deals with "La pesanteur et la gravitation universelle" and with "Le Son," is got up and illustrated as well as possible. One picture (Planche VIII) of the Leaning Tower of Pisa is particularly good. It is of course impossible within our present limits to attempt to do justice to the letterpress of the book.

What we have just said applies even more to M. Eugène Muntz's *Raphael: sa vie, son œuvre, et son temps* (Hachette et Cie), a book of much importance and of much beauty, of which we may hereafter give a detailed notice. Its value as a gift-book is at once obvious, and for the present at least we must be content with calling attention to the marked success of the reproductions, and to the care which the publishers have bestowed upon the getting-up of the volume.

The same publishers send the sixth instalment of the *Nouvelle géographie universelle* (par Elisée Réclus), which deals with "L'Asie russe," a subject of special interest at this time. This also is a volume of which it would be out of place to attempt any detailed criticism in a passing notice.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WE are not surprised that, before reaching our hands, *A Fool's Errand* (1) has run through several Transatlantic editions with great rapidity. It owes its popularity, no doubt, quite as much to its faults as to its merits. A just account of the temper and situation of the Southern people in the years immediately succeeding the war would have had no chance of a favourable reception in the North; while such a work, written from a Northern point of view, could hardly have failed to give offence to those whom it described, especially if, as we suppose, it is not merely written with personal knowledge, but to a considerable extent deals with personal experiences more or less disguised. The author's second work, *Bricks without Straw* (2), represents the same set of facts, and expresses the same views: in fact, gives the same situation in an aspect very little altered. The *Fool's Errand* was an attempt to settle in the South, chiefly on grounds of health,

as a Northern soldier and Republican partisan, almost immediately after the close of the war. A man who, under such circumstances, expected a friendly reception must have been a fool indeed. He went among those who considered themselves grossly and outrageously wronged; who, as he confesses, could not possibly have thought otherwise. The abolition of slavery was a necessary consequence of the war. If the South had not been the first to appeal to the sword, she had certainly not been backward in accepting the challenge, and was prepared to abide by the result of the appeal. As regarded the war itself, there was at first much less resentment than might have been expected—less, we think, than the author assumes. Southern jurists held, as till April 1861 most Northerners also maintained, that the States possessed in full the rights of sovereignty, including the right of secession. The Virginians, who had expressly reserved that right when they entered the Union, could not possibly allow that they had committed an offence in exercising it. But the Southerners, as a people, the Southern statesmen and political leaders, were far too sensible to be surprised or resentful because the North refused to let them go in peace. The soldiers had maintained their cause on the battlefield too stubbornly and gloriously to feel bitterly humiliated by a defeat which was accomplished only by overwhelming superiority of numbers and resources. But Northern soldiers coming South immediately on the conclusion of peace ought not to have forgotten how the war had been waged. They went among a people whose homes had been wantonly burned, whose lands had been ravaged in defiance of all the laws of war; they went among men who had been reduced to poverty by illegal, if necessary, measures of wholesale confiscation. They took advantage of the ruin they had effected in the very purchase of the lands on which they settled. Still, as appears from the confession of the *Fool* himself, they were better received than men on such an errand could have expected. The one thing that was sure to be resented, the one provocation they should have been careful not to give, was interference with local politics. Such interference by strangers is always resented; on the part of individual members of a conquering nation it was doubly offensive. The North collectively might have exercised the right of conquest openly and decisively, without provoking any peculiar bitterness. Four years of desperate civil war could hardly be held to have left the constitutional rights of the conquered intact; and had the victors taken that ground, and resolved to govern the South for some years as a conquered country, their right could hardly have been challenged. What they did was much worse. They neither denied nor loyally admitted the equal status of the Confederates they had forced back into the Union. The party in power could not afford to exclude the vanquished States, still less to restore them to self-government. They wanted their votes to legalize abolition, and to secure the ascendancy of the Republican faction. The only method of effecting this was to reconstruct the State Governments of the South on a fictitious basis, to substitute for the real Southern people a constituency of emancipated slaves and renegade whites, under the leadership of Northern adventurers. This was both an insult and a wrong, as the author of these books frankly admits. That it should be fiercely resented and resisted by means which were neither legal nor altogether honourable was simply inevitable. That those who made themselves participants in such a fraud should be hated, and subjected to social excommunication, was equally inevitable. The *Fool* nowhere justifies his self-chosen title so fully as when he complains of the contempt poured both by North and by South upon the Carpet baggers, and other Northern intruders and Southern apostates who took part in this fictitious and dishonest reconstruction. In no case was it to be expected that men who had held their own for four years against threefold their own number of white men would submit to a government based upon the votes of their emancipated slaves, and administered by the very worst elements of the Northern immigration and of their own populace. The author, indeed, admits that the rulers thus set over the ruined gentlemen of the South were, with few exceptions, utterly dishonest and unworthy. The consequence might, as he owns, have been foreseen. The picture he draws of the secret terrorism by which the conquered avenged the disfranchisement of their natural leaders, the inversion of their social order, and the ascendancy of an inferior race, is a very ugly one, and is, we believe, not a little exaggerated. But such an organization as that of the Ku-klux-klan, even when the provocation was such as to drive no small proportion of the best elements of Southern society into the conspiracy, could not but lead to frightful abuses. The author, however, systematically suppresses the charge by which the worst atrocities of the Ku-klux were in some degree explained. No one would gather from his books the ugly truth that white women and children, in many districts at least, were not allowed to go from home, save under the protection of armed friends, and were not thought safe alone even in their homes. Nor would any one gather from his statements two very important points that impair very much the force of his complaint against the Federal Government and the Northern people. First, General Grant did his uttermost to support the Governments which his party had established in the Southern States, and General Sheridan, as our readers remember, proposed to maintain their authority by wholesale proscription and martial law. They were sustained by military force, and, after a short time, the outrages of the Ku-klux, having alienated the better elements of Southern society, were put down almost entirely by little more than a demonstration of force

(1) *A Fool's Errand*. By One of the Fools. Revised Edition. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

(2) *Bricks without Straw*. A Novel. By Albion W. Tourgee, LL.D., Author of "A Fool's Errand," &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

on the part of the Federal Government. Secondly, the character of the rulers installed by negro votes under the protection of Federal bayonets was such that only the most unscrupulous partisans could pretend to palliate their conduct or support their pretensions. Many of them, as soon as the enfranchisement of the majority restored the ascendancy of the white citizens, fled from the States they had ruled for fear of criminal proceedings; not, as the author says, on account of high-handed measures taken for the repression of outrage, but on charges of pecuniary dishonesty and wholesale jobbery—charges of whose truth there is, we believe, no doubt whatever. The books must be taken as partisan statements, very much overcoloured, but drawn with no dishonest purpose, and representing energetically one side of a case which undoubtedly had two. And, considering the nature of the writer's experiences, they are less unfair, and very much less bitter in tone, than might have been expected.

Mr. Doutre's *Constitution of Canada* (3) is a valuable work, and one which should, as no doubt it will, be found in every political library. It is, however, somewhat too technical to serve as anything more than a book of reference or professional treatise on the law of the Dominion. It enters too minutely into the interpretation of the details of the British North America Act, which forms the present foundation of Canadian law, and discusses at wearisome length questions interesting exclusively to lawyers, and some of them connected only by technical and legal inference with the Constitution of 1867. The arrangement, moreover, and the manner in which the decisions of the Courts are set forth, is too distinctly professional, rendering the work no doubt the more convenient as a legal text-book, but the less useful or attractive to the general reader or the political student, for whom a briefer account of the Federal Constitution of Canada, and a distinct comparison with that of the United States, pointing out where and how they differ, and to what extent the difference has been caused by the colonial position and mercantile traditions of the Dominion, would have been exceedingly interesting and serviceable.

Mr. Hill's *Liberty and Law* (4) will, we fear, do as little to improve the future ideas and ameliorate the condition of his countrymen as to enlighten them regarding the present state of Europe. On the latter subject we find, for example, that the armies of Germany and France each amount, exclusive of reserves, to half a million, while that of Italy exceeds each by nearly two-fifths. That of Great Britain is stated at a hundred and fifty thousand, with comments which ignore the fact that this is the garrison of an empire with two hundred millions of subjects not of the British islands. We are also told that the conduct and policy of Great Britain in regard to Turkey is governed solely by the desire to recover the hundred and fifty millions sterling nominally advanced to the Sultan by British capitalists. So much for the present. To posterity Mr. Hill promises that the adoption of his proposed amendments to the organic laws of his country would produce results surpassing the dreams of their most sanguine patriots, would change the world of nature into a grand landscape garden, æsthetically representative of the world of mind and freedom, would make all men equal under just laws, raising up the lowest to the highest degree of culture, and disposing for ever of the existing rivalry between rich and poor. It will surprise Mr. Hill to find that critics are perverse enough to be repelled, not attracted, to the study of his proposed methods by the unenunciation of the ends he pledges himself to secure.

*A Manual of Classical Literature* (5) comprised within 400 octavo pages must disappoint any sanguine expectations founded upon its title-page. The account it can give even of the principal classical writers whose works have come down to us must necessarily be so brief and meagre as to fail in giving that clear personal conception either of the author or his works which is equally necessary to biographical and to critical interest. To sketch within such limits even the outlines of epic and dramatic poems, and to afford by the best and most carefully selected translations a notion, however faint, of the real merit and character of the original, is beyond the skill of the most judicious and the industry of the most laborious writer. Mr. C. Morris has taken great pains with his work, and has done it perhaps as well as such a work could have been performed within the bounds to which his purpose has confined him. But we cannot say that when an American schoolboy or schoolgirl of the highest class shall have mastered these four hundred pages, he or she will have acquired a knowledge of classical literature worth the labour that the author has bestowed on the compilation, or that the reader must give to the study of his book.

Mr. G. S. Morris has undertaken a more limited, and therefore more practicable, task in introducing to his younger or less cultivated countrymen the views of a certain small number of leading British philosophers and writers, from Roger Bacon down to John Stuart

Mill (6). It is not possible, of course, within the limits of a single volume to give any real idea of the principles and views of nearly a score of distinctive thinkers, or even an outline of the characteristic philosophy of each age and school; and, when the author endeavours to give in some twenty pages an introductory outline of the general philosophical attitude of the English mind, the reader begins to fear that his guide has but an imperfect notion of the difficulties to be surmounted. In about the same space Mr. Morris undertakes to deal with what he calls the mediæval anticipations of the modern English mind, the writings of a few characteristic schoolmen. He gives a few more pages to three selected representatives of the Renaissance—Spenser, Sir John Davis, and Hooker. Shakspeare, Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Mill, and Spenser, each have a chapter to themselves; but all are disposed of in a volume of less than four hundred clearly-printed pages. Whether such information as can really be given in such a space be worth the trouble of its acquisition, it is for American students rather than for English critics to judge; only it is to be hoped that the former will not be led to suppose that they have really mastered even the outlines of English thought, or rather of those portions thereof which happen to be represented by the great names on the author's list, which, great as they are, are but representatives of a few special schools and periods rather than of English thought in general.

Mr. Clarke might have accomplished within about the same space any one of the three or four objects which he has somewhat incoherently combined in a single treatise on *Self-Culture* (7). A practical manual of study for those who have not had the opportunities of teaching so widely diffused in the United States, an exposition of the difficulties and advantages of self-education generally, an exposition of the value and methods of moral training and of intellectual cultivation—any one of these things might have been achieved separately and with tolerable completeness in a volume of this size. By mingling all together, and passing from one to the other, the author has produced an admixture somewhat confused, and certainly less instructive as a whole than from individual passages here and there a cursory reader might be led to hope.

A writer who announces on his title-page a treatise on the Beautiful and the Sublime (8) challenges, whether consciously or not, a comparison which very few authors of the present age could hope to sustain, and which is instantly and obviously fatal to Mr. Kedney. If anything could tend to make the beautiful wearisome and the sublime ridiculous it would be such an attempt to analyse their quality and determine their objectivity as Mr. Kedney has undertaken.

Mr. Watson's elaborate quarto volume on the Botany of California (9) forms an important part of one of the most valuable of the manifold contributions to geography and natural history for which we are indebted to the enthusiasm of local patriotism and the liberality of the State and Federal Governments of America.

The *History of the North American Pinnipeds* (10), the class to which the walrus, seal, and sea-lion belong, is another, though much more modest, monograph of the same class.

The *Bibliography of the State of Ohio* (11), a catalogue of great interest to collectors and of value to librarians, but utterly without attraction for the public, is a sample of the zeal with which individual Americans emulate their Government in the compilation and publication of works certain to bring their authors no remuneration in money, and little in fame, for the vast outlay and the heavy—sometimes almost life-long—labour they must have cost.

Dr. Bessey's *Manual of Botany for Schools* (12) is one of the multitude of similar handbooks that indicate the extent of the demand in American schools and colleges for a kind of teaching till lately almost wholly neglected in this country.

Dr. Abbott's treatise on the Authorship of the Fourth Gospel (13) deals chiefly and avowedly with the external evidence

(6) *British Thought and Thinkers: Introductory Studies, Critical, Biographical, and Philosophical.* By G. S. Morris, A.M. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(7) *Self-Culture: Physical, Intellectual, Moral, and Spiritual. A Course of Lectures* by J. Freeman Clarke. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(8) *The Beautiful and the Sublime: an Analysis of these Emotions and a Determination of the Objectivity of Beauty.* By J. S. Kedney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

(9) *Geological Survey of California.—Botany.* Vol. II. By Sereno Watson. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Wilson & Son. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(10) *History of North American Pinnipeds: a Monograph of the Walruses, Sea Lions, and Sea Bears and Seals of North America.* By J. A. Allen. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(11) *A Bibliography of the State of Ohio: being a Catalogue of the Books and Pamphlets relating to the State, with Collations, Critical Notes, &c.* By Peter G. Thomson. Cincinnati: Published by the Author. London: G. Rivers. 1880.

(12) *Botany for High Schools and Colleges.* By C. E. Bessey, M.Sc., Ph.D., &c. New York: Holt & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(13) *The Authorship of the Fourth Gospel—External Evidence.* By Ezra Abbott, D.D., LL.D. Boston: G. H. Ellis. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(3) *The Constitution of Canada.* By Joseph Doutre, Q.C., of the Montreal Bar. Montreal: Lovell & Son. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1880.

(4) *Liberty and Law; or, Outlines of a New System for the Organization and Administration of Federative Government.* By Britton A. Hill. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. St. Louis: Jones & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(5) *A Manual of Classical Literature, comprising Biographical and Critical Notices of the principal Greek and Roman Authors, with Illustrative Extracts from their Works, &c.* By Ch. Morris. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.



bearing on that subject. It contributes no very novel information, but collects and arranges in a simple and valuable form most of the arguments already familiar to Biblical critics. The author's bias is very evident. Indeed the work is that of an advocate rather than a judge; but the contrary views of the modern school are stated with tolerable fulness and fairness.

A treatise on American Whist (14) will find many interested readers in English clubs and drawing-rooms. The peculiarities of the game are not many nor very important, the principal being the limitation of a game to seven—not as in short whist, five, or in long whist, ten—points, and the exclusion of honours, which must make an average American game longer than either of the English forms. The writer spices his volume for the national taste by innumerable and almost incessant sneers at the litigiousness and gambling spirit of English whist-players, and a constant depreciation of the English as compared with the American game, which, whatever may be thought of their merit or good taste, will no doubt be more gratifying to Transatlantic than irritating to British readers.

Few of our readers would care that we should do more than mention technical works like Mr. Armsby's illustrated *Manual of Cattle Feeding* (15), with its appendix of tables, not unjustly described as useful; or Mr. Keeler's Guide to Kansas and the neighbouring States of the central desert (16).

*Shakespeare's Dream* (17) is a curious medley, a strange venture into a field from which the fear of competition with the object of the author's profound admiration would have deterred most ardent Shakespeare worshippers.

Another volume by the author of *Geneviève of Brabant* (18) will doubtless find readers and admirers among those who are already acquainted with her former work.

The Fairy World of Japan (19) will be disappointing to those few readers who may take it up in a spirit of scientific curiosity, and all the more agreeable to the multitude of children and adults who care simply for new and graceful fairy tales. In order to adapt it to the tastes of the latter and render it fit for a Christmas gift to children, the author has wisely excluded a whole class, and that perhaps the most characteristic, of Japanese myths or traditions. Those sanguinary or licentious stories which are the most illustrative of national character and thought, and therefore most interesting to comparative mythologists, would certainly have unfitted it for the perusal of an infinitely larger class of readers.

Two American magazines deserve especial mention at this season. Messrs. Sampson Low publish an Anglicized edition of Harper's well-known periodical (20). Scribner's illustrated *St. Nicholas* (21) appeals as forcibly as ever to the taste of girls and boys, and perhaps of some readers who have long since ceased to be either.

(14) *American or Standard Whist*. By "G. W. P." Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(15) *Manual of Cattle Feeding*. With Illustrations and an Appendix of useful Tables. By H. W. Armsby, Ph.D. New York: Wiley & Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(16) *Guide to Kansas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado*. By B. C. Keeler. Chicago: Clarke & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(17) *Shakespeare's Dream; and other Poems*. By W. Leighton, Author of "The Sons of Godwin," "Change," &c. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1881.

(18) *Persephone; and other Poems*. By Mrs. C. Willing, Author of "Geneviève of Brabant." Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1881.

(19) *Japanese Fairy World: Stories from the Wonder-lore of Japan*. By W. E. Griffis, Author of "The Mikado's Empire." Illustrated. Schenectady: J. R. Barhyte.

(20) *Harper's Monthly Magazine*. December 1880. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(21) *St. Nicholas; Scribner's Illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys*. Illustrated. Vol. VII., in Two Parts, for 1880. London: Wm. & Co. New York: Scribner & Co.

#### NOTICE.

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